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SCRAP BOOK

72-77a-PFM
#12
Marine IV -
Freeze Ups
Coasters
Fisheries



Grace Brown Gardner

MARINE

IV.

Freeze-ups Coasters
Fisheries

FREEZE-UPS OF LONG AGO

The Experience of the Old Steamer "Island Home" in 1881.
Wreck of Schooner "Mary Anna" in 1871.

(Simon J. Nevins, in Boston Daily Globe, Monday, February 12.)

Thirty-one years ago today Nantucket, which has been ice-bound for nearly two weeks, found itself in even worse condition than now from the ice embargo, which invariably seems to encompass that locality in February.

At that time, as at present, the ice had been collecting for several days, being driven across the sound by moderate westerly winds. Suddenly the temperature dropped to zero and for many days hovered in that vicinity.

There were several vessels endeavoring to work their way through the sound when the blizzard came on, and many sought a lee under Handkerchief Shoal, dropping both anchors and giving all the chain possible. Others were successful in passing out through the South channel, around and between the reefs and shoals, out to sea. And these latter were among the more fortunate, for the following day the gale swept large fields of broken ice down through Vineyard Sound and across the shoals to the shores of Nantucket, carrying everything before them.

The entire coastline of the island from Smith's Point at Madaket to Great Point at Coskata forms an almost perfect crescent, and not only makes a



The Late Captain Nathan Manter.

lee shore for everything afloat in the northerly or westerly wind, but its extreme ends serve as arms reaching out to grasp all that come within bounds.

For several days the harbor had been icebound, and now each morning's view was revealing more and more ice to the northward and scarcely any water at all. Finally the moving ice seized the schooners at anchor under Handkerchief, and carried them off to the eastward as though their anchors had been of no service whatever. Back they would come with the changing tide, all but one of them finally becoming frozen in the solid icepack in the chord of the bay.

There was no help for the unfortunate schooner further out in the moving ice. Back and forth she was carried until she was finally piled up on Great Point Rip, where she remained hard and fast until she became a total wreck. She was the schooner Uriah B. Fiske, bound from Weymouth, Mass., to Charleston, S. C., with a

into one solid mass, and there was no escape. As far as the eye could see there was but little open water, and that was fast fading from view to the southward.

Completely hemmed in on all sides, the captain again came about and headed for Nantucket, and drove his ship as far into the ice off the cliff as possible and for another week she lay there as snugly as though she had been at her pier. The ice rapidly closed in around her, and by night she was within its firm grasp. All during the day hundreds of the townspeople had watched the boat's maneuvers and at daylight the following morning she could be seen about two miles from shore, in about the same position as on the night before.

Arrangements were made with the marketmen to whom the cattle were consigned to receive them over the ice, and the following morning, with burlap tied around their fore feet they were sent down the gang-plank and driven safely across the ice to the shore. The mails and much general merchandise were also sent ashore on sleds.

The cold weather continued unabated for more than a week, when the steamer's supply of coal was found to be exhausted. Men and teams were soon in great demand, carting the coal across the island to the beach, where it was relayed on sleds drawn by men and pungs drawn by horses across the ice to the steamer's side.

And then came a spell of "soft" weather. The ice rotted rapidly, and just before noon, several days after her capture by the ice, the steamer was released and arrived safely at Woods Hole in the afternoon, little the worse for her unusual encounter. The same thaw released the imprisoned fleet, which made record time in getting to cover.

Ten years previous to the above occurred a freeze-up which was probably one of the most disastrous in the island's history. The ice was so thick in the harbor and creeks that it was next to impossible to cut through it. As was always the case in those days, the embargo started with a blizzard from the northwest. Among the vessels to be caught in the gale was the schooner Mary Anna, Capt. F. G. R. Lennan, bound from a coal port to Boston. The captain was born in Maine, and was a master mariner at 21. During the Civil War he was executive officer of the revenue cutter Newburn, and at its close again took up the coasting traffic, and was very successful. He little dreamed as he came through Long Island sound on this fateful trip that it was to be his last.

All went well until the schooner was making good progress between Cross Rip and Handkerchief. Here the blizzard came upon her and her little crew with full force. There was no opportunity for escape. It was impossible return to Vineyard Haven and the South Channel was no place for a little vessel in winter, loaded as deep as was the Mary Anna. Her captain knew there was not sufficient

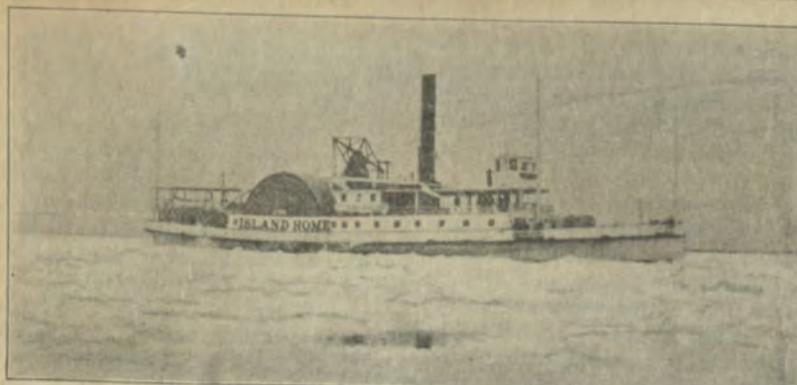
load of fertilizer in bags. She was a handsome vessel, and commanded by one of Boston's best-known skippers of that day. He had brought his vessel safely across Massachusetts Bay, down the Cape Shore and through dreaded Pollock Rip, and in a few short hours would have passed through the sound, rounded Cross Rip lightship, and been safe in Vineyard Haven. But the blizzard caught him, and added one more to the scores that had left their bones on the treacherous rips at the island's easterly end.

For days the remainder of the fleet were held fast in the solid ice, and were visited by men from the island, some of whom walked a distance of seven miles over the ice to see if assistance was needed.

The steamer Island Home had been in Woods Hole for 10 days. Her commander, Capt. Nathan Manter, had for 30 years crossed the sound and had never met disaster. There was no telegraph to Nantucket in those days, no wireless to flash to him the condition of things in his old home. He knew it would be impossible to make the harbor, but he had often landed mail and provisions at the edge of the solid ice, where willing hands had assisted expressmen in carrying it ashore. For several days a herd of seven steers had been kept on board the steamer at her wharf in Woods Hole, which had been sent from the stock yards at Brighton to the island's butchers. These must be fed and kept warm, and there was no place owned by the company at Woods Hole suitable for the purpose. So they were driven on board the steamer, where they must remain until the trip across could be made. Mail, express matter and freight had arrived in such quantities that the old steamer was down below her waterline.

Near the end of the second week a start was made from the mainland. Capt. Manter had decided to get as near the shore of Nantucket as possible, and drop the mail and provisions at least. The weather was perfect, with a clear sky and a light northerly wind, but still cold. Large fields of ice were encountered in the vicinity of Cape Poge and passed without mishap. Along by Cross Rip and through Tuckernuck sloop the old boat sped, and was fast approaching the edge of the solid ice off the cliff, when the wind suddenly increased to a gale, and the thermometer again started downward.

The venerable skipper gave up all hope of his trip and endeavored to make a hasty retreat for the mainland. 'Twas too late. The rising wind had cemented the drifting ice on the shoals



The Famous Steamer Island Home.

water on Nantucket bar to allow her to pass over it in safety, but there was nothing left. The schooner was headed for the bar, where she struck early on Sunday morning, February 4, 1871.

There were no life-saving stations in those days, but the Humane Society had many of its boats in small houses along the coast. But the ice was forming so fast that a boat was useless. The steamer attempted to make a passage through the ice, but was finally held at the entrance to the harbor. Hundreds of townspeople huddled together on the beach, about two miles inside of where the vessel lay, all powerless to render assistance.

The ice formed rapidly between the wreck and the shore, and later in the day eight young men, with two dories, made their way over it, in zero temperature, to the bar, taking off the

continued with the Boston & Maine after the former road was leased by the latter, until his death, which occurred last June at the home of his daughter, in Belmont, Mass.

There was little actual suffering among the islanders in those days. Fishing and farming were the only industries, cod and haddock being taken in good quantities during the fall and spring, and an abundance of bluefish in the summer months. Everybody was comfortable then, but circumstances are entirely changed now. There is little fishing from dories for cod and haddock in season now, and all who look to the water for their support are engaged in the scallop and quahog fisheries. From October 1 to March 1, fully 100 power and catboats of all sizes are engaged in dredging for the popular scallop. Each boat carries at least two men, and besides scores of men and boys are employed in opening and preparing the scallops for shipment to the New York and Boston markets. It is the principal sea industry of the island now, and the income from it in an open winter is very large, all things considered.

For more than a month past the ice has made it impossible for the dredgers to carry on their work. Everything is now at a standstill, and what is more disastrous is the fact that a freeze-up like the present one not only shuts off the work while it lasts, but practically ends the season, as the anchor ice kills the scallops.

Formerly during a freeze-up men, and boys, too, would cut holes through the ice and spear for eels, catching them sometimes by the basketful. For some reason there are few of these species of fish now where they once abounded.

The outlook at this writing is by no means a pleasant one. The principal winter industry is ruined for this season and there is little for Nantucket to look forward to in the interim preceding the advent of the summer visitor.

FEBRUARY 24, 1912

captain and crew and bringing them safely ashore in the darkness of one of the bitterest New England winter nights. The young men received the highest medal in the Massachusetts Humane Society's gift, as well as the thanks and praise of the community in which they lived, and have ever been referred to in rescue annals as eight of the bravest men in Nantucket's history.

And although 41 years have elapsed, four of the eight are still living. They are James A. Holmes and Henry C. Coffin, of Nantucket, Capt. Isaac Hamblin, keeper of Edgartown light, and Alexander Fanning, of Campello, Mass. The vessel was a total loss. The following year Capt. Lennan entered the employ of the Fitchburg Railroad, and



James A. Holmes as he Looked Forty Years Ago.

Recalling Other Severe "Freeze-ups" of Nantucket.

"I don't remember anything like it," is the sentiment expressed when we query anyone as to the present winter. "Worst I ever knew of," some will say, while one of the old-timers who can recall the memorable winter of 1857 says there has been nothing since then to equal this winter. Let us look over history's pages and see:

The winter of 1857 chronicled the longest period of isolation for Nantucket on record, the isolation lasting thirty-one days. It was that year that the steamer New York was coaled up off the east end of the island, coal being carted out from town in teams, 115 tons being placed on board. The largest amount of mail landed at one time that winter was on the 3d of February, when the schooner Pizarro landed sacks and pouches that had been accumulating for twenty-eight days, anchoring off Quidnet beach. The schooner also brought thirty passengers. It was this winter that the steamer Eagle's Wing was frozen into Edgartown harbor for a period of six weeks.

In 1875 the steamer was frozen out of the harbor from January 16th to the 31st, during which time the steamer Verbena landed passengers and mail at Quidnet. On the 31st the steamer made an unsuccessful attempt to break into the harbor, and a large force of men were set at work sawing a channel across the harbor from the dock to Brant point, hoping thereby to get the River Queen out, which was frozen at the wharf in Nantucket. A heavy snowstorm set in and put a stop to operations. Two days later the Island Home landed mails and passengers at Quidnet. On February 3d the steamer reached her dock, having been shut out eighteen days. The harbor was again closed from the 6th to the 26th of February, when the steamer forced her way around Brant point for the first time in twenty days. She was then frozen in for a week and did not get out again until the 5th of March.

In 1886 Nantucket had a severe "freeze-up" in March, which was unusual. The boat was frozen out of the harbor the first thirteen days in the month. During that time mails were put aboard the lighthouse steamer Verbena by the Norcross brothers, who rowed out and met her off Quidnet when she was bound in from South Shoals.

Coming down to a more recent "freeze-up," our readers will doubtless recall the winter of 1904—only fourteen years ago. That winter was a severe one for Nantucket. The harbor was frozen up from January 4 to February 26, during which there were three distinct periods of isolation—of nine, five and seventeen days respectively—the island being without steamboat communication with the mainland for 34 out of 55 days. The little steamer Waquoit landed provisions and passengers on Eel point on the 11th of January. The steamer Nantucket was imprisoned in the har-

bor from the 9th to the 15th of February, but she did not get to Nantucket again until the 23d. Upon the latter date she brought one passenger, seventy-eight newspaper sacks and twenty-three letter pouches, transferring mails and passengers over the ice from a point outside the jetties, where she remained about three hours. On the 26th she reached her dock at Nantucket.

In 1905 the steamer Nantucket was imprisoned in this harbor for three weeks, during which period the cutter Mackinac made several trips with mails, landing at Quidnet.

In 1912 steamer Nantucket was imprisoned in the harbor fifteen days. For twenty-two days the boat was unable to make a round trip between the island and Woods Hole. Cutters Acushnet and Gresham made landings at Quidnet during the "freeze-up".

These are the longest periods of complete isolation occurring in recent years, but there have been numerous shorter periods within the memory of the present generation. The winter of 1918 is certainly an unusual one, however, for besides the closing of the harbor, the temperature has been very low (for Nantucket) ever since the New Year, with much snow, excellent sleighing and coasting, as well as skating and ice-boating on the harbor. It will go on record as one of the very severe winters, with the lowest temperature recorded since the local Weather Bureau was established—6.2 below zero.

This winter's periods of isolation are as follows:

December 28th to January 1st.
January 2d to January 8th.
January 9th to January 11th.
January 11th to January 14th.
January 21st to January 24th.
January 24th to January 26th.
January 26th to January 29th.
January 29th to February ??

FEBRUARY 9, 1918



A Harbor Scene—Eels were plentiful while yeast cakes were scarce.

1899

ICE-BOUND NANTUCKET!



ICE BOUND NANTUCKET AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH TOWER THIS WEEK.

Boyer took this picture with his big camera on Monday. The extent of the ice-fields, with no water in sight, is clearly apparent. Steamer Marthas Vineyard is lying at her berth, where she arrived late Thursday afternoon, February 8th, to become a prisoner.

This picture was sent to Boston by airplane, Tuesday afternoon, and the engravers rushed it through so that the cut was in the mail matter which was landed by the plane Thursday afternoon—the first time readers of The Inquirer and Mirror have thus been served. In forty hours after we handed the picture to the pilot of the plane on the Nobadeer field the finished product was in this office. And Nantucket was "frozen in."

FEBRUARY 17, 1934

Nantucket's "Hard Winter" of Sixty Years Ago.

The contrast with the conditions existing this winter is so marked that we are making reference to the "hard winter" of 1857, to show the present generation how much better off we are today than were our forefathers. Today we enjoy comforts and conveniences of home and community that our grandfathers never dreamed of, and even the weather man looks more kindly upon us than he did a half century ago, when "hard winters" were the rule rather than the exception.

The winter of 1857 was a record-breaker, and history does not record its equal either before or since. The steamer was frozen into Nantucket harbor thirty-one days that year and some rather stirring events transpired here on Nantucket during the interim, the townspeople "coaling up" a steamer off the east end of the island and thereby getting news from the rest of America "via Europe." This is what happened during January and February sixty years ago:

January of 1857 chronicled the largest period of isolation on record, the harbor filling up with ice during the last two weeks of December and finally closing completely on the night of January 5. Steamer Island Home was unable to move from her berth the following morning and it was not until Wednesday, the 21st, that any attempt was made to break out of the ice.

The plan of blowing up the ice was resorted to, but was unsuccessful on account of the extreme thickness, in some places it being over ten feet. It was then determined to saw a passage through the ice to Brant Point and a large gang of men were engaged for the work, but a heavy snow storm prevented. The plan was to saw two cuts the width of steamer Island Home apart and then blow up the ice between, the expense to be defrayed by voluntary subscription, and but for the severe storm the scheme might have proved successful.

On the afternoon of January 21, steamer New York, from Glasgow, anchored off Squam Head and set signals for assistance. A whale-boat was sent to her from shore, and it was found that the steamer's supply of coal had nearly given out, owing to an unusually long and stormy passage across the ocean. The whale-boat brought ashore news from the mainland which had been received in Europe before the departure of the steamer for America, and it was the first information from the outside world that Nantucketers had received since January 5.

The New York remained off Quidnet until the following Saturday, but as no favorable opportunity had been presented for putting coal aboard up to that time, she was taken around off 'Sconset in the afternoon. Ice, however, formed in between the vessel and the shore, and it was not until Tuesday that another attempt was made to board her.

The following day a large gang of men and teams were put at work transporting coal from town to the beach at 'Sconset, and it was estimated that at least 1,000 tons of snow had to be removed from the roads in order for the coal teams to pass. Coal was placed in bags and carried to the steamer in boats—a total of 115 tons being placed on board, which amount was sufficient for the steamer to reach New York. Three boats, containing twenty men and five tons of coal, drifted with the tide nearly three miles from the ship, and it was only by great exertion that the men reached shore, where the boats were towed back to the starting point with horses.

On Tuesday, February 3, the little schooner Pizarro, of Hyannis, Captain Chase, anchored off Quidnet and sent a boat ashore with about thirty passengers and the mail, which had been accumulating for twenty-eight days. A thaw set in on the 4th, and aided by a strong southerly wind, steamer Island Home forced her way out of the harbor on the afternoon of the 6th, the isolation having lasted just thirty-one days. Steamer Eagle's Wing was frozen into Edgartown harbor this same winter for nearly six weeks.

Jan. 21, 1885

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My paper came to hand this morning, at its regular time. I could not very well do without its weekly visits.

I remember that the harbor was closed for *seven weeks*, in the year 1837. No mail left the Island during that time. One or two mails from the continent were landed at Great Point, and brought to town. There was some trouble apprehended to our ships at sea. I do not know the cause. Some negotiations going on between France and our country, or some other country, made the people very anxious to hear from abroad. It was very near the close of Gen. Jackson's second term as President. When at last communication was opened, the mails arrived before noon. They caused great rejoicing. The bells were rung, flags raised, and all spoke with eagerness of the "good news." I was then assistant in the boys' department of the Coffin school. Hon. William H. Wood, late Judge of Probate of Plymouth County, was the principal. The boys brought to school in the afternoon little white paper flags, with "Peace" written on them, which they stuck in their desks. They were so wild with excitement that Mr. Wood judiciously gave them a half holiday. I remember the date, as it was the last year of my teaching. It is said that Lake Michigan has been frozen over this year, the first time for nearly fifty years. Perhaps 1837 was the other time.

In 1843 the harbor was frozen for two weeks. I, with my children, had been spending the winter in Nantucket. My husband was installed as pastor of a church in New Hampshire in February. After preaching one Sabbath, he came to the island to take his family to their new home. Our trunks were all packed ready to leave at once. After his arrival the weather changed, and became suddenly very cold, and the next morning we were ice-bound. We watched the vane, but it seemed frozen to the North. I remember my father said, "So long as we see that cloud in the East in the morning, the wind will not change." We could send no letter off to say what had become of the new minister, and I believe to this day, some of the people cannot understand why we could not ride across as easily as they could cross the Merrimac river. On the 11th of March, we had a south wind and steamed out of the harbor, cutting through six inches of ice, as I heard some one say on the boat.

W. R.

March 14,
1885

OPEN AND SHUT.

HOW MAILS, FEMALES, AND OTHER FREIGHT
GET TO AND FROM NANTUCKET DURING A
FREEZE-UP.

At the time we went to press last week, the mails were at Quidnet, awaiting the return from the South Shoal lightship of the government steamer Verbena, which it was hoped could be intercepted and Capt. Gibbs induced to take the bags on board to be landed on the continent. The Norcross Brothers had a dory in readiness, and when the boat was seen approaching, they put off, and the tide being favorable, rowed well off shore, as the steamer's course was not altered to meet them. But the task was successfully accomplished, and the news from the island was thus conveyed. The next morning blasts from Clark's loudest and longest horn announced the approach of the Island Home, which reconnoitered the tip end of Great Point, circumnavigated the ice floe on "the rip," and steamed down the eastern shore of the island to the Haulover, where she anchored and lowered a boat, which, however, could not make a landing, and the steamer was waisted to Quidnet, whither she proceeded and dropped anchor. Two dories, manned by the Norcross Brothers, quickly put off, and were eagerly watched by nearly one hundred persons who had gathered on the beach. The day was a charming one, and the picture was one Freeman should have had a negative of for his collection of views. There was some surf, and this, with the bulkhead of ice on the shore, made landing difficult, but the experienced boatmen brought everything ashore dry, and put on board a few passengers, including one lady, and landed some fresh beef for D. W. & R. E. Burgess, and the steamer then put away again for Woods Holl.

The boat left for Nantucket at 9 o'clock Monday, and after a long and severe struggle with the ice, reached her dock at 6, P. M. She went the next morning, but a strong breeze prevented her return. Wednesday afternoon she was again announced, and ran into the ice which had been driven back by the strong wind of the previous day, but finding she could make no headway, turned her prow for Great Point, where the mails, females, runners, drummers, commercial travellers and Arctic explorers were landed about a half mile from the life-saving station. Mr. W. H. H. Smith's two teams brought to town the mails and a few of the passengers, and teams from Polpis accommodated others, but eight people were left for the station folks to provide for, which they were fully equal to. The steamer again returned to Woods Holl, and had not again appeared at the hour of going to press.

March 13, 1885

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

NANTUCKET:

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

Arrival of Twenty-four Mails!

Tuesday night our place and people were "wide awake," as little sleep, we opine, rested on their eyelids, as for years has been the case. Why this sleeplessness? Because a small schooner arrived at the east side of the Island, with twenty-four mails, freighted with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. After 8 o'clock P. M., the mails arrived in town. How crammed and crowded our little post-office! How eagerly were the boxes opened and re-opened and opened again, and their contents carried away! And as we walked along the ice-bound streets "among the wee small hours o' morn," the glimmering light from many a window told of hungry eyes devouring "fresh news."

Since our connection with the press, we have often noticed literary doings, but never saw so strong a literary excitement. There was indeed a great stir in the world of letters. No doubt the best news to many is found in these same letters veiled from the public eye; so we turn from them, and glean for you, our readers, a monthly record of past events, of things both new and old.

The Lecture on Friday evening last, by the Rev. E. H. Hatfield, was well attended, and favorably received; and well it might be, for it was above the par value of the winter's course. In this fact do we rejoice, since it shows that we are not dependent on Boston and vicinity alone for first class lecturers.—We hope our people will not let their *curiosity* to see some public lecturers, take the place of their love for *good lectures*. The lecture by Mr. Hatfield on "Thought," was ably written, earnestly delivered, and abundantly pleasing; showing what thinking had done for the race during the last fifty years, and what the same thinking power would do for mankind in the coming half-century.

The Rev. G. H. Hepworth will lecture on the same subject this week, Friday evening.

The Nantucket Inquirer.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1857.

28 Days Later from America!!

At length the joyful hour has come! the period of suspense is ended, and we are no longer Know-Nothings! The good little schooner Pizarro, of Hyannis, Capt. Chase, with the mails and about thirty passengers, left that port on Tuesday morning for this place, and succeeded in landing at Quidnet at about 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M., to the extreme satisfaction of our people. At about 9 o'clock a formidable pile of mail bags was landed at our Post Office door, and a still more formidable crowd of anxious faces gathered around. Soon the exchanges began to pour in upon us, and our first impulse was to issue an extra, but as they continued to shower in by the peck—that's just what the basket held—we found that we could give but a very small portion of the news in that way, and concluded to occupy a little more time, and give our readers as full accounts as possible.

The marine news for the month we have carefully looked over, and publish to-day all that will interest our citizens. From California there is nothing of importance, and in fact the same may be said in regard to all sections of the country.

FROZEN IN.

Ice-bound and Isolated.

COLD AND SNOW VARIED
BY SNOW AND
COLD.

Grain Running Low and the
Yeast Cakes all Gone.

SLEIGHS AND SNOW SHOVELS
AT A PREMIUM.

The oldest inhabitant goes back in memory nearly forty years to find a parallel to the present condition of affairs. Not but what we have often been subjected to inconvenience from ice blockades and interruption of communication with the mainland for even longer periods of time and been visited by heavier snowfalls than that which now covers the island with a vast mantle of white, but an unbroken record of a fortnight of extreme cold with nearly as long an uninterrupted period of magnificent sleighing is a combination of conditions seldomed witnessed in this usually favored locality. In fact the winter thus far in its early stages has been almost unprecedented in severity.

Even in December the steamer was frozen in one day, but on the next succeeded in butting a passage through the ice which milder weather and favoring winds subsequently dispersed. On Wednesday morning of last week she left here in the face of a northwest gale and steamed away out of sight. We have heard of her by telegraph, but never seen her since, and there is no immediate prospect of feasting our eyes upon her. The fierce gale from the north which prevented her return brought down immense fields of ice which so completely encircled our island as to preclude making an attempt to reach us from the mainland and the intense cold which has prevailed the greater portion of the time since has hardened and extended the icy fetters which bind us until only an unbroken field of ice is discernible as far as the eye can see.

On Thursday night 5th inst., came the snow storm which gave us the first sleighing for the winter (for several in fact) and it was eagerly improved, though the snow had fallen so unevenly that it was only on Main street that the sleighing could be called good and even here some shovelling was necessary to maintain it. Subsequently falls of snow succeeded by snapping cold periods have not only maintained but enhanced the sleighing, which at the present writing is superb in every part of the town, and the past week Nantucket has enjoyed a grand sleighing carnival. Day and night old and young and middle-aged have enjoyed the rare and exhilarating pastime. Single sleighs and double sleighs, modern built ones and antiquated pungs, everything on runners that could be bought, begged, hired or borrowed, has been pressed into service. Main street has been the principal boulevard and has presented an animated appearance, especially

evenings, when through the generosity of the electric light company it has been resplendent with illumination by arc lights suspended from the wires at various points below the monument.

None of those abominably smelling, but astonishingly effervescent yeast cakes are to be bought on the island, and our inhabitants are reduced to the alternative of eating unleavened bread or resorting to the "emptings" of our grandmothers' days.

Grain is running very low on the island and several stores are out of butter sugar and other groceries. The dealers combined have enough flour on hand to stand a three weeks seige and there is said to be plenty of coal on hand in the aggregate, though certain grades have run low or become exhausted.

Seen from the Tower.

Much ice.

More snow.

Very little water.

Clark reports several vessels in the sound Tuesday badly iced up, as was also the Cross Rip lightship.

A large three masted schooner was anchored off Great Neck station yesterday morning, but got under way about half-past eight o'clock and stood off shore until out of sight.

A four-masted schooner was anchored off Quidnet, Monday.

Steamers and tugs with barges in tow are occasionally descried passing through the sound.

Jan. 10, 1883

The Ice Blockade.

WE'VE SUFFERED TERRIBLY BUT
DIDN'T KNOW IT.

The Situation As Seen From Abroad
And Experienced At Home.

Never was the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise," more aptly exemplified than in the case of us benighted islanders during the present ice blockade. To read the accounts of our situation as dished up in some of the daily papers, we marvel that government, so ready to fit out expensive expeditions for the relief of a handful of imprisoned voyagers in the Arctic, should have unconcernedly left a large and suffering community a few miles out in the Atlantic to its fate so long. But we have to learn from abroad the appalling situation at home.

The Boston *Globe* with its characteristic enterprise, sent one of its reporterial staff down here the first opportunity to "write us up." The young man arrived at Quidnet on the Sunday that the steamer first effected a landing there and made all possible dispatch to reach our "village." He was apparently a very nice young man and wore a tall hat and smoked cigarettes, which gave him a particularly *distingué* appearance in the eyes of us unsophisticated "villagers," especially of our maidens, but he was here for business not pleasure nor flirtations, so he set to work accordingly and these are some of the things he learned:

That while the islanders had not actually gone hungry, they had been eating eels for days.

That "Capt. Albert Easton, a large raiser of cattle had given away six head of valued stock, finding that he could not furnish them with sufficient grain," (which reminds us of the woman who, during the Millerite excitement, gave away her pig on the "last day" as she would have no further use for him.)

That matches were scarce and were used very sparingly.

That a local dealer had tried "repeatedly" to buy the steamboat company's coal, but they refused to sell, foreseeing a probable coal famine.

That the meat landed by the steamer Sunday was speedily disposed of at auction.

That small amounts of staple groceries only can be bought. Fried eels and baked beans constitute the chief articles of food.

That Mr. George E. Grimes of the U. S. weather bureau with 30 men were on ice in the harbor at day break spearing eels and later sold all they obtained upon the street corners.

That the Nantucket Electric Light Company in consequence of the lack of oil, had erected a number of poles on Main street, gratuitously to furnish light for the citizens, and had in like manner furnished light to many of the village store keepers.

That the ice in the harbor was in many places from 15 to 18 feet thick.

That farmers living in the exposed and sparsely settled portions of the island have been suffering terrible privations during the Arctic weather, have been shut off completely from all communication with the town by massive snow drifts and have been compelled to slaughter their cattle in many instances to obtain means of subsistence.

That through a sense of pride many families decline to state the emptiness of their larders, but there are many lightly covered tables in the town.

That the first raccoon seen on Nantucket for 25 years was shot Wednesday night by Mr. George E. Grimes in company with his famous dog Rattler. The animal had drifted on the floating ice field across the sound from the cape. (As a matter of fact it was killed on Sconset road the preceding Sunday by Mr. Wm. H. Wyer with a whip handle.)

The *Globe* also regales its readers with pictorial illustrations of the landing at Quidnet and attendant circumstances.

The New Bedford *Mercury*, under the heading "They need a map" recently published the following:

An employee of one of the great Boston dailies telephoned to this city Thursday evening in a state of great excitement, and peremptorily demanded that its New Bedford representative should go to Nantucket "right away."

"But," remonstrated the astonished reporter, "Nantucket is all frozen up, and no boat has reached there for two weeks."

"Well, why can't you go by rail?" came from the Boston end of the wire.

It took some time for the New Bedford man to convince the Boston editor that Nantucket is an island, and about 60 miles from New Bedford, and he thought he succeeded at last.

It would not be amiss for the owners of that "great daily" to give its staff a few lessons in the geography of Massachusetts.

Whether it was in consequence of the foregoing or not, we have no means of knowing, but the Boston *Journal* sub-

sequently published a map of Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, showing the contour and relative position of each. In the same issue that paper also favored its readers with a view of "Nantucket beach looking towards the lobster houses at Lobsterville." The artist evidently drew on his imagination for the subject of his sketch, as well as the name of the locality which it purported to represent.

As a matter of fact, and as stated heretofore in these columns, we have lived very comfortably and contented during the ice embargo. We have been subjected to minor inconveniences, but there has been no time when groceries and provisions of all kinds (except yeast cakes) could not be bought, and there has been enough fuel on hand to last till warm weather. Dealers were out of grain and persons who had failed to lay in a large supply were obliged to put their stock on short allowance, but there has been no lack of hay on the island.

On Saturday last the steamer paid us another visit off Quidnet and landed another week's mails, a considerable amount of freight and plenty of grain to relieve the stringency in that line for some time, and as we write the steamer is in sight headed for the harbor with a fair prospect of being able to force her passage to her dock.

LATER.

2.10 P. M.—Steamer Island Home has just arrived at her dock. She left Woods Hole at 9.10 A. M., ran down to Tuckernuck shoals, then stood in for the Water Works but encountering heavy ice stood off shore again and steamed around the floe. After getting clear from the ice she had open water nearly to Brant Point. She struck the ice off the point at 1 o'clock and was just an hour butting her way through to the wharf. Hundreds of persons were on the pier to welcome her arrival. The Island Home came from Newport Monday and the accumulated freight was transferred to her from the Nantucket which left here just four weeks ago to-day (Wednesday.)

Feb. 2, 1893



Original woodcut by Alex Sevearn

SCENE AT QUIDNET BEACH, JANUARY 22, 1893.

After being isolated for two weeks, the islanders were happy to learn by telegraph that steamer *Nantucket* was to leave Woods Hole on Sunday, Jan. 22, at 6:30 a. m. The steamer was sighted by Billy Clark from the South Tower soon after 10 o'clock, and Town Crier Hull's horn announced the fact it would make a landing at Quidnet. There was a great procession to the east end—sleighs, carts, pungs and sleds—and some 200 townspeople. A whaleboat manned by James H. Norcross, Jonathan Freeman, Marcus Howes and Daniel Brayton, under W. H. Norcross was launched and took out passengers and mail—returning with equal cargoes.

The Freeze-Up Rigors of 1893 In Contrast To 1950.

The present mild weather has been much in contrast to the island winters when "freeze-ups" at various periods occurred. While these "freeze-ups" may bring days when the steamer can not make her regular trips, the periods of curtailed mail and food supplies, and the marooning of islanders on the Continent are passed into history, for today transportation by air has become the established "bridge."

It is of interest to recall the days when the "freeze-ups" prevailed, and in these times to observe the contrast. As an example, on Jan. 11, 1893, the steamer *Nantucket* left her berth at the wharf here—and was not able to get back in again through the ice until the 1st of February. From Jan. 22, when she landed mail and passengers at Quidnet, until Feb. 1, landings were all made at the east end.

The steamer did make an effort to break into the harbor on Jan. 19, but watchers in the South Tower saw her turn back after reaching Cross Rip and meeting the heavy ice fields. On the morning of Sun, Jan 22, the *Nantucket* was sighted by Billy Clark from his perch in the Tower. She had left Woods Hole at 6:30, hove into sight off Tuckernuck Shoal at 10:00, and, as advised by the U. S. Weather Bureau telegraph, steamed out around Great Point, thence down to Quidnet.

The mail pouches were loaded here at 7:00 a. m., and the teams led a procession of sleighs, pungs, and carts—all headed out over the Polpis Road to Quidnet.

As soon as the steamer dropped her anchor off-shore, a whaleboat, under command of William H. Norcross and manned by James H. Norcross, Daniel Brayton, Jonathan Freeman and Marcus Howes, was quickly launched and rowed out to the *Nantucket*.

* * * * *
A favorable moment for the landing had been seized; at 8 o'clock that morning nothing but ice could be seen all around the island; at 10 o'clock the entire ice field was moving to the northeast, in the grip of the relentless tide. There was little wind, making conditions nearly perfect as

the steamer approached the Quidnet shore at mid-day. Capt. Bartow sent a note ashore, writing he had crossed the sound through the north channel, encountering heavy ice all the way to Great Point, the trip occupying five hours and 20 minutes.

The whaleboat made three round trips out to the steamer. Among the departing passengers was Frank E. Congdon, who with Elliot Beaman was on his way to Worcester to take examinations for entrance to the Polytechnic Institute. Arrivals included Miss Mary E. Starbuck, Lester Gardner, William H. Jones, Zimri Cathcart and Standish Wilcox, a reporter for the *Boston Globe*.

Due to the fact that the ice was rapidly closing in-shore again, very little freight was landed—sacks of grain, a little coffee, two cases of frozen eggs, frozen oranges, and two boxes of yeast cakes. The mail and a sack of newspapers were welcomed.

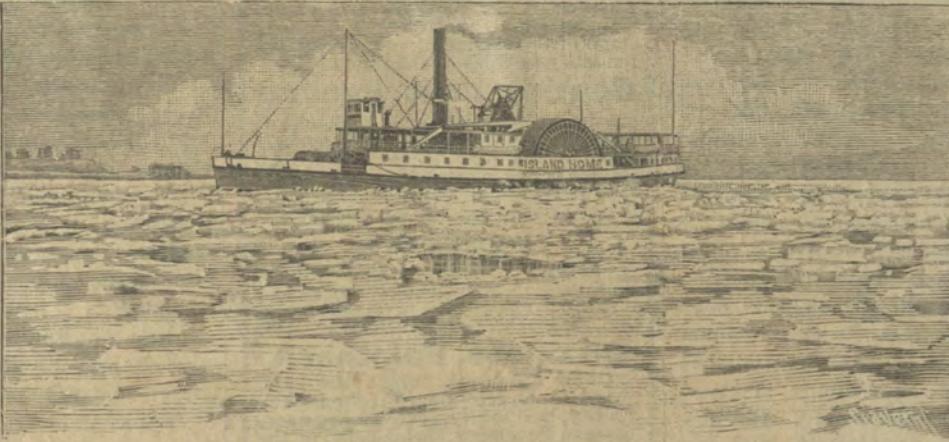
With the temperature at 10° above zero, the ice closed in quickly soon after the steamer headed for Great Point, and the island was again frozen in for several more days.

Despite the long periods of isolation, there was no danger of running short of food. Only one commodity actually ran low—kerosene—and it is recorded that many stores which had used the oil for lighting purposes decided to try that new type of illumination—electricity!

Raising the Blockade.

Views of Steamer Island Home as She Forced Her Way into Nantucket Harbor on the Afternoon of Wednesday, February 1st.

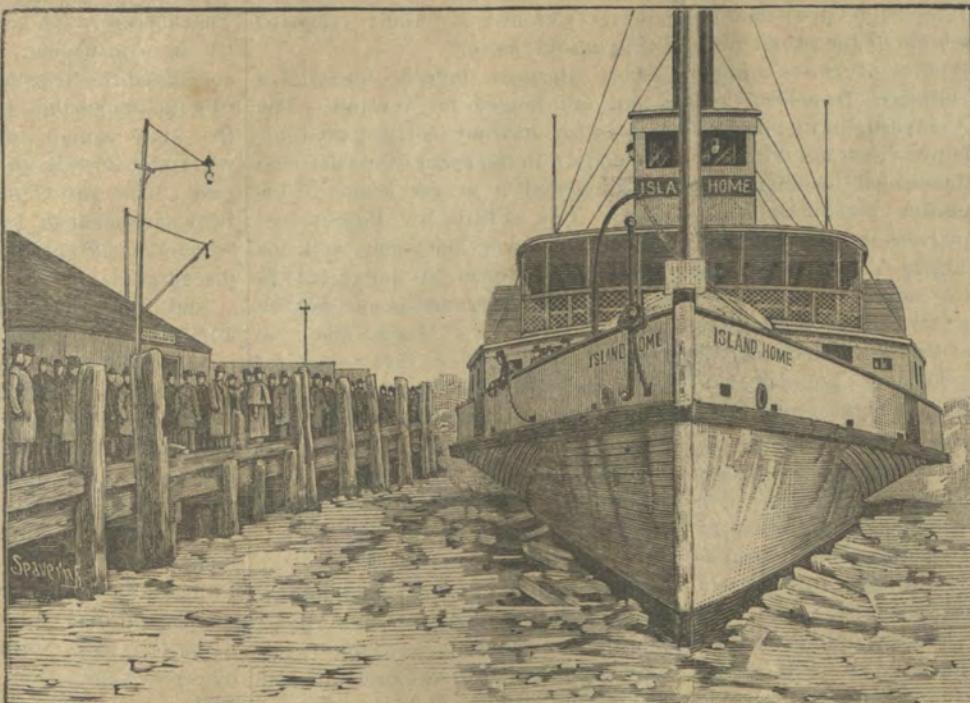
We present below three sketches of steamer Island Home in the ice off Brant Point, in the harbor, and steaming into her dock, made from photographs taken on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 1st. The large crowd who witnessed her successful contest with the ice, will appreciate the excellent work done by Mr. Seaverns in reproducing the pictures on wood from the original photographs.



BUTTING THE ICE BULKHEAD BETWEEN BRANT POINT AND COATUE (LOOKING NORTHWEST).



IN HARD ICE—A HARBOR SCENE.



BREAKING INTO HER BERTH.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAILS.—Steamer Island Home left Hyannis for Nantucket on Saturday morning, and succeeded in landing her passengers (19 in number) and mails on Great Point, near the farm of Mr. Philip H. Folger. Several of the passengers then started and walked to Polpis, the rest, including several ladies, were conveyed to that village in carts, and were well cared for at the homes of the inhabitants who are entitled to their warmest thanks for their generous hospitality. The steamer landed about 2 o'clock P.M., in a thick snow storm, which prevented her being seen from town, consequently no carriages were on the beach to receive the passengers. Mr. Geo. F. Brown, one of the passengers, immediately came to town on horseback and reported the arrival of the boat. Carriages were soon en route for the passengers and mails, and arrived in town with them about 6 o'clock. No mail was sent by the boat as she left again for Hyannis before it was known in town that she had landed. It is now seventeen days since the Island Home entered our harbor.

We cannot refrain from bearing testimony as to the skill and coolness of the commander of that most excellent sea boat, the steamer Island Home. Soon after the steamer left Hyannis, snow commenced falling, the weather gradually assuming a disagreeable appearance, the prospect of entering the harbor lessening as she neared the island, a large field of impregnable ice presenting an impassable barrier, and altogether nothing particularly encouraging inviting efforts to land passengers or mails. Capt. Brown, though careful not to endanger life or property, was desirous to gratify the anxiety of passengers to land on some part of the Island. Running down some two or three miles outside of Great Point, he found that a heavy swell and the loose ice rendered attempts to land out of the question. In the vicinity of the lighthouse, the ice was piled up several feet, but inside Great Point the shore was entirely clear of ice. The boat ran nearly two miles within the point, and anchored a short distance from the shore. The first officer, Mr. Manter, landed the passengers in safety—among the number were four ladies. The mails were speedily landed, the snow falling thickly all the time, accompanied by a strong wind. Before 2 o'clock, the steamboat was on her way back to Hyannis, where she will now probably remain until she can enter our harbor. Much credit is due Capt. Brown for his exertions to accommodate the public, by landing passengers and mails, in such uncomfortable weather, while at the same time, he displayed a commendable prudence in avoiding all improper risks of the lives and property in his keeping. The agent and officers ably seconded the exertions of the commander of the Island Home.

Feb 11, 1856



Courtesy of the New Bedford Standard.

SCENES AT THE LANDING OF REVENUE CUTTER ACUSHNET AT QUIDNET LAST WEEK.

The upper picture shows supplies going over the side of the cutter into the small boats. The lady in the foreground is Mrs. Melvin Hardy of Nantucket, one of the two female passengers. Chauncey G. Whiton, agent of the Steamboat Company, is shown standing on the starboard rail directing the transfer of the mail into the dories.

The lower left picture shows Manager Haddon, of the telegraph company, and Herbert W. Bennett, one of the Nantucket butchers, who went aboard the cutter for his supply of fresh meat.

The other picture shows the Coskata life-savers rowing out to the cutter to bring ashore supplies.

1912
NANTUCKET'S FREEZE-UP.

HOW A VISITOR TO THE ISLAND WAS IMPRESSED DURING A SOJOURN AT THE TIME OF THE RECENT ICE EMBARGO.

A letter from Nantucket to a Philadelphia paper has the following to say regarding Nantucket during the late freeze-up:

It is no new experience to Nantucket to find herself blockaded by ice, for more or less inconvenience of this nature is experienced nearly every winter, but repetition does not render the situation any less trying. There is no "getting used" to it. Once fairly in the grip of the ice-king, it is impossible to shake off his embrace. This crescent-shaped island forms the southeastern bounds of Nantucket Sound, and stands like a sentinel in mid-ocean, with its two long arms, Great Point and Smith's Point, extending for leagues to the northward and westward respectively, ready to catch and hold whatever may come within their embrace. Hence Nantucket is subjected not only to the annoyance of its own legitimate share of ice, but to a goodly portion of what, becoming detached from the cape shore, is borne by northerly winds and favoring tides directly down upon it.

During several days of the recent freeze-up, not a drop of water was to be seen around the island—only vast, unbroken fields of ice, stretching away as far as eye could see on every hand. Again veering winds and changing tides have cleared the southern and eastern shores, and rendered it practically easy to have landed mails and passengers.

Of course no one expected a side-wheel steamer to attempt the passage with the sound full of floating ice and unbroken floes, but tugs could be daily seen steaming hither and thither with comparative ease, and many were the criticisms heaped upon the steamboat company for not chartering one of these long enough to land the passengers and mails. In fact, one golden opportunity was let slip by in consequence of the amount of "red tape" necessary before the mails could be transferred from the Island Home.

The Nantucketers are a reading people. Probably in no town of its population is so large a number of papers and periodicals taken from abroad, or are the local papers more generally patronized. In times of protracted isolation the latter are thrown wholly upon their own resources, and doubtless find it no small undertaking to cater acceptably to the news-hungry inhabitants. Nantucket boasts of two weekly papers, both ably conducted, though it must be no enviable task to "run a newspaper" on this island during the winter. But since the

establishment of telegraphic communication with the continent, their field of operation has materially widened, and they have assumed, to a certain extent, many of the characteristics of metropolitan journalism.

Speaking of the telegraph, the value of its introduction, not only to the island, but to the outside world, cannot be overestimated. During the recent freeze-up the wires have been in constant use, and the office has done a thriving business. By its aid, supplemented by the careful watchfulness of Billy Clark in the tower, intelligence of the movements and necessities of the fleet of vessels caught by the ice in the sound has been hourly transmitted to the wrecking tugs in Vineyard Haven, who have been enabled to proceed understandingly and render timely assistance to many disabled vessels, to the great relief of the latter, and doubtless to the pecuniary profit of the company owning and operating the tugs.

In a community of between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, suddenly debarred from importing, it is a natural consequence that the daily consumption for a couple of weeks and more, should prove a severe strain upon the stock of provisions on hand. Many grocery stores ran out of sugar, coffee and other similar articles, and dressed beef almost wholly disappeared from the markets, but with the abundant supply of flour on hand and the hundreds of cattle, swine and sheep on the island, there was no immediate danger of a famine.

Many if not all grain dealers had long been out of corn, meal and oats, which occasions considerable inconvenience to owners of cattle, but what gave rise to the gravest concern in all quarters was the threatened coal famine. True, most of those who were able had laid in a supply sufficient to carry them through the winter, but many whose limited means compelled them to purchase in small quantities were out, and found it difficult to buy at any price.

In several instances non-residents were importuned by telegraph, and consented to part with their supply on the promise of its being replaced before their arrival next season. The cause of this condition of affairs, it is said, is attributable to the advent the two past years of vessels which, retailing the coal on the wharf for cash, were enabled to undersell local dealers and injured their business to such an extent that they were wary about buying their usual winter supply.

Curiosity is often expressed by the casual visitor to Nantucket as to what the natives find to do with themselves in the winter, yet during those two weeks there was a genuine carnival on the harbor, which was frozen to a depth seldom known. Sleighing parties drove over its surface with absolute security, iceboats darted hither and thither, merry skaters flitted to and fro, ice-fishermen drew wriggling treasures from the bottom of the sea, and altogether the harbor presented an animated panorama. Mechanics also found more or less profitable employment.

During the winter two new stores have been erected in Siasconset and a number of residences have also been built in the village.

March 10, 1888



Landing Provisions at Quidnet, February 15, 1912.
J. B. Ashley Lugging Meat Ashore.



Sunday, Feb. 19th, off Brant Point.



A Dory Load of Mail Matter, Bound for Cliff Beach—Showing Jetty.

Starving Nantucket.

It is pleasant to know that Nantucket is no longer short of rations and sundered by the ice from "America," as the Nantucketers say of the mainland. The steamer Sankaty has arrived and there is joy and banqueting among the Yankee brethren. It would be no bad fortune to be marooned in Nantucket, say in Sconset, in the winter. If fresh meat is sometimes rare there in the cold spell, so is the wild barbarian yawn and outer darkness of the world.—New York Sun.

No sooner does the ice interfere with a day's trip of the Nantucket steamer than the Woods Hole correspondents revive the starvation story. This nonsensical repetition almost reconciles Nantucket to perpetual isolation from those who write and print these fool stories.—N. B. Mercury.

And anybody with a grain of common sense must know that a wide-awake community like Nantucket does not exist from hand-to-mouth, and depend on the daily trips of the steamer for her sustenance. Even if the island is isolated for a few days, or even for a few weeks, the inhabitants do not suffer the least pangs of hunger or privation, and are much more comfortably situated than are the people in those big cities which delight to tell of Nantucket's starvation at such times. It disgusts the islanders to read in the metropolitan dailies of what hard times they have been having and we are glad to note that it also disgusts the Mercury.

1912

Yeast Cakes Flew Over.

In freeze-ups of years ago, the first thing which became exhausted in the Nantucket households was "yeast cakes." But nowadays it is different, for there was no dearth of yeast cakes in the freeze-up this year as they were the first thing in the nature of food supply that was rushed across the ice-covered sound by air-plane. Last Saturday noon The Inquirer and Mirror received the following telegram:

Cambridge, 12.47 p. m., Feb. 10.
Inquirer and Mirror,
Nantucket, Mass.

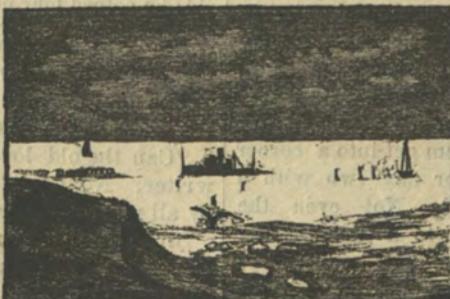
We are sending Fleischman's yeast by chartered plane this afternoon to the islands. Thought you might be interested.

Guy Maynard, Division Manager,
Standard Brands, Inc.

Of course we were interested and within an hour we saw the Fleischman plane sailing over-head with its cargo of yeast cakes. Were the Nantucketers appreciative? They certainly were!



Steamer Monohansett Landing Mails Near Jetty February 17, 1899.



Coaling of Steamer Island Home, Feb. 4, 1881.

OFF NANTUCKET BAR

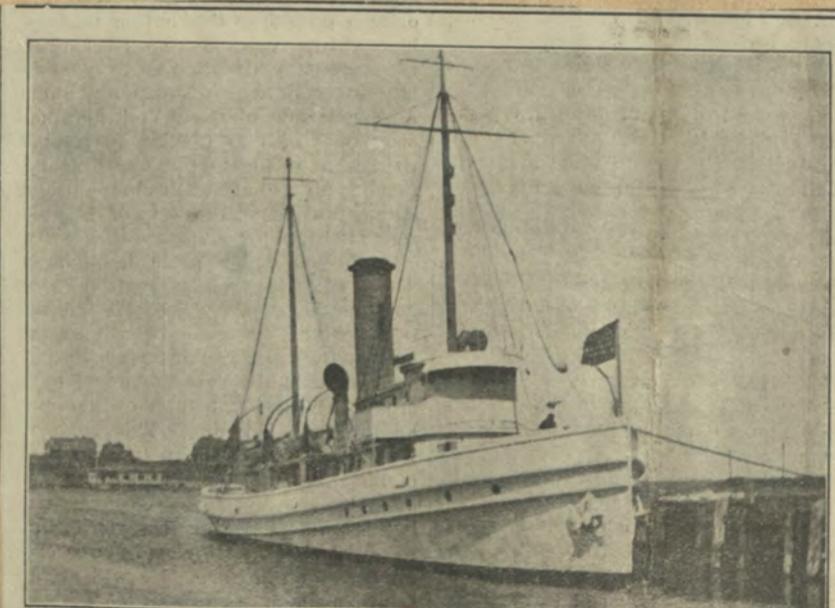


Steamer Sankaty battling her way through the ice blockade at Brant Point. December and January had been unusually mild and springlike—as had the first week in February. And then came the freeze-up!



Revenue cutter Achusnet landing passengers and mail on the end of Brant Point, prior to breaking her way into the dock to release the Sankaty.

1934



Revenue Cutter Acushnet, which broke the ice embargo at Nantucket, Thursday.

1914

From and for America.

Scenes and Incidents at Coskata Last Saturday.

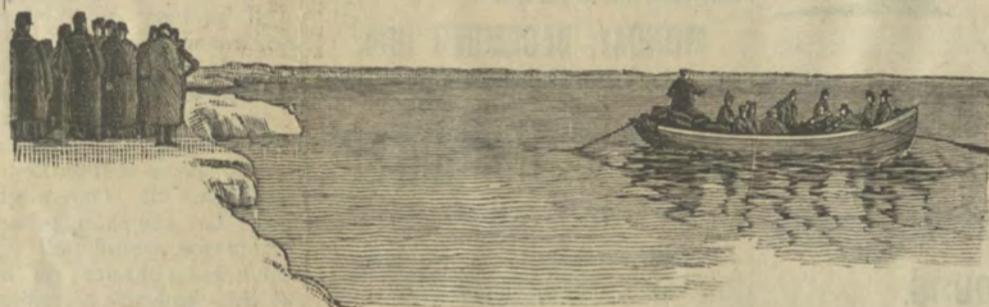
The heavy, dull skies last Saturday morning promised an early fall of snow. The direction of the wind, northeast, strengthened the indications, and gave ice-bound Nantucketers no promise of immediate steamboat communication. By previous arrangement, the telegraph operators at Nantucket and Woods Holl were at their instruments, and it was learned that Capt. Bartow would leave at 6.40, with the view of effecting a landing at Great Point. The ice all along the east end of the island precluded the possibility of a landing there, and daylight re-

wharf, some two feet above the water. The water was so placid that the shadows were deeply outlined in it, which our illustration faithfully portrays.

Back and forth went the huge surfboat, landing grain, meat, groceries, and all necessary articles, which were discharged upon the ice wharf, and then loaded upon teams, and the horses tugged and pulled in drawing the freights to the level beach over the frozen crust that reached to high-water mark. A dory had also been called into requisition, and was plying a

mids of ice some ten or twelve feet in height, while the long, snow-covered beach was anything but an attractive spot. Clerk Crowell, of the Nantucket, reported that their progress was impeded but once, and that occurred off Great point, when they ran into a heavy field of ice that was so hard they dared not "butt it" with the steamer, but wedged their way slowly through it, delaying them about a half hour.

All express matter was landed, and agent Marks had his teams on hand to transport it to town over the precarious roads. The five days' mails arrived at



BOUND FOR WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

vealed the ice in such masses at Great Point that no encouragement was derived of success there. However, mails and passengers were early on the road, and before they reached Coskata station, the anchor of steamer Nantucket had been dropped about an eighth of a mile from shore, directly opposite the station house, in a clear field of placid blue water. Keeper Chase and his men lost no time in launching their large surfboat, and the first arrivals from town found the passengers disembarking on the icy shore. There were but four—all

brisk freightage between the steamer and shore.

Love of adventure and excitement is the life of the average reporter, and Mr. Wilcox, the Boston *Globe*'s representative, who had been with us during the week, dishing up life on the island during an ice blockade in eleemosynary style, was not satisfied with the lack of these elements in a trip in the large boat, and espousing the dory, thought it his time for a more novel transfer. Grabbing his luggage, he made a hasty exit from the wagon in which he had been driven to the beach,

the post office about 1 p. m., and were assort'd by 5 o'clock.

The steamer took her anchor about 12.20 o'clock, arriving back at Woods Holl at 3.45, enabling the passengers to take the afternoon train for Boston. The freight was discharged, and Sunday the boat made an ineffectual attempt to reach New Bedford, but succeeded next day, and was laid up, the crew going to Newport for the Island Home, of which mention is elsewhere made.

Along the head of the harbor, through the glades, and over the icy



SCENE ON ICY SHORE.

ladies, viz: Mrs. George Day, Miss Lillian Worth, Miss Lucy Manter and Miss Mary A. Jones, whose comfort was temporarily looked after by Keeper Chase's wife. The mails were soon on hand, also the passengers for the mainland, who went to the steamer on the next trip or the surfboat. They were Mrs. E. A. Clark, Mrs. G. W. Allen, Mrs. R. E. Congdon, Mrs. A. P. Bartow and daughter, and Mr. George H. Gardner. It was a delightful picture, as the boat moved away from the ice, which jutted so far out into the sea as to form a perfect

and was soon installed on a board in the stern of the dory, which transferred him quickly to the steamer. It was a lively scene on the beach, and the weather was such that the boat could lie safely as long as anybody desired to land goods. A look on board the steamer showed her piled with freight from the forward doors through into the saloon, the greater portion of which was taken back to Woods Holl. Looking shoreward from the steamer, the scene was indeed picturesque. Flanking the landing place on either side, a hundred yards distant, were huge pyra-

beach the returning teams could be seen, some of them heavily laden with freight, and others with their cargoes of happy people, forming a charming panoramic view for those who were watching operations from lookouts in town. As the vehicles drove into town they were coated with mud, the roads having softened since early morning under a mild atmosphere, but everybody was happy, and mud did not count for anything.

Many who drove over simply as sightseers were fully repaid for their trouble in the delightful ice scenes presented.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1893

The Winter of 1856-7.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your issue of February 17th, you referred to the hard winter of 1857. The writer has several times this winter compared the severity of the weather to that year, and has been unable to say whether it was the winter of 1856-7 or 1857-8. I think the former, but memories are not satisfactory to establish facts. There will be some record on the island which will tell. It will make interesting reading if records are given of the incidents of that winter. Inconsistently I will state, entirely from memory, and shall be glad to be confirmed, if correct, that that was the winter when we were ice-bound for six weeks, during four of which the sleighing was very fine, each Saturday of the four weeks a level fall of snow supplementing that which had preceded. It was the winter when, during the freeze-up, we first sent mail by means of a steamer from Glasgow, anchored off Quidnet, bound for New York, to various anxious friends on the "mainland."

Nantucket, just at that time, was privileged to have a rather literary community and many interesting evenings helped to pass the time, which the good lectures of this winter must have done, and I cannot recall that there was any discontent because of the ice-bound condition, and I know that not only had we sufficient coal supply for ourselves, but that we furnished the above-named steamer with coal to enable her to complete her voyage to New York, and I think the loaded coal wagons crossed the pond at Quidnet on the ice. Provisions were always sufficient, but perhaps we did not demand so great a variety as we do now.

It was also, I think, during this hard winter that Captain Brock made a rather perilous passage in a dory through cakes of ice in a high sea, to board a vessel which would enable him to sail as captain of a ship to which he felt bound to keep his engagement. His daughter, the curator of the Historical Society, probably will be able to confirm this. I well remember my father's recital of Mr. Brock's undertaking and his intimation that he was of the material which ship captains should be made of, and with not a little pride we may add, Nantucket sent out many men whose material was well tested on the high seas.

Again, memory states that there was sleighing on the harbor during that winter, but old and young welcomed the south wind which finally carried the ice out of the harbor.

As one grows older the cold becomes irksome, but this helpful verse from the pen of Anna Temple is before my eyes daily on a Christmas Calendar:

"The snow imprisons me; my foolish feet refuse to wander on these slippery ways, And I am prone to sigh for summer days. But when I hear the children on the street Shouting with laughter in their winter's glee, My soul is glad that not alone for me Were all things made, else might the children lose Half their year's joy if it were mine to choose."

Yours truly,
Lydia S. Hinchman.
Philadelphia, Pa., February 22d.

[Our correspondent's memory serves her correctly. It was the winter of 1856-7 to which she refers, and the facts of that "freeze-up," and regarding the coaling of steamer New York off Quidnet, are recorded in the list of freeze-ups in "The Story of the Island Steamers." —Ed.]



Ice-boating and Skating Were Excellent for Days.



1918
Steamer Ruby Ashore at West End of Island, February 4th, surrounded by ice. Subsequently floated.



1918 (War.)
Coast Guards and "Wreckers" Grouped About the Sand-pit on the Beach at Madaket, February 4th.



Original woodcut by Alex Sevards

SCENE AT QUIDNET BEACH, JANUARY 22, 1893.

After being isolated for two weeks, the islanders were happy to learn by telegraph that steamer *Nantucket* was to leave Woods Hole on Sunday, Jan. 22, at 6:30 a. m. The steamer was sighted by Billy Clark from the South Tower soon after 10 o'clock, and Town Crier Hull's horn announced the fact it would make a landing at Quidnet. There was a great procession to the east end—sleighs, carts, pungs and sleds—and some 200 townspeople. A whale-boat manned by James H. Norcross, Jonathan Freeman, Marcus Howes and Daniel Brayton, under W. H. Norcross was launched and took out passengers and mail—returning with equal cargoes.

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It is of interest to recall the days when the "freeze-ups" prevailed, and in these times to observe the contrast. As an example, on Jan. 11, 1893, the steamer *Nantucket* left her berth at the wharf here—and was not able to get back in again through the ice until the 1st of February. From Jan. 22, when she landed mail and passengers at Quidnet, until Feb. 1, landings were all made at the east end.

The steamer did make an effort to break into the harbor on Jan. 19, but watchers in the South Tower saw her turn back after reaching Cross Rip and meeting the heavy ice fields. On the morning of Sun, Jan 22, the *Nantucket* was sighted by Billy Clark from his perch in the Tower. She had left Woods Hole at 6:30, hove into sight off Tuckernuck Shoal at 10:00, and, as advised by the U. S. Weather Bureau telegraph, steamed out around Great Point, thence down to Quidnet.

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As soon as the steamer dropped her anchor off-shore, a whaleboat, under command of William H. Norcross and manned by James H. Norcross, Daniel Brayton, Jonathan Freeman and Marcus Howes, was quickly launched and rowed out to the *Nantucket*.

* * * * *
A favorable moment for the landing had been seized; at 8 o'clock that morning nothing but ice could be seen all around the island; at 10 o'clock the entire ice field was moving to the northeast, in the grip of the relentless tide. There was little wind, making conditions nearly perfect as

the steamer approached the Quidnet shore at mid-day. Capt. Bartow sent a note ashore, writing he had crossed the sound through the north channel, encountering heavy ice all the way to Great Point, the trip occupying five hours and 20 minutes.

The whaleboat made three round trips out to the steamer. Among the departing passengers was Frank E. Congdon, who with Elliot Beaman was on his way to Worcester to take examinations for entrance to the Polytechnic Institute. Arrivals included Miss Mary E. Starbuck, Lester Gardner, William H. Jones, Zimri Cathcart and Standish Wilcox, a reporter for the *Boston Globe*.

Due to the fact that the ice was rapidly closing in-shore again, very little freight was landed—sacks of grain, a little coffee, two cases of frozen eggs, frozen oranges, and two boxes of yeast cakes. The mail and a sack of newspapers were welcomed.

With the temperature at 10° above zero, the ice closed in quickly soon after the steamer headed for Great Point, and the island was again frozen in for several more days.

Despite the long periods of isolation, there was no danger of running short of food. Only one commodity actually ran low—kerosene—and it is recorded that many stores which had used the oil for lighting purposes decided to try that new type of illumination—electricity!

The Embargo.

The Second Week of the Blockade—Release of the Island Home and Sailing Craft—The Closing Scenes and Opening Seams—Notes from the Wrecked Vessels.

As gradually as the severe cold settled upon us, depriving us of communication with the continent, just as gradually has it succumbed before a warmer "wave," and we can now look calmly and contentedly upon a broad expanse of water outside of the Bar, with an excellent prospect of witnessing the breaking-up of the harbor blockade within a few days. Our last issue reported no change; but Saturday morning dawned with a change for the better, the mercury in the tube rising to the freezing point, and a light rain, which froze as it fell. Sunday morning was similar in character, with a brisk northeast breeze, but a warm sunshine greeted us later in the day. About 2 o'clock that afternoon the stirring blasts of Clark's horn

filled the air, announcing, as it proved, the approach of steamer *Verbena* to Great Point, from which four passengers and seven days' mails were landed. The mail pouches were brought immediately to town by Mr. W. H. H. Smith, who was but one hour and thirty minutes in covering the distance between the lighthouse and Post Office, and the passengers followed in teams which happened to be near. They reported that steamer *Monohansett* had been ordered to Nantucket the following Tuesday for mails and passengers, and with seven days' papers in their pockets, and the prospect of later news within two days, the public felt contented.

The weather continued mild, though the wind held to its favorite quarter at the north, and there was only a slight diminution in the mass of ice perceptible on Monday. Early on the morning of this day the *Monohansett*'s approach was heralded, but it was noticed that she was out on a wrecking expedition, first visiting the large English steamer which still remained in the ice; but this vessel declined assistance, and was soon clear herself, and steaming rapidly away from the scene of her confinement. Following the edge of the ice down, the *Monohansett* went to the schooners *Speedwell* and *A. H. Waite*, in the ice near Great Point, but they each declined help from her. She then ran down to Great Point, where she was boarded by the wrecking crew, who carried off dispatches from the agent of the Associated Press, and then put back for Woods Hole. The next day we received a call from her, and after some manoeuvring the mails from here (ten in number) and passengers were put aboard by the wrecking crew, who brought ashore Monday's mail and one passenger (an owner of the *Uriah B. Fisk*). This was accomplished with much difficulty, on account of the heavy floating ice, and the trips were made by the crew only on condition that they receive \$20 for transporting the mails to and fro, and \$1 for each passenger. This fact, when it became known, caused a wide-spread feeling of indignation in town, people claiming that the crew had taken an undue advantage. But when the details of the case were ventilated, and it became known that the boat was obliged to encounter ice, and also that the crew left their work on the wrecked vessel there, the feeling of indignation subsided some. Postmaster Murphy, who was on the Point at the time, guaranteed the amount asked for transporting the mails, and it is to be hoped that he will be repaid for the outlay.

The *Monohansett* returned immediately to Woods Hole, and we are again without mails.

After the *Monohansett* went back on Monday, the ice opened and freed the two schooners near Great Point, one of which went on her way rejoicing. The other, owing to her position and the fact of a light breeze, failed to get entirely by the ice, and was again caught as the "seam" closed up and held till the following day, when she escaped. On Tuesday a seam opened just outside of the steamer, and the two vessels near her were carried farther out into the sound, and Wednesday night, as the ice broke up they freed themselves from their icy bonds. The Island Home, however, still remained a prisoner, her efforts to escape during the day Wednesday proving futile. She was watched with some anxiety, for there were indications of a southerly storm by which it was feared she might be damaged if caught in the position she lay. But fortune smiled upon the faithful boat, and when at 9:15 o'clock Thursday morning Clark's powerful voice announced her release from bondage, a feeling of relief was manifest. She made her way east, stopping at Great Point a few moments, and then headed directly across the sound to take the north channel and escape the ice.

It is a matter of congratulation that no lives have been lost from the numerous craft which have been ice-bound within our view, and that so little damage to property has resulted.

During the week we have received tidings from Tuckernuck, which report two schooners ashore on West Point rip, Muskeget. They were both boarded by crews from Tuckernuck, and prove to be the *Almeda*, Smith, from Portland for New York, with lumber, and the *J. W. Carver*, Walls, from New York to Portland, with coal. The latter is a total wreck, and has been stripped of sails and rigging. The *Almeda*, it is thought, will be floated as soon as the ice will allow.

The small schooner in the ice east of Tuckernuck, was the *Eddie Pierce*, Pierce, of Boston, for Norfolk, Va., with an assorted cargo. The brig and schooner seen in Muskeget channel on the morning of the 2d inst., went out clear.

The *Uriah B. Fisk*, on Great Point, has been stripped. She is now in charge of Underwriters' agent, J. E. Macy, Esq. A survey was held upon her Wednesday, and she was condemned. Her cargo is insured in Philadelphia. One hundred and five bags of the guano have been saved.

From Mr. Randall Farrell, mate of the schooner *J. W. Carver*, sunk off Muskeget, we have received the following facts concerning the experience of that vessel: She left New York for Portland about the middle of January, but was caught in the ice on Flushing flats, and held for three or four days; but finally was towed into Hart Island by a tug. Laid there in the ice until Sunday, January 23, when she took a nice breeze and reached Vineyard Haven during the night. Remained there but six hours, leaving on Monday morning; but a heavy northwest wind compelled her to run under Chatham and anchor, where she remained until the following Wednesday, when she put out by the Cape again, with a stiff northwest wind still blowing. About half way to Thatcher's island she began to leak, and was put back again under Chatham. The crew had all they could do to keep her free. The following Sunday tried to round the Cape again, but was overtaken by a heavy wind, and main throat-halyards parted, the gaff came down and broke through the deck. The hole was

OVER

not perceived until a heavy sea boarded the vessel, nearly filling her. Again she was put about, and sought shelter under Chatham.

The next Tuesday drifted down on the shoals off Cross Rip, and was caught in the ice. Struck on the end of Tuckernuck shoal, but was carried off by the ice, and taken back and forth by the tides for five days, and finally brought up on Muskeget. The vessel was leaking badly, so the crew went on board the Almeda over the ice. Went to their vessel again, and as the tide turned she came off, subsequently stranding where she now lies, sinking in four hours. There was no insurance on her. She had a cargo of 250 tons of coal. Lost deck load off Cape Cod. While off Tuckernuck the supply of water and provisions ran short, the crew being compelled to walk several miles over the ice to the island to replenish their stock. The crew list is as follows: John Walls, master; Randall Farrell, mate; James Walls, cook; John and Ezra Reed, seamen. They are quartered at the American House.

Feb. 14, 1881

The Embargo.

Severe Weather for Nantucket--The Most Severe Winter for Many Years--Happenings on Land and Sea--A Pen Sketch of the Desolate Scene from the Tower Look-out--Latest Facts Regarding Our Isolation.

Had any citizen had the temerity to have prophesied the present extended period of cold weather a month ago, his words would doubtless have been ridiculed. It was not even anticipated by those men who eagerly await a cold snap each successive winter, which shall give them an ice crop, and they consequently took advantage of the first opportunity and filled their houses with ice ranging from four and one-half to nine or ten inches in thickness. But their action was prudent, because of man's inability to foresee the future, and they happily content themselves with things as they are. The cold spell which gave them their crops of ice has continued scarcely with a break, and for a fortnight has grown gradually more severe. For several days last week the mercury hung among the twenties, and ice made fast in the harbor as well as on the fresh water ponds. The sharp weather of Wednesday and Thursday week, sealed the harbor against ingress or egress; but our community felt a sense of comfort in knowing that the Island Home was "on the opposite side," as well as in the belief that she would effect a landing of the mails at the east end of the island. But verily, "man proposes and God disposes," and we are completely at the mercy of the Ice King, with but a dreary waste of ice in sight from every point of our shores, and with little prospect of being able to resume communication with the continent for days at least. The situation is a decidedly cheerless one, but to the native Nantucketer devoid of that extreme feeling of lonesomeness which seizes those strangers upon our shores who have known but a temporary interruption of travel and constant communication upon the main-land. Several parties who visited the island on business await anxiously the breaking-up of the blockade, and have doubtless taken solemn oaths with themselves to give us a wide berth in the future at this season of the year. We would we could assist such, but as that is out of the question, they must keep us company in bearing up cheerfully under such an ice infliction.

For many years we have escaped such severely cold weather as that this week, when several mornings dawned, revealing the mercury at zero and two or four degrees below, the cold seeming to strengthen as the days lengthened. Cold and ice have been the popular topics of discussion, and predictors of "southerly winds" have now few if any supporters. Tuesday we were threatened with an "old-fashioned" snow storm, but this blew back into a stinging northwester, which was received with better grace than a huge pile of snow would have been.

Never within our recollection have we been similarly situated, with our steamboat frozen solid in the ice at our very doors, unable to proceed either way, and in a somewhat precarious situation. Longer periods of isolation we have had, but always with our steamer free for action, and thus our present predicament is one of peculiar concernment. Our community, outside of their fears for the safety of the numerous craft ice-bound in the outer bay, take the matter of the embargo philosophically, and await patiently the outgoing of ice, which shall relieve us from durance.

We have labored carefully to collect every detail connected with the ice-blockade, which has been sought for with interest by all. Our friends knowing or learning of additional facts from any of the ice-bound vessels will confer a favor by acquainting us with everything that will be of interest. We will first take our readers for a week's trip on

THE ISLAND HOME.

She left here on Thursday morning, 27th ult., for Woods Holl, taking passengers and mails, from which latter our main-land friends gained their latest intelligence from us. The weather in the afternoon and during Friday was too boisterous for her return, and not until Saturday did she leave, with orders from headquarters at New Bedford to go to Nantucket, land passengers and mails, and return immediately to Woods Holl. She left at 7 o'clock, touching at Oak Bluffs. Mr. Jared Norton, the clerk, gives us the following account of their experience from that time to the present. He said substantially as follows: After reaching Cape Poge ran into a field of slushy ice, which did not impede our progress, then struck a lead of clear water from that point to Norton Shoal buoy; again met "porridgy ice," but kept on through it until we struck into the main body of ice southeast of Tuckernuck shoal, where it was so hard as to stop our farther progress. After long manoeuvring about two hours made out to get the boat around, and started back for Woods Holl. Had proceeded well around Tuckernuck shoal, when we met the field of ice we had passed through when bound this way. It had frozen hard since we came down, and the hour being late and our supply of coal short, Capt. Mauter at once saw that it was useless to attempt to force a passage through the ice, while the shoals prevented our steering around the floe, and he adopted the best course he could have taken under the circumstances,—turning back into the solid ice as far as possible out of the strong tides. Sunday morning it was thought by those on board that the tide would open the ice and allow them to escape, but as it proved, the high wind kept it in about us, and during the afternoon we were carried rather too near the shoal ground off Tuckernuck. Steam was made immediately, and we ran to the eastward, and after a long struggle reached nearly the position we now occupy (about two miles off Reed pond), from which we have changed but slightly since.

Monday morning a young man named Alexander Taylor went out over the ice to the boat, a journey accompanied with considerable danger, and requiring careful navigation. He broke through the ice at

several points on his way, but fortunately made a round trip in safety, bringing the intelligence that the steamer's supply of coal was nearly exhausted.

Clark's papers and those of Mr. O. F. Hussey were landed by two young men, and later in the forenoon Messrs. George B. Randall, Henry Crocker, Frederick F. Crocker, John P. Taber, Robert K. Appleton, Clarence Jernegan, William E. Bates and Henry Coffin, set off in the ice with two dories for the mails, and after a toilsome journey brought them safely ashore in the afternoon, being four hours in making the trip. Mr. Henry B. Ellis was the only passenger, and he followed them to the shore.

The boat had an assorted freight, including five beeves for Messrs. D. W. & R. E. Burgess. A small stock of hay for the cattle procured at Woods Holl before leaving was exhausted the previous night; but fortunately there was a lot of grain on board, with which they were fed.

The next problem to be solved was the matter of supplying the steamer with coal, and hay for the cattle. The hay was transported early Tuesday morning, and subsequently dories on sleds, with coal in bags, set out from the Cliffs. It was a tedious process, the jagged ice rendering the work slow and perilous, while the broken places made it rather a hazardous undertaking. One or two loads were safely taken out, and the work was abandoned for the day, as the men did not care to risk themselves on the treacherous ice during the out-flowing tide. The work of coaling the steamer has been daily prosecuted since, though the work has been so slow on account of so small a number being employed that the amount on board has not been materially increased, the daily consumption of fuel being about equal to the daily supply.

As regards water and provisions there is a plentiful supply on board, orders having been sent to Capt. Mauter to use whatever he might require for the comfort of himself and crew from the cargo. The steamer is in a more favorable position than the numerous sailing craft in the ice, as she is out of the influence of the strong tides. The thermometer on board Wednesday morning registered at zero, and Thursday morning four degrees below.

BY LAND AND SEA.

Throughout the week the situation of the steamer has been the general topic of conversation, and every person whose house-top commanded a view of the water (or ice) has been on the alert each morning to discover if there has been any material change in the positions of the several ice-bound vessels during the night. Clark has had all the business he could comfortably attend to, and with the ever-alert wrecker has appeared in his lofty perch in the tower by dawn, each day, to gaze upon the lonesome vessels, and through his glass

"Nearer to view his prey, and unspied
To mark what of their state he might more learn."

He has kept the people well posted, and been nearly frantic at the sight of so large a number of helpless craft.

Tuesday morning it was seen that three schooners had been driven down upon the flat ground off Great Point by the ice, and immediately a gang of wreckers left town for that place. The snow during the afternoon hid them from view from the town, and as night commenced to fall, with an increasing wind from the northeast and every indication of a terrific snow-storm, wild rumors of one vessel sunk and the crew taken to the rigging, a second with colors of distress flying, and the third precariously situated, commenced to float among the people, and were of course more or less magnified as they went from mouth to mouth, until it caused a thrill of horror to creep through the veins of every

listener, and when the glad tidings were sounded in the public ear the next morning that two of the vessels were clear of the rip, and the crew of the third safe at the American House, a feeling of relief was generally manifested. The facts of the case are these. The vessels were set upon the rip by the ice during the eastern tide, which, when it turned carried two off. The third is still aground about three-quarters of a mile from the shore with nearly every sail set. Her crew left here Tuesday afternoon at 4.45 o'clock, landing safely on the point in their yawl-boat and light gig. The wrecking crew made an ineffectual attempt to reach the vessels but the ice baffled their efforts. From Mr. Ernest Tyson, second mate of the vessel, we get a full statement of their experience since leaving port.

The vessel is the Uriah B. Fisk, Capt. William Crowell, of Dennis, from North Weymouth, via Boston, for Charleston, S. C., with 760 tons guano in sacks, from Bradlee's bone yard, Weymouth. Sailed from Boston on Thursday, January 27th, with a strong northeast breeze. The wind increased to a gale, and at 10.30 anchored under Chatham, where she remained until Sunday. The cold was severe Saturday night, and the rigging and vessel were iced, and early Sunday got under way. The ice made about us, rendering it difficult to work the vessel, and that night dropped anchor inside the Handkerchief shoal lightship, about seven miles east of Bishop and Clerk's light, on account of heavy ice; but Monday morning found we were drifting and again took our anchor. In the sound, with Brant Point bearing about S. by W., dropped anchor again, slackening out all our chain. But the heavy field of ice swept us along, and at 11.15, Tuesday forenoon, struck bottom on the northwest corner of the shoal off Great Point. Hauled the hatches off immediately and jettisoned a part of the cargo. Got sail on the vessel and attempted to kedge her off, running out seventy-five fathoms of hawser, but the ice swept it to leeward. At high water made another effort to float her, without avail. Tried the pumps, and found she had gained six inches of water in a quarter of an hour, and the captain ordered the boats to be made ready for leaving her, as night was coming on and a heavy sea running. We were about three-quarters of a mile from shore, but landed safely at about quarter of five o'clock.

There were ready hands to receive us, and with the exception of the captain, his wife and the mate, we were brought to town. Mrs. Crowell was injured slightly in taking her from the boat. We saved all our effects, and the dog belonging to the vessel.

The Uriah B. Fisk is eight years old, and owned in Boston and Dennis. About 240 tons of her cargo was stored between decks, and this will, it is thought, escape unharmed. The cargo is valued at about \$25,000.

Thursday morning Underwriters' agent, J. B. Macy, Esq., dispatched the Jersey boat to Great Point, and the wrecking crew, in charge of Capt. J. O. Freeman, boarded the schooner shortly after noon, and took in some sail. They anticipate being able to save her. We do not learn whether she is insured or not. She is of 513.19 tons burthen. The crew list is as follows: Captain, William Crowell, of Dennis; —— Chase, of Dennis, mate; Ernest Tyson, of London, second mate; Joseph Williams, of Western Islands, cook (hands slightly frost-bitten); Benjamin and Samuel Bennett and Simon Pitts, of Nova Scotia, and John Carlson, of Norway, seamen.

Sledding on Nantucket Harbor. "When Was The Last Time?"

It is interesting to note the number of Nantucket people who have been reminiscing since the query about horse racing on Nantucket harbor was made in these columns several weeks ago. Many of our citizens say they can recall such an event, but to determine when it was has sorely perplexed them. Of course there have been several occasions in years past when sleighs as well as ice-boats were on the harbor, and the query has brought forth quite an interesting response.

One lady says she can recall seeing a sleigh on the south part of the harbor, driven from the south beach up towards Shimmo and return, but when it was she does not recall. Another lady says that she stood down on the end of Commercial wharf and watched a lot of children "pile into" a sleigh for a ride along by the south beach. Albert R. Coffin recollects when there was sledding on the harbor, but his memory dates back about eighty years and it is difficult for him to locate which freeze-up it was that lingers in his memory.

And so it goes! Yes, there has been sledding on Nantucket harbor—no doubt of it—but when was it? Facts filed away in our "morgue" are not entirely complete, and it was because we were in hopes that someone might recall more details that we made the query. Various "memories" have appeared, but no one seemed to have any very definite clue for the memory to fix upon. The most reliable memory that has reached us came from Archibald Cartwright, Sr., who recalls that during a freeze-up, when he was a mere lad, his father took him by the hand and led him down to the end of Straight wharf, where he saw Dr. Marsh driving his sleigh across the ice. He remembers that it was Dr. Marsh because his father told him so.

Archie's memory is correct. It was Dr. Marsh that he saw and Archie must have been about nine or ten years old at the time.

It was at the time of the freeze-up of January, 1893, which was fifty-two years ago. According to our records, that was the last time sleighs appeared out on Nantucket harbor. And it was Dr. Charles D. Marsh who drove his sleigh over the ice. No one has ventured out on the ice with horse and sleigh since then.

In 1888 there was sledding on the harbor and quite a spirited contest was held between the drivers of three sleighs, who made quite a showing in racing their steeds across the head of the docks from the "clean shore" to the south beach.

But unless someone can correct us with some actual facts we will state that the last time a horse and sleigh appeared on the harbor ice was in January, 1893. Dr. Marsh passed away the following March from a heart attack, according to the records in the town clerk's office. The date of 1893 would correspond with Mr. Cartwright's memory of the occasion when his father, the late Benjamin Cartwright, led him by the hand to the end of the wharf to see Dr. Marsh driving his horse over the ice.

The two pictures presented here-with were made by the late Alexander Seavers, an old-time wood engraver. It was a slow procedure, cutting with his fine tools on box-wood, gradually bringing out the details of the picture. The result showed remarkable skill, for it was before the days of half-tone engravings, when illustrations for magazines especially were carved out by hand—wood cuts. Mr. Seavers, before coming to Nantucket to be the first teacher of drawing in the local schools, had been working for a number of years on the Youth's Companion and he was considered one of the best wood engravers of his time.

The picture showing the steamer *Island Home* battling her way across the harbor was taken on the first day of February, 1893, from the south side of the harbor from a location similar to where the boys stood last Sunday afternoon—which was altogether too near, according to people gathered on the wharves.

The other picture shows the steamer *Island Home* as she finally forced her way through the harbor ice and reached her dock at Nantucket, February 1, 1893. At that time the steamer's berth was on the south side of the wharf, and all there was for a freight-house was a small shed. A coal pocket was on the east end of the dock, with a derrick for hoisting coal, which was brought to the island in schooners and a supply kept on this end of the route at all times. The boat was not then dependent on oil for fuel and its delivery by truck, or anything of the kind—it was coal that was used and when winter approached the Steamboat Company always made sure that there was an ample supply stored in the pocket on the end of the wharf at Nantucket.

There must have been a number of occasions when there was sledding on the harbor at the period when sleighs were numerous on Nantucket. The winter of 1881 was severe and the *Island Home* was frozen out of the harbor on January 26th. She ran down into the ice on the 29th, hoping to make a landing, but it was impossible, and the boat remained imprisoned in the ice until the 10th of February.

In the mean time a supply of coal and provisions were taken out over the ice by horse-and-sled to the steamer, held fast in the ice about a mile-and-a-half in back of the bar. Several beef cattle that were on board were put onto the ice and driven ashore.

In 1885 the steamer was frozen into the harbor from February 9th to the 28th inclusive. In 1886, the *Island Home* was frozen out from the last day of February to the 13th of March. In 1888 she was again frozen out, making a landing at the "Galls" on the 5th of February with thirteen days' mails. Ice was reported from 15 to 18 inches thick all over the harbor and sledding was excellent.

The periods of low temperature did not bring a freeze-up, however, with the boat either frozen in or out of the harbor. There were several times when there was "no boat," but actually no freeze-up. There were two boats in service until the 16th of January, and the service was maintained with only a few interruptions.

FEBRUARY 10, 1945.

The winter of 1893 was especially severe. On the 11th of January steamer *Nantucket* went out in the teeth of a howling gale, in order to escape being frozen into the harbor. On the 19th she made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the island. Passengers and mails forwarded to Great Point to meet her when she made a landing were obliged to return. There was no open water visible anywhere around the island at that time, even as far as Low Beach, and sledding was fine. On the 22d the boat forced her way through the heavy ice-fields around to Quidnet, where she lay 45 minutes transferring mails and passengers. On the 28th she made another landing at the east end, that time at Coskata. On the 1st of February, steamer *Island Home* succeeded in reaching the dock (as shown by these engravings) which her sister steamer, the *Nantucket* had left on the 11th of January. As stated above, this was the last time sleighs have appeared on Nantucket harbor.

Since 1893 there have been a number of freeze-ups for Nantucket. It was in 1904 that there were three distinct periods of isolation, extending from January 4 to February 26, the periods covering nine, five and seventeen days' duration. It was during one of these periods that the little fishing steamer *Waquoit* made her way down to Eel point and landed half a dozen passengers and a supply of provisions there. A channel was sawed through the ice in order that the schooner *E. Waterman* might reach the Crosby wharf and discharge her cargo. The steamer *Nantucket* was frozen into the harbor a week in 1904.

Incidents of more recent freeze-ups are vivid in the minds of many of our readers, of course, especially that of 1936, when Nantucket was so well served by air-plane service, in bringing passengers and mail, as well as an ample supply of provisions.

The winter of 1942-3 was unusually severe, but it did not actually bring a freeze-up—that is, when the steamer was either frozen in or out of the harbor. There were several cold waves that winter. On the 17th of December the temperature dropped to 2 below zero and on the 20th it went to 4 below. On the 15th of February the mercury recorded 8 degrees below zero and on the 16th a temperature of 4 below was recorded.



ICE BOATING AND SKATING ON NANTUCKET HARBOR,

Feb. 15, 1936



A scene on the harbor in February, 1918.

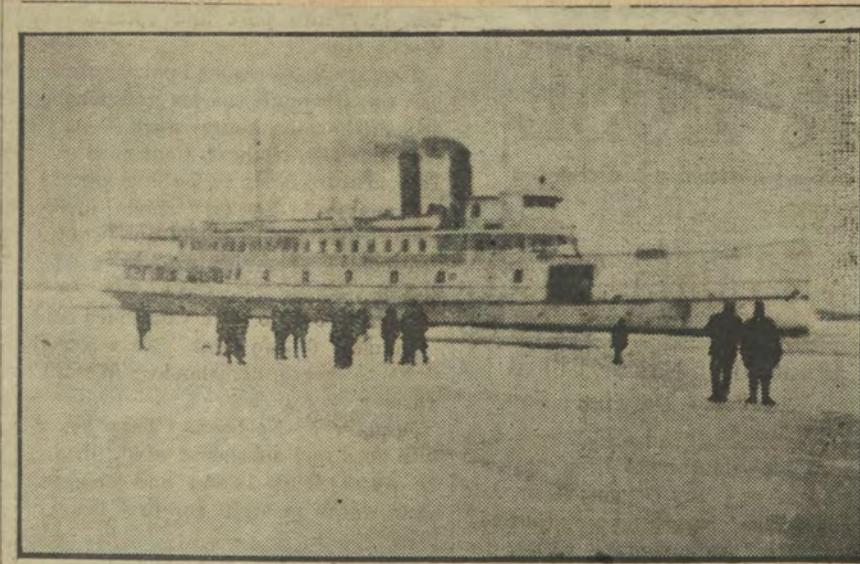


The procession across the ice January 2d, with Sankaty in the distance.

Gov. + Mrs. Chas. Ratcliffe

Robert
E. Ratcliffe
of Scituate
and son, Robert Jr.

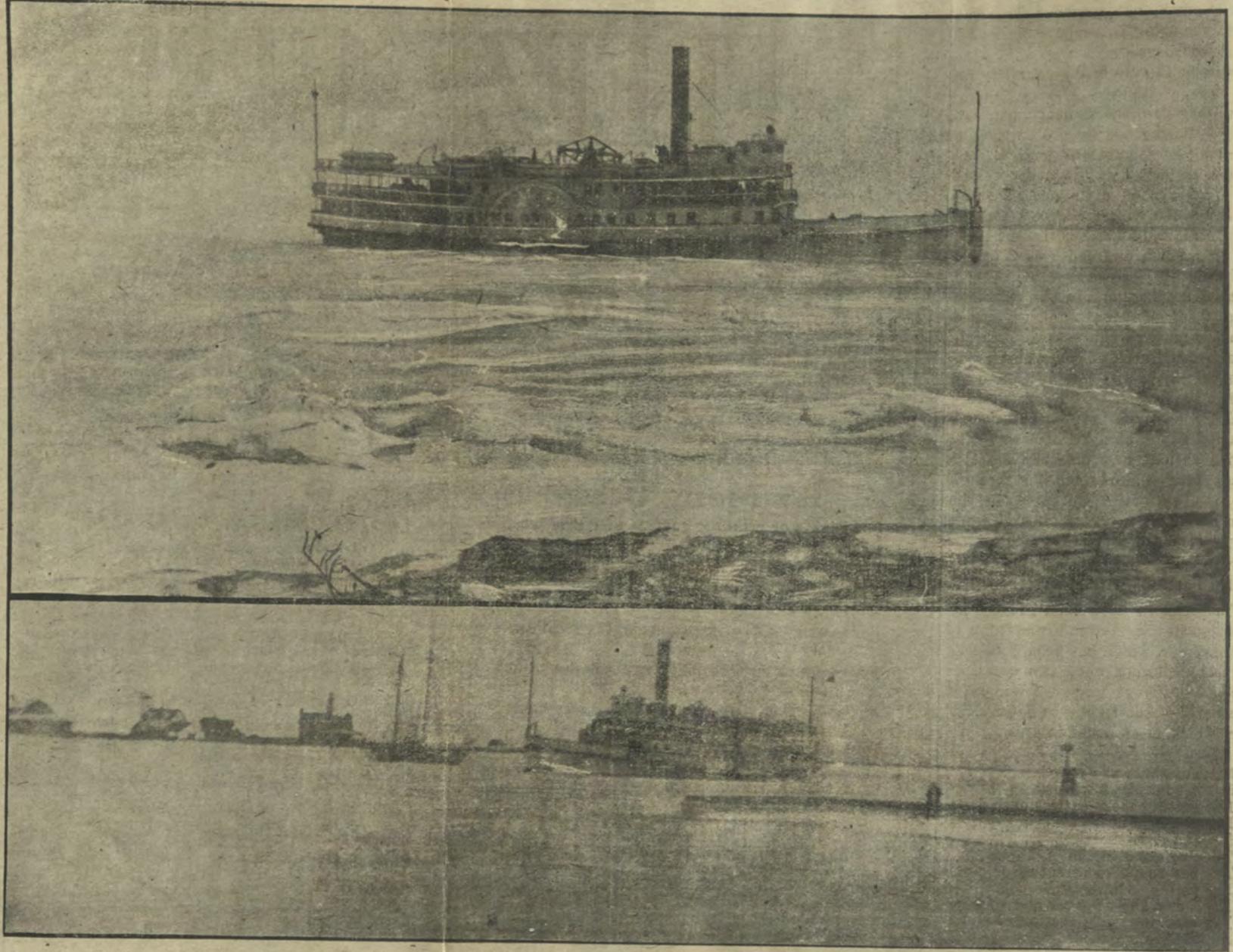
Alfred Dawson



The Sankaty butting her way in between Brant Point and the dock. Men and boys could walk along beside her in safety.



Landing passengers on the ice off Brant Point, January 2d.



The Uncatena butting the ice at Brant Point, and (below) swinging up to her berth after a long*battle in the ice-fields.

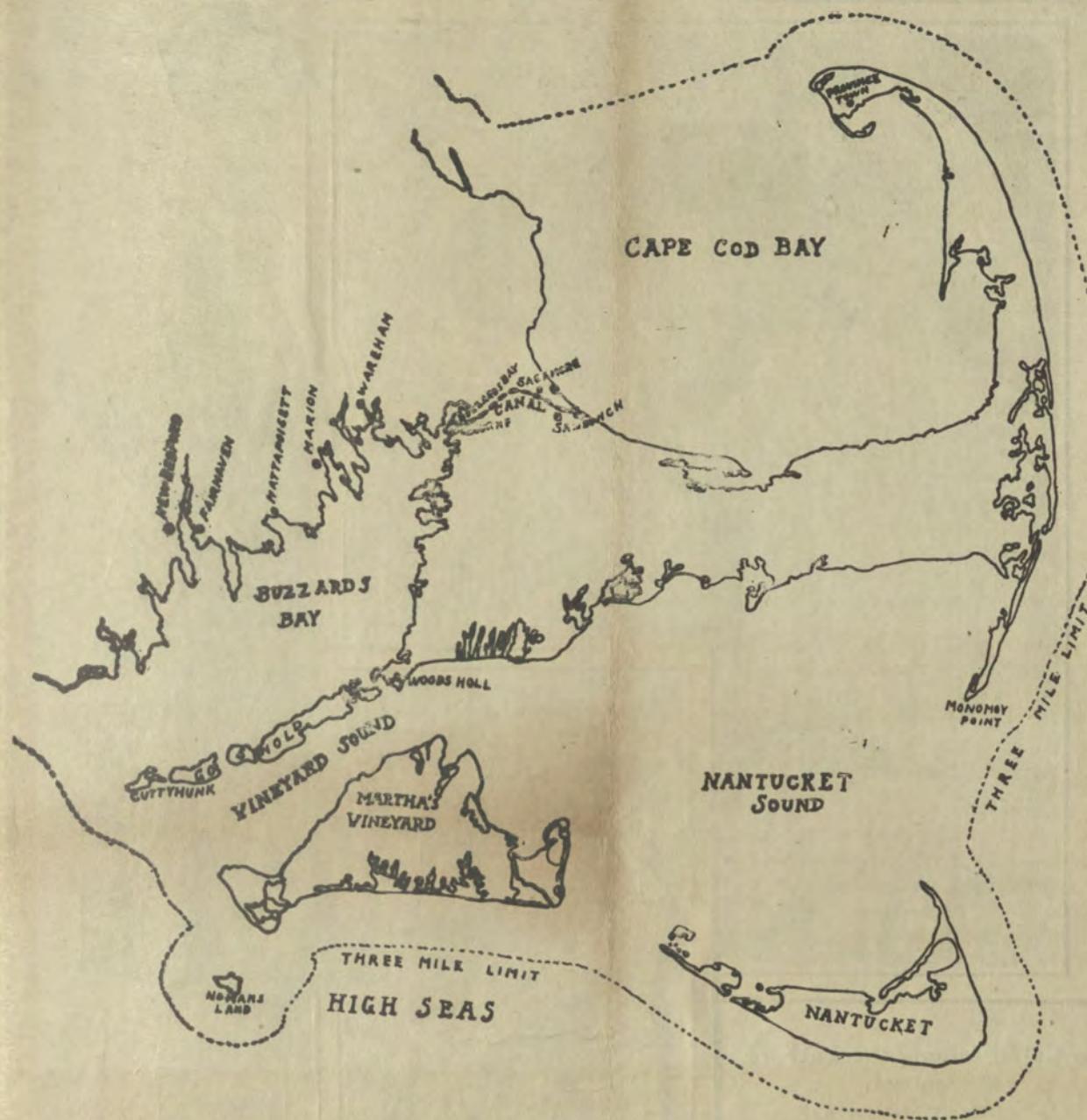


"Quahaugging" through the ice in Nantucket harbor.



Carting quahaugs ashore over the ice, to be shipped to the mainland at \$15 per barrel. Men working over the beds may be seen in the distance.

The "Three-mile Limit" Around Nantucket Island.



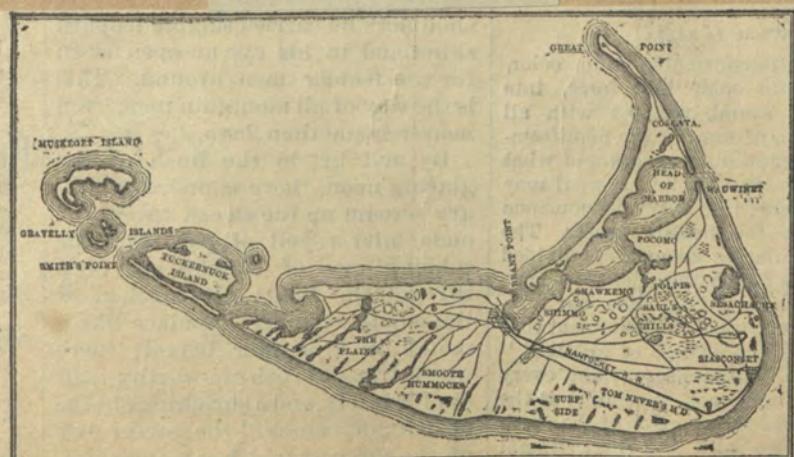
Because of the vast amount of foreign shipping that passes near this coast, fast cruisers of the nations at war may be expected at almost any time to make their appearance in search of prizes among merchant ships, and already there have been many reports by incoming merchantmen of being chased by warships of the enemy off Nantucket, the lightship off this island being the first place which incoming liners "make" in approaching America.

The accompanying map shows a strip of the coast which is familiar to residents of this section, with a line drawn around it showing the "three-mile limit." Foreign vessels headed for American ports are guaranteed against capture by international law when they reach a point within three miles of the coast of a neutral country, which of course this country is in the present struggle. The three-mile line grows out around Nantucket, and once a transatlantic steamer reaches

this line it cannot be taken by a ship of the enemy.

For a great many years there have been disputes concerning this three-mile zone, whether it should follow all indentations in the coastline, or should be drawn from "promontory to promontory." The line as drawn on the accompanying map produced here was sketched by an army officer, and gives the boundary of the zone as it would be recognized according to international practices today.

AUGUST 22, 1914



Latest map of the island, showing break through the Haulover.

Cutting Open The Beach at the Haulover.

The project of cutting an opening through the Haulover beach is not new, by any means. It was first broached many years ago, at a period when the "Haulover" took its name, when Nantucket fishermen used to row up the harbor in their boats, haul them across the narrow strip of land, and launch them in the surf on the outside to go fishing.

And then Nature decided to take a hand and experiment a little, actually cutting a channel through the beach and keeping it open for a number of years, too. There was a very heavy storm on the 15th of December, 1896, and when it was over the big seas had swept across the Haulover, washed around the houses at Wauwinet, and cut an opening through the beach, joining the inner harbor with the Atlantic ocean.

At first the opening was narrow and there were varied opinions as to whether it would or would not close up again. But steadily the opening widened, until the following April a sail-boat went through from the harbor to the ocean for the first time. It was the cat-boat Inez which did the trick, with Capt. Charles G. Coffin at the helm.

Having proved that there was sufficient depth of water in the opening to accommodate a cat-boat, other boats soon were using the opening and it was of great convenience. Year after year, the opening widened, changing its position somewhat and slowly working northward.

By 1904 it was a quarter of a mile wide and there was sufficient depth of water there so that craft drawing up to eight feet could use it at most any stage of the tide. Fishing steamers Petrel and Waquoit, which were at that time seining for bluefish outside the harbor, found the channel of great convenience, as did sailing craft of various models and sizes, even to fishing schooners.

Soon after, early in 1905, the conditions began to change again and there were signs that the opening was drawing together. Finally the channel changed decidedly and the depth of water decreased steadily. By 1907 it was no longer in use by the boats of the fishing fleet and the next year the opening closed up again.

In November, 1908, the first team was driven across the beach from Coskata to town since the opening broke through in 1896. For twelve years Nature had maintained the channel and then she stopped experimenting and closed it up again.

JUNE 20, 1925

Petrel.

The above is the name given by Mr. Manter and his colleagues to the new fishing steamer which has been built for them during the winter at East Boston. The boat left Boston for Nantucket at 5 o'clock last Saturday, with Messrs. A. C. Manter, John J. Gardner, W. M. Bartlett, Arthur J. Barrett, and James E. Smith (all interested parties) on board, and put into Provincetown to await the abatement of the storm. She left that place at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, arriving here at 1 p. m., and docked at Commercial wharf, where a crowd of curious people were on hand to view her. She is an able looking craft, built of oak, and has every appearance of having been designed for rough waters and work. Her measurements are 58 feet 8 inches over all; 13 feet beam; 5 feet 10 inches depth of hold. Her engine, which is of the fore-and-aft compound type, was built by J. H. Payne & Son, and is of 48 horse power capacity. Her boiler is of 60 horse power. These figures indicate both speed and power. On the house is a small reeling engine for gathering in the seine, thereby minimizing manual labor. And speaking of seines, the young men have provided for their use in carrying on fishing, one of tremendous scope, that caused many eyes to open in astonishment as they viewed it while being overhauled. Wednesday morning.

The steamer has been built with no aim at useless ornamentation, but with the view of utility, and to the casual observer the owners have surely secured what was desired. Mr. John J. Gardner, who had charge of the engine room on the run from Boston, will be the permanent engineer.

June 20, 1898

Steamer Waquoit Wrecked off Smith's Point.

The little fishing steamer Waquoit had a narrow escape from being wiped out of existence Monday evening, and but for the prompt efforts of the crew of Maddequet life-saving station she would doubtless at the present time be resting her bones on one of the sand-bars in the dreaded Smith's Point opening. The Waquoit left port for the mackerel grounds several hours after her usual time on Monday, having been delayed in towing a vessel into the harbor, and in order to clip the miles away, the captain decided to make the passage through Smith's Point opening, rather than the longer (but safer) trip around Muskeget. The opening is a bad and difficult passage at its best, for it is studded with sand-bars and knuckles which make it an uncertain and rough thoroughfare for the steamers, even under the best of weather conditions.

It was about five o'clock before the Waquoit steamed through the opening, and as good luck would have it, the look-out man at the life-saving station was following the boat along the course with his glass. Suddenly he noticed the steamer bring up with a lurch, and realizing that she was in a dangerous position, he promptly notified Captain Tyler. It was but a few moments' work before the life-boat was launched and the crew was hastening to the assistance of the stranded craft. When they reached her they found the Waquoit heeled over and full of water, a heavy sea which struck her just as she ran upon the "knuckle" having smashed in the windows to her engine-room, flooded the hold with water several feet deep, and put out the fire.

Her position was very precarious, for the crew of the steamer could not free her of water, and with the fire out under the boiler, she was completely at the mercy of the raging waters of the opening. The life-savers did not lose a minute in the effort to float the little 50-foot steamer, and manned the pumps and commenced bailing with buckets, finally getting the craft from the bar and managing to free her of water enough to enable a fire to be started under her boiler. When they reached the scene the engine-room was flooded with water several feet deep and it was a remarkable feat on the part of the life-saving crew to bring the steamer from the shoal under such conditions.

It took some time to get the fire under way, as some of the Waquoit's fittings had to be broken up for fuel, and her impact with the shoal had opened her stuffing-box so badly that it necessitated constant operation of the pumps in order to keep her above water. When steam was up it was decided to head across the sound for New Bedford, but, even with the assistance of the life-saving crew, it was apparent that she could not be kept afloat that length of time, so the boat was headed for the Vineyard, the men beaching her in the harbor at Vineyard Haven after several hours of hard work and very trying experiences.

The Waquoit was saved from total loss purely through the prompt and untiring action of the Maddequet life-savers, and but for favorable weather conditions, coupled with a large amount of human endurance, Smith's Point opening would have claimed the little steamer as one of its numerous victims.

May 21, 1910

Fishing Schooner "Native" Launched Saturday.

The fishing schooner "Native" was launched from the yard of the Nantucket Boat Works last Saturday—a real island product. She is the first vessel of any size that has been built on Nantucket since the old whaling days and last Sunday, as she lay at the South wharf with flags flying, hundreds of persons went down to get a close-up view of the new craft. That she is of very heavy construction and built to withstand rough seas and strong gales is evident.

The time for launching the craft was set for 9.00 o'clock Saturday morning and a large crowd assembled to witness the event. It was the first launching that Nantucket has had for many a year and naturally considerable interest was attached thereto.

There was some difficulty in getting the boat started towards the water and a wire cable which was being used from the barge Vasty, lying at the end of the dock, was parted. This delayed the procedure somewhat, but a heavy towing hawser was then used and finally the "Native" was seen to move.

Little Miss Priscilla Coleman, ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Coleman, was accorded the honor of christening the "Native," she being the great-grand-daughter of Capt. Henry Coleman, one of the island's master mariners of other days. When the little miss broke the bottle across the bow, everybody cheered and it looked as though the "Native" would take to the water easily.

But it happened that something went wrong with the cradle, which was in two sections, and suddenly the boat lurched over to port and stopped. Instead of the cradle under her stern sliding down the rails, as was expected, the hull slid off the cradle, bringing the two cradles together.

It put a stop to the launching that morning, as in heeling over one of the planks was damaged above the water line, necessitating the insertion of a new one during the afternoon.

It was announced that the "Native" would complete her launching on the high tide that night, and it was surprising what a crowd assembled there around 10 o'clock, showing the keen interest attached to the event. In the bright rays of a big search-light located in the boat-yard and thrown down towards the water, the schooner finally took the water about 10.30 o'clock and slid off as prettily as could be. She was soon warped up to the dock and tied securely for the night.

The "Native" will now be towed to Stamford, Ct., to have her eighty-horse engine installed, and will then fit out for service. She is 60 feet long, 17 feet beam, and well adapted for the fishing business. She has been built by the Nantucket Boat Works for H. Marshall Gardner and Howard U. Chase, the latter to command her when she goes into service.

Ship-building on Nantucket is a new thing in the present times. It is over sixty years, in fact, since vessels of any great size have been built here. Row-boats and small cat-boats were built during the period when Nantucket was gaining in popularity as a summer resort, before the gasoline engine revolutionized things afloat as well as ashore. Not since the ship Planter burned on the railways at Brant Point in 1859, however, has a craft been built and launched here as large as the "Native."

The rail-ways were built on Brant point at practically the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first ship launched there was the Rose, in 1802, which sailed for China early the next year and made a number of successful voyages until she was finally captured by the British during the War of 1812 and carried as a prize into Mauritius.

Other ships built on Brant Point included the Charles Carroll, in 1832, the Lexington and Nantucket in 1833, and the Joseph Starbuck in 1842. The latter met her fate on her first voyage, when, a brand new vessel, she was caught in a severe storm and became a total loss on Nantucket bar.

The ship Ganges was practically rebuilt on Brant Point in 1840, being cut in two and lengthened considerably. The last ship on the Brant Point ways was the Planter, which was burned there.

FEBRUARY 9, 1924

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
"Tacking Ship off Shore."

Mr. Editor:

I am reminded by the communication in the *THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR* of the 9th, signed "W. F. M." how, every now and then, some new aspirant appears as being the author of this poem. The publication was undoubtedly made in the Hartford papers without the knowledge of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who is too high-minded a songstress, and too well qualified to write charming verse of her own, to claim credit for any not belonging to her, and certainly would not attempt to palm off as her own any as familiar to all sailors as that of "Tacking Ship off Shore."

This beautiful little poem was written by one of our brightest Nantucket girls, who I believe is still living—the son of Walter Mitchell—and published first in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1858, and readily found by turning to the first volume of that magazine, pages 334-335. The verses quoted in *THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR* are substantially correct, but not absolutely so. Credit of these verses is given to Mr. Mitchell by Emerson, in his collection of poems entitled "Parnassus," published in 1874, and by Whittier in his "Songs of Three Centuries," published in 1875. Mr. Mitchell, I think, is still living. I know that his aged mother is, and resides in New Bedford, now in the 86th year of her age. Nantucket cannot lose the remembrance of any of her deserving children; nor allow their good works to be credited to others.

F.—
CAMBRIDGEPORT, May 11, 1891.

See articles

FROM THE TOWER

the view is sublime. At the north of us an immense ice-pack, extends as far as the eye can reach, even with the aid of the most powerful glass. The angular edges of huge pieces of ice point upward in every conceivable direction from the cold, cheerless field, while on the shoal grounds huge piles of ice have been thrown up by the action of the currents, and sparkle brightly in the sunlight. These towering barriers change with each succeeding tide, and thus the scene in their particular locality is an ever-shifting one. The monotony of the frozen surface, on Wednesday morning was only broken by the numerous sailing craft that have been caught and held fast,—eleven of them in number,—which lay scattered between Great Point and Muskeget. Eight of these (including the steamer) came within the range of the naked eye while two of the others were partially hidden from view by Tuckernuck island. The two schooners which grounded on Great Point in company with the Uriah B. Fisk, were carried southeast by the northwest wind of the previous night, and occupy positions a few miles west of Great Point; another brace of schooners propelled by the same power, were driven in within a few miles of the steamer; another vessel was located in the vicinity of Swile Island shoal, and, it is thought, was boarded by a crew from Tuckernuck during the day, while the rest were exposed to the strong tides of the sound, and carried helplessly back and forth. Large steam craft were discerned forcing their way east and west through the ice at various hours of the day, making but slow progress. But eight of the vessels are now in sight, a brig which appeared on the south side of Smith's Island having gone on her way, while the fate of two more which were swept into Muskeget channel can only be conjectured.

A wide ice-belt encircles us on the outer shores, depriving residents of the east end of the island of their usual fine water prospect, and extending far to the south and west. The fall of snow of Tuesday was sufficient to complete the desolate scene. This is, as nearly as pen will describe, the picture which met our gaze from the tower. It has not changed materially since that time, and the indications as we go to press (Friday afternoon) are that—well, it's an ice subject, but we are tired of it.

NOTES.

About ten tons of coal have been hauled to the steamer since Monday morning.

A lad named Arthur Cary had a narrow escape from drowning a few days since, by breaking through the ice near the steamboat.

The crews of several of the vessels visited each other for friendly "gams," Wednesday and Thursday.

The work of coaling the steamer was progressing finely yesterday, facilities for doing so having been greatly increased. Two gangs of men were employed transporting the coal on sleds built for the purpose from early morn until sunset. Horses were also engaged during the afternoon in teaming it, and it was expected between six and eight tons would be put aboard by nightfall.

A large steamship passed Sconset, outside of Bass Rip, Thursday, bound in from the southward.

A large steam collier was caught by the ice during Thursday night, and there remains. Her whole hull and decks, seen through the glass, are a mass of ice.

The Messrs. Burgess Brothers drove their cattle ashore over the ice early yesterday morning.

One of the three vessels off Tuckernuck has disappeared since Thursday afternoon.

THE LATEST.

Just before going to press word was brought to us that a part of the crew of the schooner lying nearest the steamer had been aboard of her for water, their supply being nearly exhausted. Capt. Charles E. Smalley visited the vessel about noon, and hands us a list of names of a portion of the ice-bound vessels to be seen from here, which he learned from Capt. Andrew Gray, of schooner Trade Wind (the one nearest the steamer). This vessel is 96.94 tons, lime loaded, and is of and bound from Rockland, Me., for New York; the one just outside of her is the Edward H. Norton, of Wellfleet, for the Chesapeake for a cargo of oysters. She is 56.51 tons register. The captain's name is not known. The two-masted schooner just within Great Point, is the Speedwell, Capt. Whitten, of and from Rockland, Me., for New York, with lime. Registers 111.49 tons.

Capt. Gray informed Capt. Smalley that he had obtained a little water from the Island Home, and should build a small sled and procure more to-day. Had plenty of provisions. He also said the ice had lifted the Edward H. Norton about three feet.

Clark reports a lumber laden schooner ashore on Muskeget, and that parties from Tuckernuck were going out over the ice to board her.

Capt. C. E. Smalley paced the distance from the steamer to the shore, and his estimate is that she is one mile and one-quarter distant.

Feb. 5, 1881

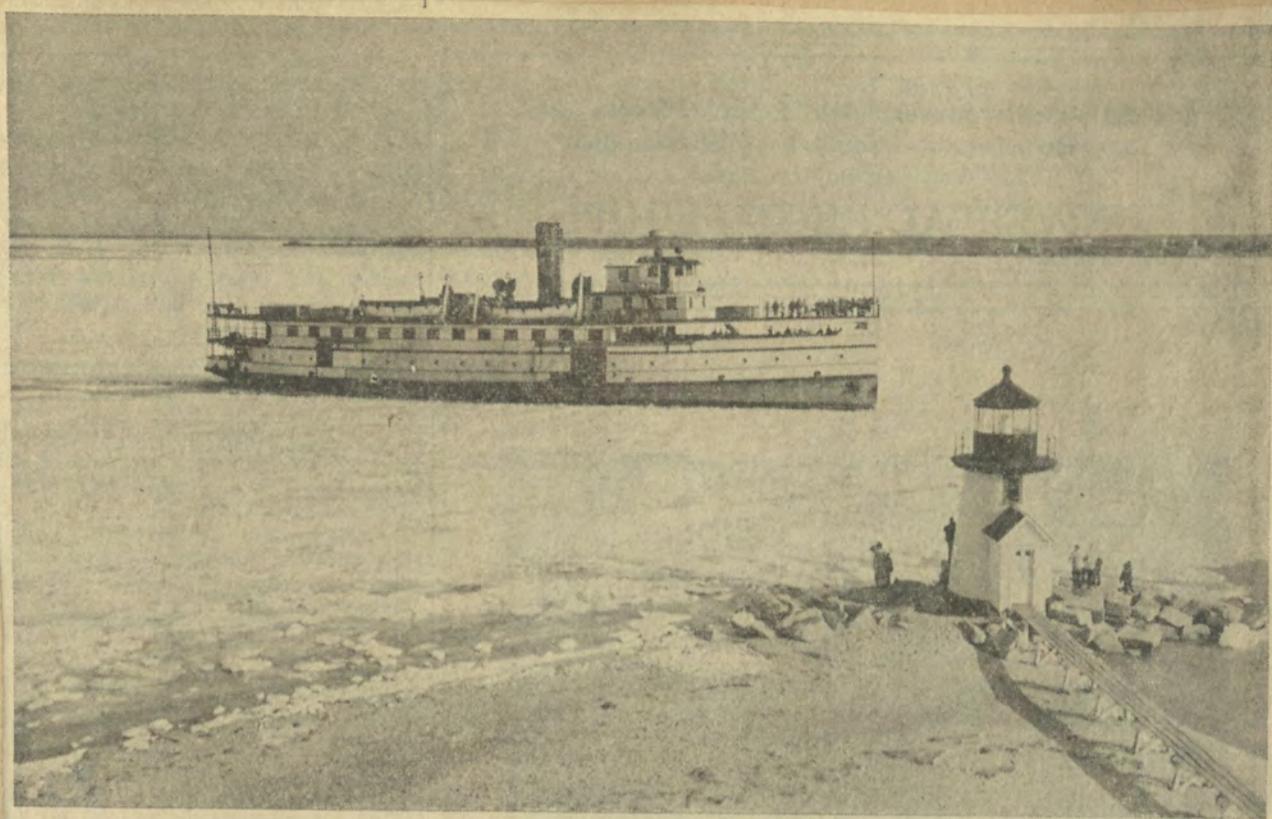


Standard-Times Staff Photo

NANTUCKET ICE DELAYS STEAMER—Bound for Nantucket from Woods Hole yesterday afternoon, the steamer Nobska was caught in pack ice in the channel opposite Jetties Beach and Cutton Point, and the 83-foot Coast Guard Patrol boat had to come to her assistance.

It took both vessels 1½ hours to travel a half-mile from the jetties to Nantucket Harbor. The patrol boat is shown clearing the channel, with the Nobska following in her wake. Continued cold weather could bottle up the port, island officials said.

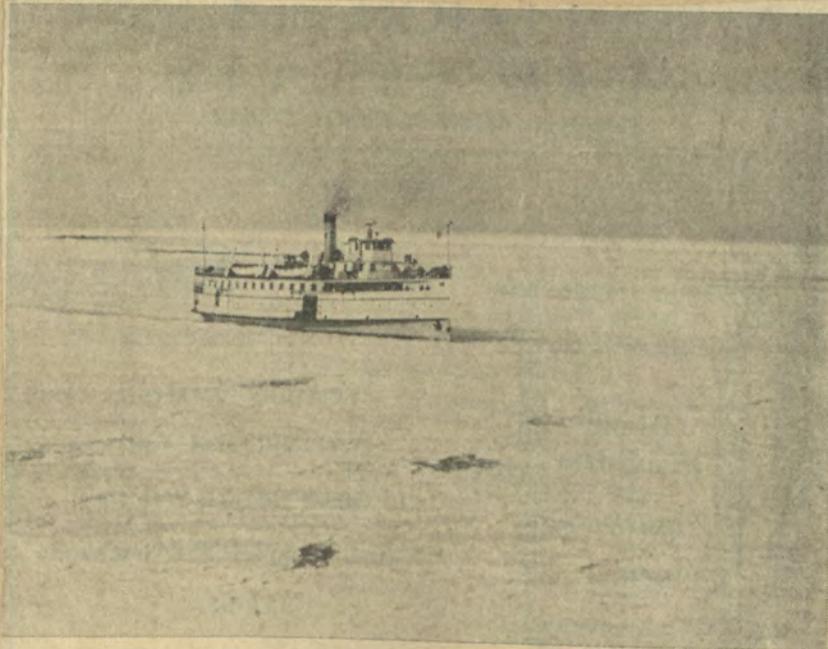
Jan. 13, 1959



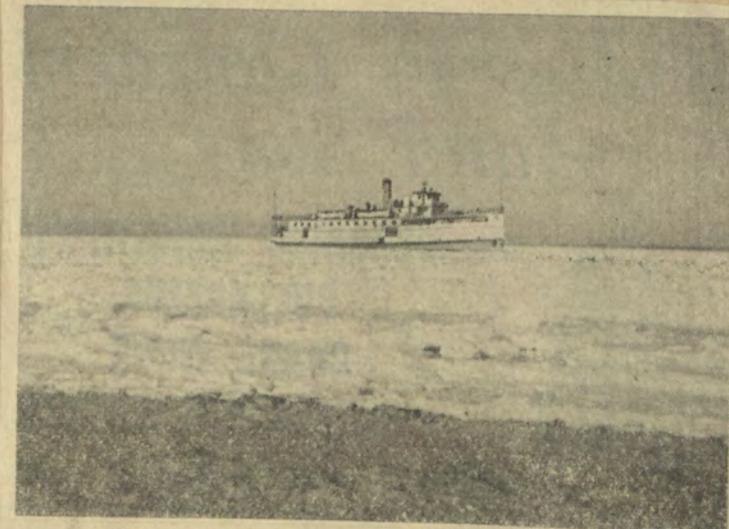
COMING AROUND Brant Point.



THE ICE in the harbor, as seen from Orange Street.

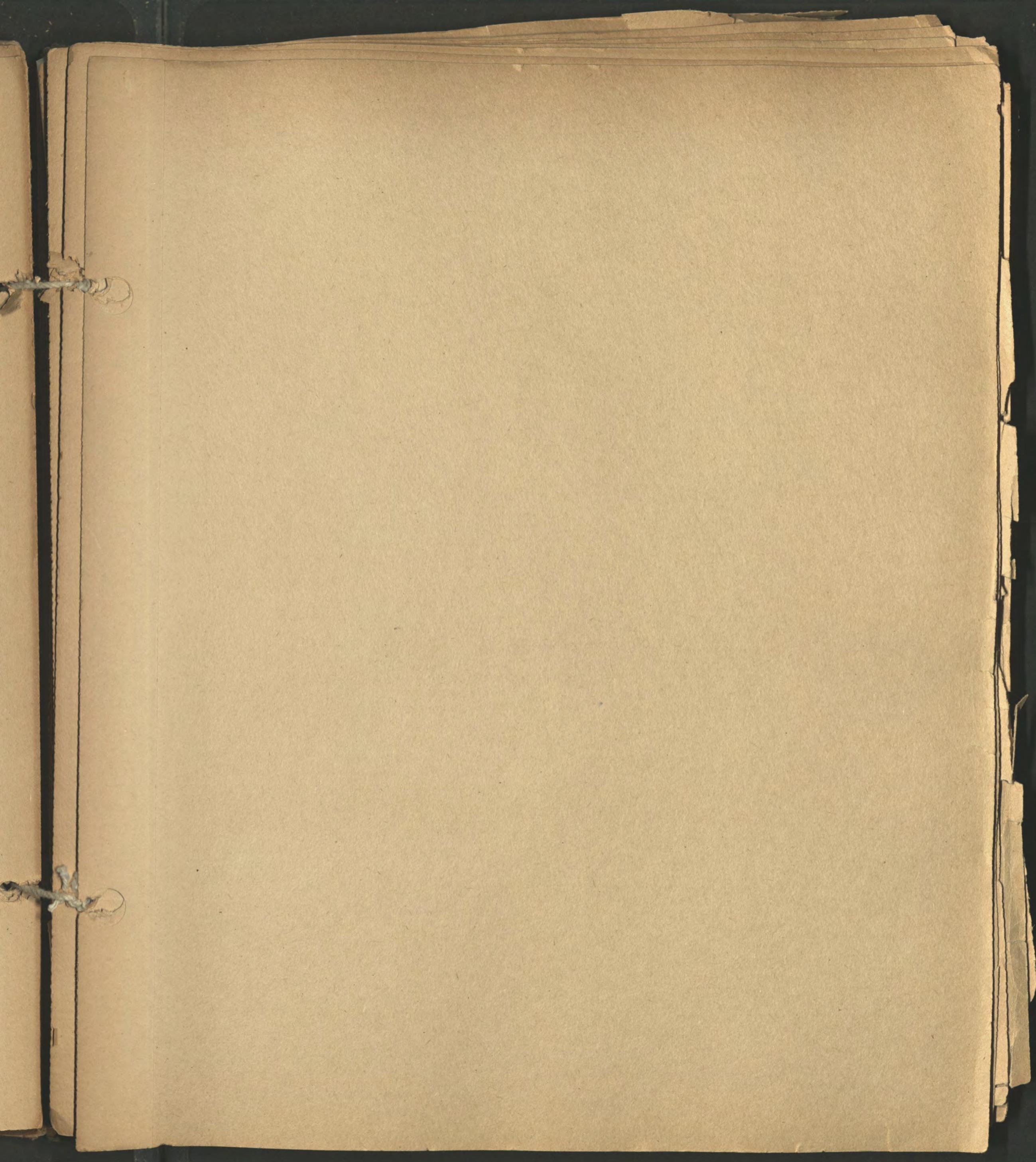


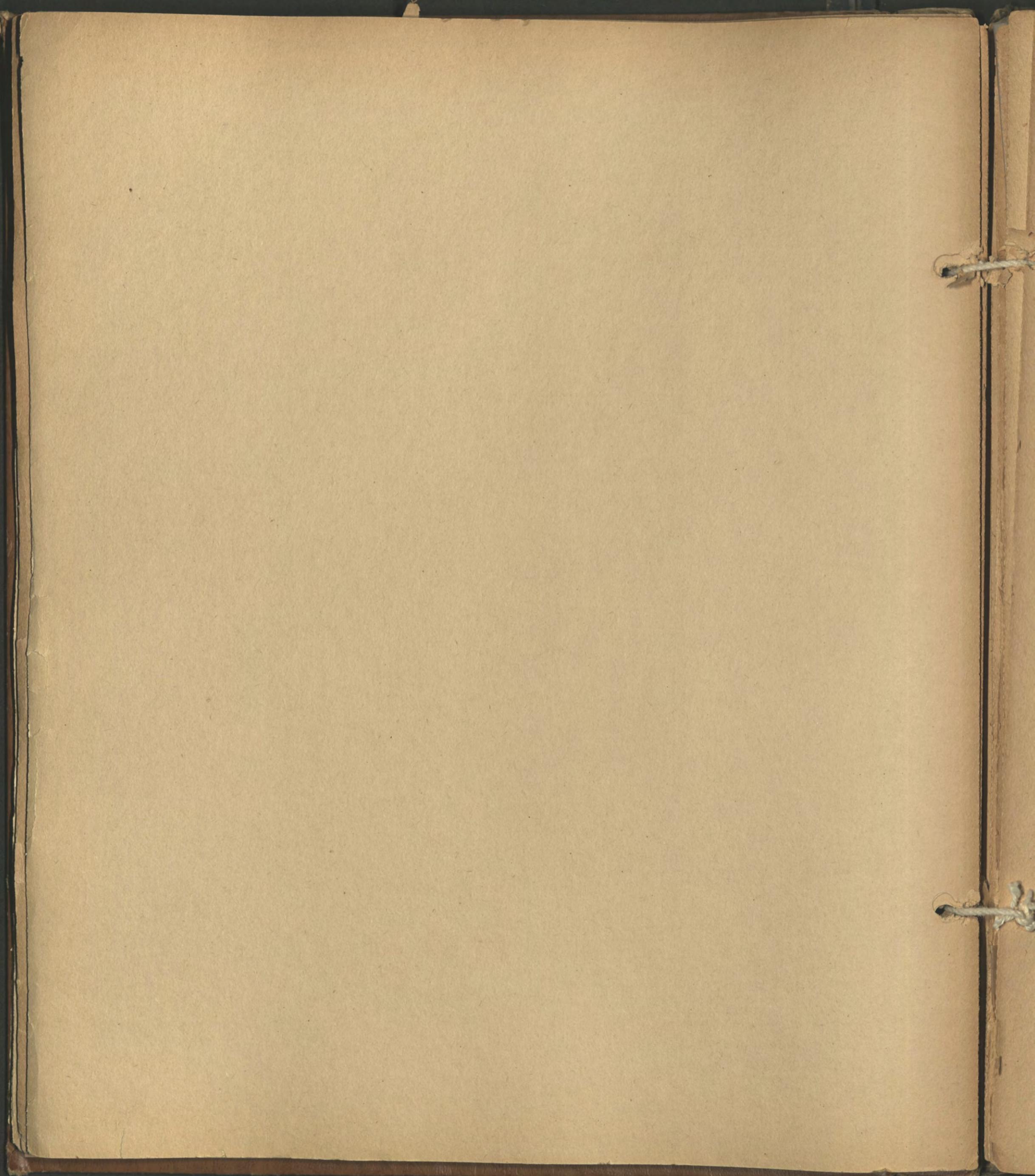
PUSHING against the heavy ice, after coming through the jetties.



SOON AFTER the Steamer "Nobska" came into view.

Jan. 16, 1951





For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Noticing in your last issue my particular and much-valued friend's name, I said to myself, whatever is written over that signature will be of interest to some one or more who may chance to read it. On perusing it, I ascertained that my friend, on riding home in a horse car, encountered an adjunct in the person of Capt. Daniel Russell. Now in union there is strength. So I was doubly assured that something was coming, and so it proved. My early business employment brought me constantly in contact with the shipping interests of our island, both foreign and coastwise, and an interest was contracted that neither time nor space can diminish. At the period alluded to, Nantucket had more tons of shipping, per capita, than any other place or port on the face of the globe. Thinking that Nantucket readers of your useful paper would be interested to know the number of coastwise vessels and by whom commanded in Nantucket's most palmy days of her efforts, energy and enterprise, I concluded to append to the list you have published, if you approved it, those that are remembered by me. Writing altogether from memory, I may have made some errors. The name *Juno* I am not clear about, the sloop that was changed in rig to a hermaphrodite Brig, and sent on a whaling voyage, and instead of oil brought home an illegitimate cargo of Dromedaries, is the one I allude to:

NAMES.	MASTER.
Sloop Alonzo,	Latham Bunker.
" Omega,	"
" Fair American,	George Meader.
Sch. Caroline,	Valentine Hussey.
" Ruby,	Frederick Hussey.
" Franklin,	"
" Leader,	Jonathan Smith.
" Mariner first,	Peter Lewis.
" Monthepe,	David Cottle.
Sloop Empress,	Reuben Starbuck.
" Hancock,	Cromwell Barnard.
Sloop Union first,	"
" Dispatch,	Thomas Barnard.
" Aurora,	Tristram "
" Fame first,	Joseph Earl.
" Fame second,	Shubael Allen.
" Flora,	Laban Swain.
" Factor,	Kimball Starbuck.
Sloop Mason's Daughter	Wm. Perkins.
" Hero,	Manuel Enas.
" Juno,	"
" Elenora,	Collins.
" Charlotte,	William Hiller.
Sloop Lapstone,	Benjamin Cartwright.
Brig Christopher,	Arthur Macy.
" Warwick,	Burdick.
Sch. Happy Couple,	Christopher Mitchell.
" Union second,	Pele Folger.
" Seahorse,	Dillingham.
" John,	Valentine Swain.
" Sophronia,	Jethro Mitchell.
" Eliza,	William Robinson.
Sch. Wm. and Nancy,	Luther Gifford.
" Betty Mooers,	Samuel Cary.
" Syren,	Wm. Mooers.
Sloop Regulator,	Henry Tracy.
"	Thomas Hifler.
	Samuel Gilston.

The Alonzo was the fastest coaster that traversed Long Island Sound, in her day. She was sold from here on account of the great draft she drew when loaded. I saw her in Providence, in 1820. Having heard so much of her, I went on board and examined her. Her top was in the shape of a sad or flatiron, her waterways and gunwales looked the same as our ships, no rails forward of the quarter deck. Rough tree spars from the mast rigging to quarter deck. She was then running between Providence and New York.

The sloop Elenora, our mail packet for many years, Capt. Hiller, had the shape of top and bow, as the Alonzo, and was a fast sailer.

W. R. E.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

The list of coasting vessels, with the names of the masters, furnished by your Boston correspondents, has proved to be a source of considerable interest to a large number of the elderly readers of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR. Being somewhat familiar with our former coasting fleet, I would suggest one or two corrections for the list published in your last issue, and also submit a list of those vessels which were inadvertently omitted by our Boston friends:

Corrections: Sloop McDonough, owned and commanded by Lewis B. Imbert. Sloop Clarissa, commanded by Daniel Bunker (not Calvin), and afterwards by Wm. Dawson. Sloop Hazard, commanded by Frederick Starbuck. Sloop Edna, commanded by Nathaniel Ray.

Vessels Omitted.

NAME.	MASTER.
Sch. Lady Hope,	Ferris.
Sloop Alice,	L. Gifford.
" Rapid,	O. B. Swain.
Sch. Factor,	Macy.
" Superb,	Stackpole.
" Mechanic,	Thomas Swain.
" Philadelphia,	E. W. Gardner.
" Eveline,	J. Thompson.
" Hamilton,	C. L. Ferris.
" Eliza Jane,	Jas. H. Barnard.
" Lucy Church,	Alden Adams.
" Laura Mangam,	Wm. Hayden.
" Penobscot,	Chas. Cottle.
" Tryall,	L. L. Adams.
" Northern Belle,	Wm. Fitzgerald.
" Sarah Jane,	"
Jersey Blue (Propeller)	N. B. Kelley.
Sloop Avon,	E. S. Clark.
" Prudent,	Jos. H. Nickerson.
" Martha,	N. B. Kelley.
Sch. Game Cock,	Wm. Patterson.
Sloop Hard Scrabble,	B. C. Chase.

Yours truly,
GEORGE K. LONG.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

In making out my list of vessels engaged in the coasting trade of Nantucket in years past, I accidentally overlooked a list that had been prepared to send. I am aware that this is no excuse, when one is writing to an editor. I think in the abundance of your mercy, you will overlook it in one not often troubling the press. I send a new list, not for the purpose of publication, for I think some one will remind me that my memory is not as good as it used to be, which is a fact. Excuse my blunder and I will be

Yours truly,
A. J. MORTON.

[The above letter is self-explanatory. The new list is at hand, too late for this issue, but will be given in complete form next week, with such additions as have been mentioned by other correspondents. Our Boston friend is not troubling us in the least—in fact, we feel indebted to him for the lists, which have been read with much interest.—ED.]

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Your correspondent who has handed in to you the names of two sloops, the Omega and Fair American, as accessions to the list of our coasters, is mistaken. I gave you both of these vessels in my list, viz: Omega, Latham Bunker, and Fair American, Meader. Your correspondent is correct that A. Ray commanded the Omega, and R. Russell the Fair American, both in the Boston trade. Russell was the first master of the Fair American that I knew of. I do not understand that we are to speak of all who have at any time commanded our coastwise vessels, but the number of vessels. Kimball Starbuck ran the Omega years before A. Ray did the same to Boston. I think the Factor, Macy, was given to you as an addition. This was also a mistake. I have given to you the sloop Factor, K. Starbuck, the identical vessel, altered in size and rig, and added to my list as the schooner Factor, Macy. Now we had two sloops Fame, J. Earle, and S. Allen, masters, so I gave them first and second, to show that there were two. We have had two vessels bearing the name of Omega, a sloop and a ship, and those two only. We have also had two Alphas, a sloop and a ship, so that the Greek Alphabet has twice been honored at each end, by little Nantucket, in seeking names for her numerous vessels.

W. R. E.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

BOSTON, March 2nd, 1889.

As you seem desirous of making your list of coasters as nearly correct as possible and as I have taken considerable interest in the list, I will suggest to you a few corrections. Commencing at the top of the list, I will speak of what seems to me as a mistake or omission. The first which I notice is the Sloop Clio, in want of a master. I remember that at one time, my father, Isaac Bearse, was master of this vessel, though it was not for any length of time. My father was also for a short time master of the Schooner Oneco, making one trip to Newark with lumber, and a few trips to Albany with oil. The next in order is E. W. Perry, *Bounce* instead of *Bourne*; the next schooner *Susana*, fishing. It is possible that the *Susana* was for a short time in the coasting business, though I think not; *Mary* and *Emma*, D. G. Patterson. It is certain that she never was coasting, except the voyage to California be called coasting, as she was a Smack, with a well for the purpose of fresh fishing. When she went to California the well was taken out of her; R. B. Smith, *Bearse* should be N. B. Kelley, as he was the man who ran the *Smith* very nearly all of the time that she belonged to Nantucket; *Sukey* never was a coaster, neither was the *Game Cock*.

As I am writing, I will send you such names as occur to my mind, of the fishing vessels which from time to time have sailed from Nantucket. If you should ever conclude to print a list, they would be, at least, a start. Such reading is very interesting to your off-island subscribers, very nearly all of whom have had more or less to do with one or more of these vessels:

Sch. Extra,	
" Two Brothers,	
" Game Cock,	W. Patterson.
" Mary and Emma,	D. G. Patterson.
" Hamilton,	Harding.
" Palmyra,	Raymond.
" Glide,	Bearse.
" Laurel,	Gay Head Indian commonly known as Jim.
" Bay State,	Smith.
Smack Republican,	Fisher.
Sch. Philosopher,	Stephen Hussey.
" Laura Mangam,	
" Rainbow,	Maguire.
" Samuel Chase,	C. K. Mauter.
" Charlotte Brown,	Robbins.
" Nathaniel Chase,	E. B. Joy.
" Oliver Cromwell,	Smalley.
" Susana,	
" Oneco,	Gowell.

There seem to be 20 which occur to mind at this writing. Trusting that you will receive this communication in the spirit in which it is written, I remain

Yours very respectfully,

A. M. BEARSE.

A correspondent hands us the names of Alexander Ray, master of the sloop Omega, and Reuben Russell, of sloop Fair American (both of which ran between this port and Boston), as additions to our coaster list.

The name of schooner Emily, another old coaster which plied from Nantucket to Norfolk in command of Capt. James H. Barnard, has been handed to us as an omission from the coaster list.

Capt. C. A. Burgess hands us the names of the following coasters that formerly belonged to Nantucket, which he commanded: Sloops Grampus, Keziah and Jackson.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
Nantucket's Coasters.

Mr. Editor:

Riding home one evening in the horse cars, I met my friend, Daniel Russell, and our conversation turned naturally to our old home and old associations, and, among other things, to the valuable list of whaling vessels published by you several years ago; and the query was started that a list of the coasting vessels might be interesting to some of your readers, especially those residing away from the island, where such reminiscences are not so common as in the room known to us outsiders as the "Captains' Room." We talked of many old-time vessels and their masters, and thought a list might not be uninteresting. I prepared a list and submitted it to him, and he made many additions and corrections. Should it be thought worth publishing, it is at your service. Yours truly,

A. J. MORTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 4, 1889.

NAME.	MASTER.
Alpha,	Charles Myrick.
Sch. Aerial,	Arvin Baker.
" Amazon,	R. G. Pinkham.
" Ann,	Samuel B. Swain.
Sloop Barclay,	Betsey.
" Betsey,	Z. Cathcart.
" Comet,	John Colesworthy.
" Copy,	Thomas A. Gardner.
" Clarissa,	Calvin Bunker.
" Conveyance,	Alex. Paddock.
" Clio,	Roland Gardner.
Sch. Champion,	Edward H. Swain.
Sloop Crusade,	John Riddell.
" David,	Barzillai Burdett.
Sloop Delight,	Edna.
" Edna,	Jethro Coffin.
Sch. Enterprise,	Zenas Hamblen.
Sloop Experiment,	Charles Hayden.
" Elect,	Charles B. Macy.
Sch. Exact,	Isaiah Folger.
" Eunice H. Adams,	F. Adams.
" Eagle,	Obed B. Swain.
" Elisha Brooks,	Thomas Potter.
" Elmerine Potter,	Ed. W. Gardner.
" Ed. W. Gardner,	Bourne.
" Edward W. Perry,	
Sloop Fame,	Shubael Allen.
" Fenwick,	John Luce.
" Frolic,	
" Franklin,	Joseph Hamblin.
Sch. Geo. Washington,	Daniel Whitney.
Sloop Glide,	John H. Pease.
" George,	Job Coleman.
" Galen,	Hiller.
" Hawk,	David Starbuck.
" Hunter,	
" Hazzard,	
Sch. Hope and Susan,	Charles Folger.
Sloop Henry,	Lindsey Riddell.
Sch. Imperial,	Charles P. Swain.
" Island City,	H. S. Snow.
Sloop Iris,	George Luce.
" Julia Ann,	Daniel Russell.
" Leader,	Pratt.
" Laura,	Thomas Potter.
Sch. Louisa,	
" Laurel,	
" Lurana,	
Sloop La Grange,	Francis Coffin.
" McDonough,	T. V. McCleave.
" Mary Nichols,	William Gifford.
Sch. Manuel,	Manuel Enas.
" Mariner,	F. E. Adams.
" Mary and Emma,	Ariel Coffin.
Sloop Maria,	Charles Myrick.
" Nantucket,	John Riddell.
" Napoleon,	Zenas Adams.
" Nancy Finley,	Baker.
Sch. Olympus,	Joseph Gorham.
" Onward,	M. Crosby.
Sloop Patriot,	John Luce.
" Portugal,	John Pinkham.
Sch. Pilot,	Owen Wyer.
Sloop Rose,	Alex. Robinson.
Sch. R. B. Smith,	O. G. Coffin.
" Rainbow,	
" Senator,	Alex. Robinson.
Sch. Susan,	Daniel Russell, Jr.
" Sukey,	Freeman Smith.
" Success,	Starbuck.
" Silas Parker,	Aaron Coffin.
Sloop Traveller,	Thomas Hiller.
" Tawtomeo,	John Ray.
Sch. Telescope,	David Thain.
Sloop Triumph,	Andrew Mitchell.
" Teaser,	M. Enas.
" Union,	Dillingham.
" Warren,	John Baker.
Sch. W. O. Nettleton,	Henry C. Pinkham.
" " "	B. F. Brown.
" " "	H. S. Snow.

A Boston correspondent informs us that we did not secure the name of sloop Martha, Capt. Alexander Drew, for our coaster list.

1889

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

BOSTON, May 3, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

I have been very much interested with your account of the old coasters of Nantucket, and in the beginning, I wondered if any one would think of my father's first commands. His last one, the "Patriot," I have seen, but the other two that he used to speak of I have not seen mentioned. From his own account, after the usual six weeks schooling, and being well grounded in the "rule of three," he went, at the age of 13, over the bow of the sloop "Amy" (or "Ami" or "Amie"), with probably as much determination to get on to the quarter-deck as soon as possible, as any boy had of that time, and after the usual apprenticeship in the cook's galley, and having mastered all the ins and outs of dunderfunk, lobskous and cracker-wash, reached the starboard quarter-deck at the mature age of 19. Probably this was the sloop "Amy." His command during the "War of '12," which was most interesting to us boys, was of the sloop "New Packet," which he commanded in 1814, at the age of 21—and how much earlier I don't know; but proof of this command in 1814, is his license, signed on board His Majesty's Frigate "Superb" off New London, in 1814—granting the "New Packet" license to carry provisions and fuel from the ports of the main-land to the suffering people of Nantucket, who were dreadfully hard put, and asked neutrality of the English at that time. The license is signed by Commodore Alexander Cochrane, by order of the Admiral of the Blue, Sir Henry Hotham. Many of your readers will remember this Cochrane, as the officer in his Majesty's service, who was so indignant at the abolishing of the "C at" (Cat-of-Nine Tails). And when swearing was forbidden in the service, he declared that the British navy was no longer a fit place for an English sailor, and left the service in disgust, and went to the South Pacific and offered his services to the struggling South American Republics, and became an admiral in their service, and did as good work for the independence of these Republics on the sea as Bolivar and San Martin did on the land. Some of your readers have no doubt seen in the plaza Munico palidas, in Valparaiso, Chili, the splendid bronze statue of Cochrane, that Chili honored him with. Others of your readers have probably seen the splendid ironclad of Chili, also named in honor of Cochrane. It was this ship with her sister ship, each of 5000 tons, both ironclads, with three other wooden ships, all of 18,000 tons, that fought the little monitor of Peru, the "Huascar," 1100 tons for 4 1/2 hours, the latter only surrendering to the united fleet of Chili, after five different commanders had been killed or wounded to death—one of the greatest naval fights in history. It is a little singular also, that the H. B. M. ship "Pinafore," of Gilbert and Sullivan notoriety, should be any way connected with the old coasters of Nantucket; but this same Commodore Cochrane, of the H. B. M. ship "Superb," was no doubt the original of "Capt. Cochrane," of song and the "Pinafore." Please add the "Amy" and "New Packet" to your list.

"And when the wind begins to blow
I always go below."

C.

NANTUCKET STILL LIVES.—A correspondent of the New Bedford *Standard* says that sloop Tawtemeo, Capt. Ray, arrived at that port, Thursday, 26th ult., from Nantucket, with nearly 200 bushels of barley, a large quantity of potatoes, and some dozens of those red chequered pumpkins, all of which are but a small part of the harvest gathered this year by Mr. Charles A. Burgess from his farm on the island. So we see that if Nantucket be a sand heap, it exports a surplus of choice agricultural products. Mr. Burgess tells us that he is still threshing out barley, and other shipments may be expected of the articles above named. Ploughing the sea has ceased to be the work of our island relatives; but they are yearly ploughing the soil more and more intelligently, and to more and more pecuniary advantage.

Nov. 4, 1871

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 13, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

I see by your issue of the 6th inst., you have a letter from Charles F. Swain, giving additions to your list of Coasters. He mentions with others the names of the sloops George Washington and Enterprise as being built in 1820. Here he is one year out of the way. They were built in 1819. He probably dated from memory, but I can give you the figures. The old sloop Rose, Capt. Owen Wyer, was chartered to take freight and passengers to Higginson's on the Connecticut river, where the vessels were built. The ship Aurora was then on the stocks in the same ship-yard. The writer was one among the passengers, and we had quite a merry set, viz: Capt. Daniel Russel and wife, Capt. Roland Hussey and wife, Capt. Thomas H. Swain and wife, Barzillai Macy and wife, William Stubbs and wife, Charles Gardner, William Swain and S. E. Hussey, crew for the Enterprise. Capt. Swain's crew I do not remember, except a lad by the name of Andrews, about my own age, 14 years. I remember the Captain took a boat to go up the river to Middletown to see the ship Reaper, then on the stocks. They took us two boys to do the rowing. I remember we had a hard tug of it, rowing ten miles against the current.

The sloops were launched within a few days of each other, and the whole party had the pleasure of a launch in them. Mr. Swain's letter also mentions the names of several able captains who formerly ran coasters. Please let me add to that list the names of John Hussey (my father), who ran a packet to Philadelphia. I have heard him mention the name of the vessel, but I do not remember it now. I have heard my father mention quite a number of incidents relative to his cruises to Philadelphia, not necessary to mention here. One thing I remember, we had a brass lamp, wineglass shaped, which he brought, and was said to be the first brass lamp brought to Nantucket.

Among the names of the captains mentioned, I have not seen that of my brother, Christopher B. Hussey, who ran the old sloop Fame for a while. To substantiate my date, I find by the catalogue of whalers the Reaper sailed Nov. 30, Aurora, Capt. Russel, sailed Dec. 26, 1819. I think I am the only person now living out of the old sloop Rose company of that trip to Connecticut.

Now, Mr. Editor, I must apologize for taking up too much of your valuable time in reading this long letter. Of course you will do just as you please with it—consign it to the chip-basket or elsewhere is the expectation of your friend,

SAMUEL B. HUSSEY.


THE Sch Extra, from old Virginia, with Sweet Potatoes, Oysters, Peanuts, White Beans, Corn, Meal, Dried Apples, and some other Virginia notions, is now headed for Nantucket. We are determined to sell cheap, so we can all live and let live, and then the brothers will come and patronize us, and will tell their friends that's the way to do it, just as we do.

C. L. FARRIS,
Norfolk Nov 10
and JOHN BEARSE,
Nov 15—61

1852

SLOOP PORTUGAL FOR SALE.


The substantial and fast sailing sloop Portugal is offered for sale, her present owners having no employment for her after the 10th of November next, at which time she will be delivered. For terms, &c., apply to

CHAS. B. SWAIN,
Agent Nantucket Steamboat Co.

628-11

1851

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET COASTERS.

Mr. Editor:

I have read with interest in your paper of the 9th and 16th of February, a list of coasters and their masters, supplied by A. J. Morton and W. R. E. Each of them having written from memory, some additions from the memory of another may be acceptable: Sch. Elisha Ruckman, Andrew C. Mitchell; Sloop Clio, Charles F. Swain; Galen, Thomas Bunker; Hazzard, Frederick Starbuck; Sch. Factor, Paul B. Macy.

The following named masters commanded coasters from Nantucket. (The names of their vessels are not remembered): Hezekiah Barnard, Sylvanus Macy, Sylvanus Crosby, Gilbert Swain, Barzillai Hussey, Silas Parker, Silas Coleman, Abisha Swain, Peter Coffin Myrick, Zopher Hayden, Barzillai Cottle, and William Easton, Jr.

The eldest sloop Maria, was run as a packet between the island and New Bedford as early as 1816, in command of Silas Parker. The sloop Delight was built for Capt. Burdett, in 1819, after he had given up the command of the steamboat Eagle.

The schooners Geo. Washington and Enterprise were originally sloops, built in 1820 for coasters between the island and Boston. The Washington was in charge of Thomas H. Swain, and the Enterprise commanded by Roland Hussey. The sloop Alonzo, spoken of by W. R. E. continued to run as a packet between Providence and New York, for many years after he was on board of her. In January, 1827, I made a passage in the Alonzo from Newport to New York. The sloop was then in charge of Capt. Childs, a noble-hearted man, who was master of the ill-fated steamer Lexington, and perished with her when she was burnt on Long Island Sound. Owen Wyer's sloop Rose, known for many years as the New York packet, was wrecked near that city, but floated again and was used as a ballast-droger.

In the year 1813, Humphrey Cannon built in his yard on Lily street a small sloop. Before the mast was stepped, the "Lily," was, by tackles, pulled into the street, raised, placed on a number of trucks and taken to the water. The Hiller brothers, Thomas and William, made a number of successful trips to New York in the little "Lily" during the war. I have no means of estimating the tonnage of the "Lily," I simply remember that she appeared very large to me when I saw her placed on the trucks. Possibly the "Lily" registered five tons.

CHARLES F. SWAIN.

March 4, 1889.

A Word of Appreciation.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Copies of the "List of Wrecks" have reached me here and I am proud of the work in its completed form as an island production. I do not refer to my own compilation, but to the typographical make-up, fine press work and artistic finish of the book. During its preparation I was asked: "Why don't you have it printed away? Can't you get better terms?" etc. My reasons were obvious. On general principles I always advocated patronizing home industry. I believed I would get as good a job as could be obtained abroad and that belief has been fully justified. As to terms, I haven't attempted comparison, but will take chances on the result. I do know that no publishers could have been more accommodating, that I have been able to follow proofs closely, keep in touch with the work as it progressed, and am highly pleased with the result. When I say that the book is a credit to the typographic art I speak from practical knowledge.

Arthur H. Gardner.
Quidnet, June 25, 1915.

Revival of Ship-building.

With the decline and departure of the whaling industry, the ship-building business of Nantucket also vanished, and the marine railways on Brant Point were demolished. No one expected that any kind of craft would ever again be constructed on Nantucket, but the best predictions are sometimes at fault. On the Old North Wharf, during the past few weeks, has been fashioned and built an old-time barge for the use of Capt. John Killen in the repair of his wharves and in the discharge of his freights of coal and ice. She is 32 feet long by 17 feet beam, and will be equipped with a donkey steam engine and pile-driving apparatus. He has given her the name of "John Spankelina," after one of the merchants of Guam, who flourished when our whaleships used to visit that port. The launching will take place at an early date, and receive the attention commensurate with so important an event in the revival of the ship-building industry of Nantucket.

Jan. 26, 1889

WRECK OF THE W. O. NETTLETON.—The Boston packet W. O. Nettleton left here on Sunday morning last on her first trip of the season, about 7 o'clock. She had a light wind crossing the shoals, but met a more favorable breeze while making the passage along the Cape shore. The wind continued to breeze, thick weather setting in; but she passed Race Point safely about 6:15, P. M., and when five miles away the land was lost sight of. The storm continued to increase, with the wind E. N. E., and the schooner was hauled up two points to allow for the sea and tide, her course being then N. W. by W., and a sharp lookout kept for Minot's light. The change of course, as it proved, was not sufficient to hold her up, and an unusually strong current was running, and ere long land was made, which was afterwards found to be the second cliff on Scituate beach. The lead was immediately thrown, the sounding showing five fathoms of water. There not being room to wear, three attempts were made to come in stays, all of which failed, and nothing was left to do but to drop the anchors, which held her for a half hour or so just clear of the surf. As the tide rose the sea increased, and at 10 o'clock she pounded, when the chains were slackened and the schooner left to go ashore. A large cork fender was fastened to a line and thrown over, which was secured by the crew of the life-saving station, and other lines for rescuing the crew hauled to land by it, on which all from the vessel were safely landed. The station crew made an effort to launch their life-boat, but without avail.

Mr. Baker, mate of the vessel, informs us that the second edition of the storm, Monday morning, drove her well up on the beach, where she now lies broadside on, in an easy position. He gives it as his opinion that she can be got off easily. The crew arrived home Tuesday, Capt. Brown remaining to look after his craft. It was seventeen years ago on Saturday, the 9th inst., that the Enterprise, Capt. Henry C. Pinkman, then the Boston packet, was lost in Boston Bay.

March 23, 1878

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET COASTERS.

Mr. Editor:

I have read with interest in your paper of the 9th and 16th of February, a list of coasters and their masters, supplied by A. J. Morton and W. R. E. Each of them having written from memory, some additions from the memory of another may be acceptable: Sch. Elisha Ruckman, Andrew C. Mitchell; Sloop Clio, Charles F. Swain; Galen, Thomas Bunker; Hazzard, Frederick Starbuck; Sch. Factor, Paul B. Macy.

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CHARLES F. SWAIN.

March 4, 1889.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

BOSTON, March 2nd, 1889.

As you seem desirous of making your list of coasters as nearly correct as possible, and as I have taken considerable interest in the list, I will suggest to you a few corrections. Commencing at the top of the list, I will speak of what seems to me as a mistake or omission. The first which I notice is the Sloop Clio, in want of a master. I remember that at one time, my father, Isaac Bearse, was master of this vessel, though it was not for any length of time. My father was also for a short time master of the Schooner Oneco, making one trip to Newark with lumber, and a few trips to Albany with oil. The next in order is E. W. Perry, *Bounce* instead of *Bourne*; the next schooner Susana, fishing. It is possible that the Susana was for a short time in the coasting business, though I think not; Mary and Emma, D. G. Patterson. It is certain that she never was coasting, except the voyage to California be called coasting, as she was a Smack, with a well for the purpose of fresh fishing. When she went to California the well was taken out of her; R. B. Smith, Bearse should be N. B. Kelley, as he was the man who run the Smith very nearly all of the time that she belonged to Nantucket; Sukey never was a coaster, neither was the Game Cock.

As I am writing, I will send you such names as occur to my mind, of the fishing vessels which from time to time have sailed from Nantucket. If you should ever conclude to print a list, they would be, at least, a start. Such reading is very interesting to your off-island subscribers,

very nearly all of whom have had more or less to do with one or more of these vessels:

Sch. Extra,
" Two Brothers, W. Patterson.
" Game Cock, W. Patterson.
" Mary and Emma, D. G. Patterson.
" Hamilton, — Harding.
" Palmyra, — Raymond.
" Glide, — Bearse.
" Sukey, — Gay Head Indian commonly known as Jim.
" Laurel, — Smith.
Smack Republican, — Fisher.
Sch. Philosopher, Stephen Hussey.
" Laura Mangum, — Maguire.
" Rainbow, — C. K. Manter.
" Samuel Chase, — Robbins.
" Charlotte Brown, — Robbins.
" Nathaniel Chase, E. B. Joy.
" Oliver Cromwell, — Smalley.
" Susana, — Oneco.
" Oneco, — Crowell.

There seem to be 20 which occur to mind at this writing. Trusting that you will receive this communication in the spirit in which it is written, I remain

Yours very respectfully,

A. M. BEARSE.

March 9, 1889

The Nantucket Journal

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1889.

Nantucket's Coasters,

A correspondent of the *Inquirer and Mirror* furnishes that paper a list of coasting vessels plying to and from this port, which we republish below with numerous additions handed us by one of our readers:

NAME.	MASTER.
Slp. Ann,	Laban Swain.
" Alpha,	John C. Pinkham.
" Alice,	Luther Gifford.
" Amazon,	Stephen Bennett.
" Abel Hoyt,	R. G. Pinkham.
" "	John H. Pease.
Sch. Ariel,	Charles Myrick.
" Ann,	Arvin Baker.
Sch. Augusta,	Leander Nicholson
Slp. Avon,	John Ramsdell.
" Barclay,	Samuel B. Swain.
" Betsey,	Zimri Catheart.
" Boliver*	Charles Bunker.
Sch. W. F. Borden,	Lewis Adams.
Sch. E. Bucknam,	Andrew Mitchell.
Sch. Bay State,	Charles Smith.
Slp. Comet*	John Colesworthy.
" "	George W. Coffin.
" Champion,	Barzillai Burdett.
" "	Edward H. Swain.
" Clarissa,	Calvin Bunker.
" Conveyance,	Alexander Paddock.
" Copy,*	Thomas A. Gardner.
" Clio,	Roland Gardner.
" Crusade,	John Riddell.
" David,	Barzillai Burgett.
" Delight,	Alexander Paddock.
" Eagle,*	Obed B. Swain.
" "	Roland Hussey.
" Enterprise,*	Christopher Hussey.
" "	Henry C. Pinkham.
" Edna,	Nathaniel Ray.
Sch. Elizabeth,	Bourne.
Slp. E. E. Potter,*	Benjamin F. Ray.
" "	Thomas Potter.
Sch. Eliza,	Isaiah Folger.
" Eliza Jane,	James H. Barnard.
" Emily,	Zenas Hamblin.
" Enterprise,	Isaiah Folger.
" Exact,	Freeman E. Adams.
" E. H. Adams,	Charles N. Cottle.
" Eveline,	Charles N. Cottle.
Slp. Experiment,	Charles Hayden.
" Elect,	Charles B. Macy.
Sch. E. W. Gardner	— Bourne.
" E. W. Perry,	Shubael Allen.
Slp. Fame,	John Riddell.
" Factor,*	Kimbal Starbuck.
" Federel,	Meliah Fisher.
" Frolic,	Joseph Hamblin.
" Franklin,	John Luce.
Sch. Game Cock,	William Patterson.
" George,	Job Coleman.
" Glide,	John H. Pease.

Allen Gifford,
Galen, Thomas Bunker,
" — Hiller.

G. Washington, Daniel Whiteley.

Gulford, William Fitzgerald.

Henry, Peleg Ray.

" " Lindsey Riddell.

Hero, Christopher Starbuck.

Hardscrabble, Benjamin C. Chase.

Hunter, Jonathan Mooers.

Hamilton, N. B. William Fitzgerald.

Hawk, David Starbuck.

Hazard, Frederick Starbuck.

Hope & Susan, Charles M. Folger,

Iris, George Luce,

" — Pratt.

Sch. Imperial, Charles P. Swain.

" Island City, Henry S. Snow,

" Jersey Blue, Nathan Kelley.

" Julia Ann, Zimri Catheart.

" Laurel, William E. Sherman.

" Laura, Thomas Potter.

" Lucy Church, Horace B. Cash.

" Lurana, Roland Pollard.

Slp. Leader, William Fitzgerald.

" " Daniel Russell.

" La Grange, Francis Coffin.

" Maria, Ariel Coffin.

" Martha, Timothy Fitzgerald.

" Mary Nichols, George Rule.

" McDonough, William Gifford.

" " Moses Smith.

" Mariner, T. V. McCleave.

" Manuel, Alden H. Adams.

" " Manuel Enas.

" Mary & Emma, David G. Patterson.

" Nancy, Wm. S. Chadwick.

" Northern Bell, William Fitzgerald.

Slp. Nancy Finley, Zenas Adams.

" New Style, Daniel C. Macy.

" Napoleon, John Riddell.

" Nantucket, Charles C. Myrick.

Brig. Ocean, Peleg S. Folger,

Sch. Olympus, Baker.

" Onward, Joseph Gorham.

Slp. Omega, Kimbal Starbuck.

" Pitchpipe, Matthew Crosby.

" Patriot, Ed. W. Gardner.

" Philadelphia, George Barnard.

" Polly, Charles Alley.

" Planet, Joseph Nickerson.

" President, John Luce.

Sch. Pilot, John C. Pinkham.

" Palmyra, William Fitzgerald.

" E. B. Smith, Alexander Robinson.

" Rainbow, Obed G. Coffin.

Slp. Robert, George Luce.

" Republican, William Randall.

" Rose, Owen Wye.

" Rapide, Peter C. Myrick.

" Silas Parker, Abraham Macy.

" " Aaron Coffin.

" Susan, Daniel Russell, Jr.

" " William Fitzgerald.

Senator, Alexander Robinson.

" " William Fitzgerald.

" Swift, Daniel C. Macy.

" Sally, George Myrick.

" Sukey, Freeman Smith.

" Success, — Starbuck.

Sch. " William Calder.

" Tryall, Lewis Adams.

" " William Fitzgerald.

" Telescope, — Cammett.

" Tallant, Asa Edwards.

" Thomas, Reuben Manter.

" Two Brothers, William Hiller.

Slp. Traveller, John Ray.

" " David E. Ray.

" Triumph, Isaiah Folger.

" " Andrew Mitchell.

" Teazer, David Thain.

" " M. Enas.

" Union, John Riddell.

" " Cromwell Barnard, — Dillingham.

" William, Obed B. Swain.

" Warren, Jonathan Baker.

Slp. W. O. Nettleton, Henry C. Pinkham.

" " " Benj. F. Brown.

" " " Henry C. Snow.

The following vessels owned elsewhere have been at various times plying here steadily from other ports:

Sloop Only Daughter, Barnstable;

Charles Everson, sloops Toler-

schooner C. — Rose in Bloom,

eration, railroad, N. Lydia and

Patmos and Argonot, Coton,

Emulous, Yarmouth; Robinson, Lew-

West Falmouth, Swift and Zenas, Fal-

mouth; schooner William Penn, sloops

Temperance, Mary Nichols, Sea Flower,

Leopard and Canton, Rhode Island; Ex-

press and Mediterranean, Long Island;

schooners Cygnet and Nantucket, Maine;

sloop Franklin, Connecticut; sloops

Ohio and David.

*Changed to schooner.

Yerxa's Boat Shop Sold; An Island Institution.

Yerxa's Boat Shop, located at the foot of Main Street on Straight Wharf, has, over the 24 years since its inception, become virtually an island institution. Sterling B. Yerxa, founder of the business, has announced its sale on Tuesday of this week, and is now contemplating his retirement.

As a boy, Mr. Yerxa spent many summer seasons at his family's cottage at Dionis. He inherited his love of boating and the water from his father, who, in 1896, had a Crosby catboat, the "Burnett", 20 feet, delivered to Nantucket. This boat was later sailed to Boston by Captain Walter N. Chase, who was in charge of the Coskata Life Saving Station in 1892, distinguishing himself and his crew by the rescue of the passengers from the English schooner "H. P. Kirkham", wrecked on Rose and Crown Shoal.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Yerxa's ancestors, who were originally Dutch, came from the Frisian Islands off the coast of Holland in the North Sea, and were among the first settlers of New Amsterdam.

At the age of 12, Balfour Yerxa had his first sailing experience with a rowboat rented for the summer from Willy Chase, with a sail made from an old tent, and two years later was the proud possessor of a 15-foot motorboat, the "Crow", which was built for him as a gift from his mother.

In 1932, when Mr. Yerxa decided to make Nantucket a permanent home for his family, he started the present boating business. Since that time the boat shop on Straight Wharf has been a center for fishing and sailing parties, and has been the first place of call for many summer visitors. During past steamboat strikes the cruisers, "Dancing Lady", "Island Lady I", and "Island Lady II" came to the assistance of people wishing to leave the island, and ran regular trips to Woods Hole with full passenger lists, bringing back passengers and foodstuffs.

Captain Yerxa started the Boat Yard at Madaket located at the head of the Salt Pond in 1938, and the yard is now equipped with large storage sheds, a marine railway, and gas station, and a large workshop.

Among the licensed captains who have been connected with Yerxa's Boat Shop, perhaps the best known among the summer residents is Captain Ellison H. Pease. Others have been Captains Edward Roy, Willard Nickerson, William Winslow, John Meilby, Luther Barrett, James Locke, and the late Alonzo Chase.

Benjamin C. Perkins, Jr., who has been manager of the business for the past few years, started sailing at the boat shop during the summer of 1943, while attending Cushing Academy and later Clark University.

Among the old Crosby-built cat-boats, for which Nantucket was at one time famous, the following have been part of Mr. Yerxa's "Lady Fleet":

"Quaker Lady", formerly called "Tinita", built for the William Barnes family; "Puritan Lady", formerly called "Forest Prince", built for George Edward Coffin of Tuckernuck; "Gallant Lady", formerly called "Minette", previously owned by Wallace Adams and before that by Austin Strong; "Gallant Lady II", formerly called "Lucille", built for Captain John Conway; "Lively Lady", formerly called "Imogene", brought to Nantucket by Captain Ralph Dunham in the 1920's; "Pilgrim Lady", formerly called "Doris", brought to Nantucket by Captain Edward Whelden, Sr., in the 1920's; "Colonial Lady", formerly called "Hazel", brought here by Captain Blount in the early 1900's.

Jan. 14, 1956

Option to Buy Brigantine "Yankee" Purchased by Reed Whitney, Summer Resident of Nantucket.



The globe-circling Brigantine "Yankee", famed for her exploratory voyages to the South Pacific under the command of her present owner, Irving M. Johnson. This photograph of the beautiful vessel was taken off Maui in the Hawaiian Islands.

July 28, 1956



CAPTAINED BY NICKERSON—The Abel W. Parker, three-masted schooner, was in 1895 captained by Oscar C. Nickerson, founder of the Nickerson Lumber Company in Chatham. Her home port was Nantucket.

June 1956

Feb 14 Nantucket's Coasters. 1889

A correspondent of the *Inquirer and Mirror* furnishes that paper a list of coasting vessels plying to and from this port, which we republish below with numerous additions handed us by one of our readers:

NAME.	MASTER.
Slp. Ann,	Laban Swain.
" Alpha,	John C. Pinkham.
" Alice,	Luther Gifford.
" Amazon,	Stephen Bennett.
" Abel Hoyt,	R. G. Pinkham.
" "	John H. Pease.
Sch. Ariel,	Charles Myrick.
" Ann,	Arvin Baker.
Sch. Augusta,	Leander Nicholson
Slp. Avon,	John Ramsell.
" Barclay,	Samuel B. Swain.
" Betsy,	Zimri Cathcart.
" Boliver*	Charles Bunker.
Sch. W. F. Borden,	Lewis Adams.
Sch. E. Bucknain,	Andrew Mitchell.
Sch. Bay State,	Charles Smith.
Slp. Comet*	John Colesworth.
" "	George W. Coffin.
" Champion,	Barzillai Burdett.
" Clarissa,	Edward H. Swain.
" Conveyance,	Calvin Bunker.
" Copy,	Alexander Paddock.
" Clio,	Thomas A. Gardner.
" Crusade,	Roland Gardner.
" David,	John Riddell.
" Delight,	Barzillai Burgett.
" Eagle,*	Alexander Paddock.
" "	Obed B. Swain.
" Enterprise,*	Roland Hussey.
" "	Christopher Hussey.
" Edna,	Henry C. Pinkham.
Sch. Elizabeth,	Nathaniel Ray.
Slp. E. E. Potter,*	Bourne.
" "	Benjamin F. Ray.
Sch. Eliza,	Isaiah Folger.
" Eliza Jane,	James H. Barnard.
" Emily,	" " "
" Enterprise,	Zenas Hamblin.
" Exact,	Isaiah Folger.
" E. H. Adams,	Freeman E. Adams.
" Eveline,	Charles N. Cottle.
" Elisha Brooks,	Charles Hayden.
Slp. Experiment,	Charles B. Macy.
" Elect,	— Bourne.
Sch. E. W. Gardner	— Bourne.
" E. W. Perry,	— Bourne.
Slp. Fame,	Shubael Allen.
" Factor,*	John Riddell.
" Federel,	Kimball Starbuck.
" Frolic,	Meltiah Fisher.
" Franklin,	Joseph Hamblin.
" Fenwick,	John Luce.
Sch. Game Cock,	William Patterson.
" George,	Job Coleman.
" Glide,	John H. Pease.
" Galen,	Allen Gifford.
" "	Thomas Bunker.
" G. Washington	— Hitter.
" Guilford,	Daniel Whitney.
" Henry,	William Fitzgerald.
" "	Peleg Ray.
" Hero,	Lindsey Riddell.
" Hardscrabble,	Christopher Starbuck.
" Hunter,	Benjamin C. Chase.
" Hamilton, N.B.	William Fitzgerald.
" Hawk,	David Starbuck.
" Hazard,	Frederick Starbuck.
" Hope & Susan,	Charles M. Folger.
Slp. Iris,	George Luce.
" Laura,	— Pratt.
Sch. Imperial,	Charles P. Swain.
" Island City,	Henry S. Snow.
" Jersey Blue,	Nathan Kelley.
" Julia Ann,	Zimri Cathcart.
" Laurel,	William E. Sherman.
" Laura,	Thomas Potter.
" Lucy Church,	Horace B. Cash.
" Lurana,	—
Sip. Leader,	Roland Pollard.
" "	William Fitzgerald.
" La Grange,	Daniel Russell.
" Maria,*	Francis Coffin.
" Martha,	Ariel Coffin.
" Mary Nichols,	Timothy Fitzgerald.
" "	George Rule.
" McDonough,	Moses Smith.
Sch. Mariner,	T. V. McCleave.
" Manuel,	Alden H. Adams.
" "	Freeman E. Adams.
" Mary & Emma,	David G. Patterson.
" Manzy,	Wm. S. Chadwick.
" Northern Bell,	William Fitzgerald.
Slp. Nancy-Finley,	Zenas Adams.
" New Style,	Daniel C. Macy.
" Napoleon,	John Riddell.

" Nantucket,	Charles C. Myrick.
Brig. Ocean,	Peleg S. Folger.
Sch. Olympus,	— Baker.
" Onward,	Joseph Gorham.
Sip. Omega,	Kimbal Starbuck.
" Pitchpipe,	" "
" Patriot,	Matthew Crosby.
" Philadelphia,	Ed. W. Gardner.
" Polly,	George Barnard.
" Planet,	Charles Alley.
" President,	Joseph Nickerson.
" Portugal,	John Luce.
Sch. Pilot,	John C. Pinkham.
" Palmyra,	William Fitzgerald.
" R. B. Smith,	Alexander Robinson.
" Rainbow,	Obed G. Coffin.
Sip. Rock,	George Lyse.
" Republican,	William Randall.
" Rose,	Owen W. Jr.
" Rapid,	Peter C. Myrick.
" Silas Parker,*	Alfred Macay.
" "	Aaron Coffin.
" Susan,*	Daniel Russell, Jr.
" (of N. B.)	William Fitzgerald.
" Senator,	Alexander Robinson.
" "	William Fitzgerald.
" Swift,	Daniel F. Macy.
" Sally,	Freeman Smith.
" Sukey,	— Starbuck.
" Success,	William Calder.
Sch. "	Lewis Adams.
" Tryall,	William Fitzgerald.
" Telescope,	— Cammett.
" Tallant,	Asa Edwards.
" Thomas,	Reuben Master.
" Two Brothers,	William Hiller.
Slp. Traveller,	John Ray.
" Tawtemeo,	David E. Ray.
" "	Isaiah Folger.
" Triumph,	Andrew Mitchell.
" Telescope,*	David Thain.
" Teazer,	M. Enas.
" "	John Riddell.
" Union,	Cromwell Barnard.
" "	Dillingham.
" William,	Obed B. Swain.
" Warren,	Jonathan Baker.
Sch. W. O. Nettleton	Henry C. Pinkham.
" "	Benj. F. Brown.
" "	Henry C. Snow.

The following vessels owned elsewhere have been at various times plying here steadily from other ports:

Sloop Ouly Daughter, Barnstable; schooner Charles Everson, sloops Toler-eration, railroad, Native, Rose in Bloom, Patmos and Argonot, Cotuit; Lydia and Emulous, Yarmouth; Robinson, Lewis, West Falmouth, Swift and Zenas, Falmouth; schooner William Penn, sloops Temperance, Mary Nichols, Sea Flower, Leopard and Canton, Rhode Island; Express and Mediteranean, Long Island; schooners Cygnet and Nantucket, Maine; sloop Franklin, Connecticut; sloops Ohio and David.

*Changed to schooner. f.f.

Nantucket Journal
Feb. 14, 1889

For the *Inquirer and Mirror*.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

I have not seen my father's name or that of his vessel in your report of the coasters of Nantucket. I will send you what I remember. Zenas Coffin bought a merchant ship in New York and she had arrived at the Bar. My father, Capt. Charles Alley, followed the business of lighter. His vessel was called the Planet. He had gone off to the ship Fame; a dreadful storm came on, and both vessels went ashore. The Fame was got off, but the Planet stuck fast. Father, finding it impossible to move her, saved what he could and gave her up. He gave up lightering and bought a vessel called the Amazon, which he took to Richmond, bringing home a load of coal for the blacksmiths. My brother, C. H. Alley, aged 20 years, was his mate. They both took the yellow fever in 1828. Father died in four days, but brother lived about two months.

L. S. STARBUCK.

Apr. 6, 1889

Story of The Packet "Caroline" of Long Ago.

From the *Hyannis Patriot*.

Packets sailed between Hyannis and Nantucket a century ago, carrying mail, passengers and freight. The railroad had not yet reached Woods Hole, and steamships were then unknown. One of the first of the packets sailing on regular schedule was the small sloop Caroline, of which James Scudder of Hyannis was both master and owner. For his crew he had his two young sons, James and Ebenezer. The Caroline sailed out of Nantucket on February 24th, 1829, for her return trip to the mainland, carrying the mail, some cargo, and five passengers: Crocker and Freeman Merchant of Barnstable, Capt. Swain of Nantucket, Loring Howes of Dennis, and a Mr. Brooks of Scituate. She left the island at 12:30 noon.

Snow began falling about 2 o'clock that February afternoon, and Captain Scudder found the going bad. The trip across the sound is a bare two-score miles, however, and he kept the little sloop on her course. When he picked up a buoy he felt better, for he knew—or thought he knew—he was off the Southwest ground, outside Hyannis harbor. So he altered his course accordingly. But the buoy wasn't the Southwest ground marker.

Beating against the northeaster, Captain Scudder had mistaken a buoy off Cotuit for the one he regularly picked up. Soon the Caroline struck and, the tide ebbing, she flopped over on her keel. She was outside the mouth of Cotuit harbor. All aboard got off safely in the small boat, and landed on Sampson's Island, which is a small island, really an extension of Dead Neck, which runs along the Sound side of what is now Oyster Harbors. It was dark, and the little party, still a considerable distance from human habitation, could only huddle miserably together until daylight came. The thermometer dropped, the wind and snow howled around them, and when Saturday came the party still could make out no land to which they dared venture in the small boat. About 3:00 o'clock Saturday afternoon the storm abated, and they saw, not far offshore, another vessel aground. She was the ship Golden Hunter, of Wellfleet.

As they roused themselves to get into the smallboat and row to the Golden Hunter, one of the group failed to respond. He was Ebenezer Scudder, aged thirteen, the Captain's youngest son. In that awful 24 hours on Sampson's he had died of exposure. They left his body on the island, and made their way the short distance to the Wellfleet vessel.

Inside her cabin they found warmth and food. But it was too late for James Scudder, aged 20, Captain Scudder's other son. He died in the cabin of the Golden Hunter. The remainder of the band, Captain Scudder and his five passengers, remained in the haven of the warm cabin until Sunday. A high tide that morning floated the Golden Hunter, and she landed the suffering band in Cotuit. All survived their experience with no ill results save, of course, the previously mentioned Scudder boys.

When Captain Scudder had abandoned the Caroline, he remembered to tie the sacks of mail high in her rigging, although he had forgotten \$2,000 in currency he was carrying in the cabin. When the storm had passed he secured a boat and with a party went out to look at the grounded vessel. Although heeled over, she was in good condition. Both mail and money were in good condition. But Captain Scudder sailed the Nantucket run no more.

Stockholders' Junket-Voyage on Schooner Wentworth.

From the *Vineyard Gazette*.

The annual stockholders' meeting and outing of the Alice S. Wentworth Associates, Inc., was held aboard the seventy-five-year-old schooner at Vineyard Haven on Friday afternoon, with Cap'n Zeb Tilton in command. Judge Arthur W. Davis, Capt. Ralph M. Packer, and Stephen Cary Luce, Jr., were unanimously re-elected president, treasurer and clerk, respectively.

Instead of paying a dividend this year, it was voted to spend the money in repairs to the vessel, and the understanding was that such repairs will be made in her home port if possible, as dry-docking is not expected to be necessary. The fifty-odd guests aboard the schooner were taken for a sail in Nantucket Sound, and refreshments were served during the outing. The report of the vessel's activities showed a total of thirty-nine trips during the last year, with a total of 2,456 tons of merchandise and machinery transported.

The hundred-ton vessel holds a peculiar importance in relation to all Island transportation. When she was purchased at a United State's Marshal's Sale by Capt. Ralph M. Packer, of Vineyard Haven, something over two years ago, the principal thought in the minds of the captain and others was to prevent her from passing out of the hands of Cap'n Zeb Tilton, who had owned a large share in her and had commanded her for more than 35 years. Shortly after this purchase, however, the idea of stock ownership was conceived, and a corporation was formed and chartered. It is this charter which is of importance to Vineyard transportation; a fact which was brought out in the *Gazette* story of the steamboat strike last month.

It has extremely wide provisions. Briefly, the Alice S. Wentworth Associates, Inc., may "transport merchandise, freight, charter for parties, or engage in any variety of transportation by water and...thus engage in such transportation with this vessel or any others which they may obtain at any future time."

The Vineyard thus owns an organization duly chartered and authorized to take over all Island transportation at any time that such action may be necessary or desirable. It was this fact which bulked importantly in the recent settlement of the steamboat strike.

The Alice S. Wentworth Associates, could, by the simple expedient of posting the necessary bond, have chartered any or all of the present steamboats now owned by the steamboat company, and started operation of these boats.

[The *Gazette* is a bit twisted as to age of the *Wentworth*. According to figures in Nantucket the schooner is thirty-five years old—not seventy-five—having been built in Wells, Me., in 1905.]

Aug. 31, 1940

Schooner "Alice S. Wentworth"
Built 1863 as "Lizzie A. Tolles"
at South Norwalk, Conn.
Rebuilt and renamed to
present name at Wells Me.
1903-1905 by Capt. Arthur
Stevens. Original keel,
stern, and many frames retained.

chase Sayle
Oct. 1951

July 6, 1940

Louis Morris Recalls Boyhood Scenes on Nantucket.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

After reading Catherine Ely's article in your paper of May 30th, I am reminded of the whaler that left Nantucket in 1871.

One summer morning of that year, clad in overalls and soup-bowl straw hat, I was sitting on the cap-log of the north end of Straight wharf alone, fishing for wharf-fish. The schooner Eunice H. Adams, fitted out for a whaling voyage, sailed around Brant Point, heeled over to starboard all sails set except top-sails. Not over 10 persons were on the south end of the wharf to bid her bon voyage.

Does anyone remember when the Abby Bradford sailed in with a Kanaka chained in her after-hold? The schooner Onward was at the dock and Captain John Ray's sloop Tawtomeo was in her berth near Perry's coal dock.

I wonder again if anyone remembers the cutting in of a whale along-side of the Abby Bradford. I think it was Freeman who took a picture of her at that time and I was standing on the rail near the starboard shrouds. The schooner W. O. Nettleton, the Boston packet, was in her berth south of Straight Wharf at the time.

* * * * *

Here is another old-time story: One day Alexander Dunham returned in his pilot boat No. 1 with a party of off-islanders who had been sharking with him off Great Point. In the boat, among the five or six sand-sharks, was a monster never seen around the island before. The crowd helped haul it to Perry's hay scales and Si Folger weighed him—eleven hundred pounds. The tail hung two feet over the edge of the platform and the nose stuck out a foot beyond the edge at the other end. What kind of a shark was it? Then Charlie Gardner spoke up and said:

"It's a blue-nose mackerel shark", and it was.

At the head of the wharf in this same scene was the grain store of E. W. Perry & Co., where I worked. In my mind's eye I can see Si Folger looking at the "bar gauge" in the corner of the slip, and as soon as 9 feet showed on the board he yelled: "Hoist the flag, Louie." It was the signal for the three-masted schooner Sally M. Evans to cross the bar. Nine feet was the limit of the channel depth at that time of the year.

Captain Heman Eldredge was the pilot at the time and Aunt Esther, his wife, at the head of steamboat dock, was shooing her ducks into the yard.

The Sally M. Evans, on that trip brought 15 tons of white ash, 100 tons of Burnside and 60 tons of Franklin coal for E. W. Perry & Co.

Can any old Nantucketer (once always) remember when Barzilla Burdick built the cat-boat Dauntless? I saw that boat go together stick by stick.

* * * * *

And then there was the old derelict schooner towed in and tied up at the north side of Commercial wharf, "Whit" Joy (Captain B. Whitford Joy) and I dove over her stern. He went first and swam under water a hundred feet or more and came up on the far side of a cat-boat anchored in mid-slip. It scared me, for I thought he was a "gonner". But he was just out of sight. When I saw he was safe I dove in, forgot to put my hands over my head and struck flat-

headed, coming up dizzy and goo-goo eyed. It was a 20-ft dive—a run along the cabin housing, 8 feet over space where the wheel ought to be, then over the stern into the water.

* * * * *

Another dare-devil stunt by "Whit" was the time we went blue-fishing at South Shore. Heave and haul, we caught no fish, so we decided to go in swimming. About a four-foot surf was pounding at the time with a pretty good under-tow.

The Italian bark "Papa Luigi C" was wrecked there and I recall that Henry Nickerson, one of the life-saving crew, fell from her maintop-sail yard and was killed. The bark was lying about 150 yards from shore, her stern gone, bow and fore-mast still standing, with the yard arm that Nickerson fell from still hanging.

"Let's swim to the wreck", says "Whit".

"All right", I said. "You go first." (he was always the leader).

He caught a breaker just before it broke, dove through it, swam to the wreck, climbed aboard and was looking it over.

I decided to follow. Just then, I saw gliding along about 25 feet out from the undertow the dorsal fin of a shark. I jumped up from the water's edge where I was sitting in the backwash and saw "Whit" getting ready to dive in to swim ashore. I danced up and down, pointing to the fin, waved my hands and tried to keep him from starting. No use, over he went.

Well, the result of it was the shark was gone and "Whit" came ashore safely. I told him about the shark but he seemed unconcerned and said, "Let's dress and go to Miacomet Rip and fish some more." Dare-devil Whitford. It was follow the leader with him, and he led the way always.

* * * * *

My boyhood days on Nantucket up to 18 years of age are so impressed on my memory that I can recall almost everything that happened to me between the years 1864 to 1878.

In the book "Wrecks Around Nantucket", by Arthur H. Gardner, on page 91 is a picture (upper picture) of the bark W. H. Marshall. "Whit" Joy and myself are in the picture—I on shore, he on board, standing near the after-port shrouds. I joined him later and we looked her over and admired the newness of the fittings, for she was new, spick and span.

* * * * *

Now, I would like to hear some old-timer tell some of the incidents in his experiences about the years I have mentioned.

L. B. Morris.
Tacoma, Wash., July 14.

July 25, 1931

SCH. BOLIVAR FOR SALE.

THE substantial and fast sailing sch. BOLIVAR, 91 and 52-95 tons burthen, well found in sails and rigging, cables and anchors, &c., is now offered for sale. She is in complete order, having been topped quite recently, and will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. For further particulars apply to

Nov. 8—JAMES H. BARNARD

1851

The Loss of the Mertie Crowley.

Many of our readers can probably recall the loss of the six-masted schooner Mertie B. Crowley near Muskeget island over thirty years ago, and the remarkable rescue of her crew made by Levi Jackson, who put out from the Vineyard in the Priscilla and after a very dangerous and thrilling exploit effected a rescue that not only showed great seamanship but great bravery as well. The story of the loss of the Crowley, a graphic description written by Philip Case, president of the Blair Manufacturing Company, appears on the fourth page of this issue—a story of real adventure on the sea that those who recall the loss of the Crowley will appreciate reading once more in review, and the younger generation will find of absorbing interest.

June 22, 1946

AUCTION SALES.—Bark Amy, as she lies at Straight Wharf, with all her inventory, was sold at auction, on Thursday last. Robinson & Co., Boston, were the purchasers, at \$4550.

The large coal shed on the Straight Wharf, formerly occupied by F. E. Adams & Sons, was also sold to E. W. Perry for \$620. Another lot near it, on which the small office building stands, with coal scales, &c., also to E. W. Perry, for \$150. Another adjoining the last mentioned, with barn, carriage house, &c., to J. McCleave, for \$295. Also, three shares Nantucket & Cape Cod Steamboat Company stock; one at \$80, two at \$79.

Aug. 26, 1871

NARROW ESCAPE.—Sloop Triumph, Capt. Robinson, of this port, narrowly escaped destruction by the great fire, which occurred in New York on Tuesday last. She was lying at the same pier with the clipper White Squall which burned, and literally surrounded by the devouring element, but by the indefatigable exertions of Capt. R. and crew was saved. She had on board a large quantity of oil belonging to Capt. Thomas Potter of this place, some of which was on deck and almost buried in the falling cinders. A part of her cargo which had been landed on the dock was also saved.

Jan. 2, 1854

OBITUARY.—We record this week the decease of two of our veteran captains in the coasting trade, who were identified with the days of our island's prosperity, and who bore important parts in our business activity during the prime of their lives. Capt. Arvin Baker, who died yesterday morning at the age of seventy-four years and nine months, was a native of East Falmouth, Mass., but became a citizen of Nantucket when quite a young man, and commanded several different vessels from her, running a packet to Boston for many years. He was a skilful pilot, and thoroughly acquainted with our New England coast, so that even after he had passed the prime of active life, his services have often been called into requisition on special occasions. He has been in feeble health for several years, but up to within a very few days was out and moving among us, so that the announcement of his decease, yesterday morning, fell suddenly upon all who heard it. He leaves a widow, a daughter and five sons.

Aug. 12, 1871

TO ALASKA!

An Expedition to Leave Nantucket

In Sch. W. O. Nettleton This Fall.

The gold fever, excited by the widespread stories of the marvellous finds in the Klondyke region, has reached Nantucket and the indications are that the coming fall will witness a well equipped and enthusiastic expedition from here on its way to Alaska. The JOURNAL is authorized to announce that Capt. William T. Swain has this week, purchased one-half of schooner W. O. Nettleton, and in conjunction with Mr. Charles E. Snow, the remaining owner, contemplates fitting her out for a voyage around Cape Horn to Alaska.

The plan as outlined, is to raise a stock company, the number of shares in which shall be limited to twenty at \$500 each, no one person to hold more than two shares. The \$10,000 thus subscribed will cover the cost of the vessel and amply equip her with provisions, mining outfit, clothing and everything needed for the successful prosecution of the enterprise. Should there be any surplus it will be divided pro rata among the party or held in common for their general benefit as may be decided upon on arrival at the scene of operations. And if it shall be deemed advisable to sell the vessel or otherwise utilize her, the income therefrom will still further enhance their capital stock.

It is proposed to start from here in October or early in November, making the passage around the Horn in the most favorable season of the year, proceeding up the coast, stopping possibly at San Francisco, Seattle, or elsewhere, as may be deemed expedient, and arrive at the Youkon river in April, in time to commence operations with the opening of the working season. While the whole ship's company are owners and partners, the voyage will be performed under maritime discipline and skilled and competent officers.

The vessel in the meantime will be given a thorough overhauling. She will be newly sheathed and coppered, supplied with new foremast, rigging, sails, etc., a large square-sail rigged forward and nothing overlooked which will contribute to comfort and safety.

The Youkon river is said to be navigable for a distance of 1700 miles. The remainder of the journey to the gold fields will have to be made in small boats and for that purpose a number of staunch dories will be taken on board.

It is thought the whole twenty shares of stock will be readily taken up here, but if not there will doubtless be no lack of takers from abroad, so great is the craze to reach the gold fields and so many the expedients resorted to to obtain passage there.

Mont. Journal

Aug. 5, 1897

Recollections of The "Petrel"
And Her Activities.

Recollections of The "Petrel"
And Her Activities.

Lying on the shore in front of the gas holder, between Old South and Commercial wharves, are the bones of the fishing steamer Petrel, a craft that for thirty years was actively engaged in fishing and "wrecking" around Nantucket Island. When she was built in 1896 it was through the enterprise of a number of the young men of Nantucket, who were as follows: James E. Smith, Arthur J. Barrett, William M. Bartlett, Arthur C. Manter and Andrew T. Backus.

The Petrel was a little steamer of 22 tons, 49.5 feet long, and 13 feet beam. She had a 60-horse-power boiler and a 48-horse engine, and arrived at Nantucket for the first time on January 14, 1896. Her first engineer was the late John J. Gardner, who was afterwards succeeded by the late Charles S. Vincent.

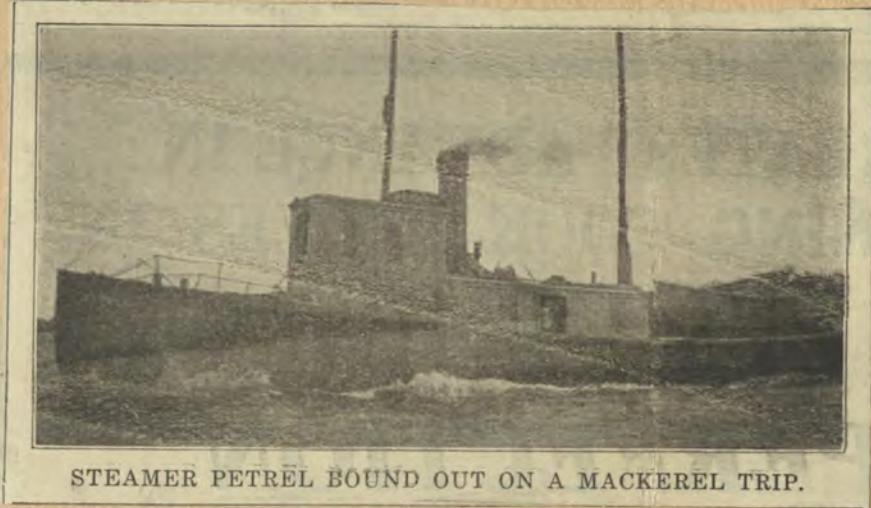
It would be impossible to estimate the number of pounds of fish that the Petrel brought into Nantucket during the thirty years in which she plied the waters around this island. Some years she made very large hauls of mackerel during the "drag-netting" season, at one time bringing in 8,200 for a night's catch. She also made large hauls of pollack and bluefish, as well as of scup, butter-fish, sword-fish, etc., reaping rich harvests for her owners every year.

During the later years of her career most of her efforts were confined to "trap-fishing", her owners maintaining "pounds" in the chord of the bay which at times yielded heavily. And since the Petrel wore herself out in the service, the traps are still maintained and "tended" by power-boats; but with the passing of the Petrel the real activity in the line of fishing which she followed has practically departed.

For a number of years after the Petrel entered the Nantucket fishery, one of her principal branches of activity was "drag-netting" during the mackerel season, usually extending during the latter part of May and the month of June and sometimes into July.

The Petrel developed a branch of the fishing industry which was watched with interest by the people of Nantucket, many of whom would go down to the wharf regularly each morning to wait for the little steamer to come in with her haul and watch the men busily at work icing up and packing, and then making ready to leave a few hours later for another night "drag-netting" miles off-shore.

The writer well recalls making a trip with the "Petrel boys" one night and getting quite a thrill of "drag-netting" and "under-running". In fact, the crew of the little steamer were always royal hosts and welcomed the presence of anyone interested in their work sufficiently to spend a night with them off-shore.



STEAMER PETREL BOUND OUT ON A MACKEREL TRIP.

It was after one of these trips that the late Simon J. Nevins, who was always keenly interested in anything pertaining to his native isle, wrote a descriptive piece for the Boston Globe, upon which he was employed for a long period of years. We recently came across a clipping in which Nevins described his trip on the Petrel taken on the 20th of June, 1903, and also briefly told the story of some of the other activities of the little craft, now only a memory. We are confident that this story is of sufficient interest to warrant reprinting herewith:

Just at this season a stranger in this quaint old town finds everybody in a rush. The hotel proprietor is renovating his hostelry, the plumbers, carpenters and other mechanics are putting in long hours in their endeavor to have everything in readiness for the summer visitor.

The boatmen, too, are actively engaged in polishing up their craft, and are eagerly looking forward to a busy season, as the bluefish have already appeared in large numbers and are of a much superior quantity than usually strike these shores at this season of the year.

Much of the quaintness for which this ancient town is noted is fast fading from sight, and in its place we find streets paved with granite blocks and vitrified brick, concrete sidewalks, a narrow-gauge railroad running across the island to the village of Siasconset, a hygienic ice plant, a modern postoffice, a weather bureau station, electric lights, telephones and lastly a wireless telegraph station to which all news of approaching ocean liners is sent from the South Shoal lightship, lying some 40 miles from these shores.

But the principal industry of the island is fishing. A century ago Nantucket was to Massachusetts what Gloucester is today. But with the passing of the whaleships, the fishing craft also went to new owners on the mainland; until in 1872 not a single vessel was engaged in fishing out of a fleet of more than 100 sail before the war of the rebellion.

Gradually the mariners removed their families to the new hailing ports of the vessels in which they were interested, and in 20 years the population had been reduced from 10,000 to less than 5000. Business men also sought new fields. What fishing there remained was carried on from dories off the south or ocean side of the island, and this was rarely profitable on account of this distance from the homes and the boisterous weather.

Some four years ago a party of five young men, all of whom were engaged in fishing in some form, and who had accumulated quite a little capital, formed a corporation, built a small steamer, purchased something like \$2,500 worth of gear, nets, traps, etc., and for the first season they demonstrated the practicability of their venture. Now their enterprise is the principal industry of the island, and the inhabitants refer to the young men with a great deal of pride.

Not only have they been exceptionally successful at fishing, but income from assisting disabled vessels in and around the waters of the island has aggregated many thousands of dollars. It was these same hardy men with their little steamer that saved the large five-master Frank M. Palmer, last year, when she and the Arthur Seltz, a new four-master, struck on the reefs of Skiff island, off the outside of Muskeget island.

Three days were occupied in making soundings and at the end of that time the little steamer, with the aid of the headsails of the schooner, towed her out of a semi-circle of reefs and shoals to deep water off Cape Poge. The saving of the English tramp steamer Parkgate, last winter, from destruction on Great Round shoal is another instance of the cool-headedness and good judgment of Capt. Manter and his men.

Ordinarily the people of the town say very little on any subject, but to a stranger the great majority will turn almost any conversation from the steamer's crew and their fitness as original subject to that of the little sailors, pilots, fishermen and hustlers.

A newspaper man, who formerly resided on the island, and who recently returned to his old home, after an absence of 10 years, for a short visit, gives the following account of mackerel fishing by nets:

"Naturally, I had always taken a great deal of interest in the Petrel and her crew, and when I stepped aboard of her I received an immediate invitation to take a trip with them. I had known some of the crew in former years and was only too glad to accept the invitation. That afternoon at 2:30 we steamed out of the harbor, with Capt. Manter in charge, and the following crew. Arthur Barrett, nicknamed 'Dick Turpin' mate. Charles Vincent, engineer, Topham ('Toppy' for short) boy, and Charles Eldredge, who was known as 'Bricky' aboard, from his luxurious growth of red hair, occupied the position of cook and general man. On the afternoon in question the sun was obscured by smoke, and the haze just over the water was as thick as an ordinary fog. Nevertheless, the little steamer, with 'Dick' at the wheel, picked her way out through the

crooked channel leading to the bar, and was then headed toward Muskeget channel, a treacherous body of water lying between the island of Muskeget and Marthas Vineyard.

"The passage through the channel was made without difficulty, and the little craft was then headed WSW into the Atlantic, and was kept on this course for two hours or until 7 p.m., when the soundings showed 20 fathoms. Here a dory was launched and 'Dick' jumped aboard with three lanterns, all attached to planking about a yard square, one of which was to be fastened to one end of a long string of nets, another in the center and the third on the other end.

"Then, under a single bell, the steamer was turned about and headed due north, while 'Bricky' and 'Toppy' paid out the nets, 60 in number, each about 80 yards long, and all tied together. On the end of the last net there is fastened a long lanyard and with this the string of nets is made fast to the steamer. Everything is then made snug for the night, and all hands await the arrival of 'Dick', who rows down the entire length of the 'cotton', clearing snarls here and there, and placing his lanterns in position. As soon as he is aboard the riding light is placed in the rigging and all hands 'turn in below' for a little sleep, leaving no one on deck, and at midnight are again on deck, preparing to 'underrun', or in other words, to take out what mackerel there are in the nets, in order that they may not be devoured by the dogfish.

"And in 'underrunning' one witnesses a sight on a still night that he will always remember. The water is clear, and when at all disturbed seems like a huge mound of gold, so great is the phosphorous effect. The nets assume the same golden hue, and the mackerel, themselves, always a delicate blue, are changed to the color of gold. In their efforts to escape from the nets, they ruffle the water, and all around the vicinity of the nets, as far as the eye can see, is a mass of moving golden water.

"From the 'underrunning' about 1000 mackerel were secured and these were stowed away on the steamer, and all hands again went below for sleep, and at daylight were again in the dories, drawing their nets aboard, the fish having first been removed.

"The total catch on the night in question amounted to about 2800 No. 1 mackerel, and these were sold two days later in Boston for \$8.75 a barrel, 70 fish to the barrel.

"After everything was made snug, the captain ordered the course to be ENE and the Petrel under a full pressure of steam, began her homeward trip in a fog that was made more dense by the smoke from the forest fires ashore. Being somewhat desirous of knowing just why an ENE course should be selected, I questioned the skipper, and was told in reply that the course out on the evening previous was WSW. A directly opposite course would bring the steamer just where she started from, not allowing, of course, for the drift during the night.

"We usually run till we make land or shoal water", said the skipper, "and if we make shoal water the weather is almost always clear enough to allow us to see the land". With this piece of information, I sought a warm spot on top of the engine room in the lee of the smoke stack, and was soon fast asleep, only to be awakened a short time later by a bell in the engine room signalling the engineer to reverse the engine at full speed. I jumped down on deck to find that we were within 50 feet of the beach, in the surf, in fact, which was breaking under us amidships. One sea threw the stern of the steamer so high that the propeller whizzed around out of water, but secured such a firm grip on the next wave as she came down as to stop her headway, and gradually she backed out into deeper water.

"The skipper figured from a fence which he had seen on the beach, that we were on the outside of Tuckernuck island, and gave the course as southeast to bring us into the opening between Smith's point on the extreme end of Nantucket and the above island, known as the 'sailors' graveyard'.

"We'll have to cross two bars before we get deep water again," said the skipper. One bar was crossed all right. All on board could see the breakers as they rolled across the reefs. On the second we were not so successful. Some of the crew thought they heard the breakers but the skipper did not, and after figuring that he had run a sufficient time on a southeast course, he changed to northeast, and in a very short time found himself in shoal water, and before the steamer could be stopped, and brought up with a thud on bottom, at the same time shipping part of a sea over the stern.

"Back her out!" yelled the skipper to the engineer. "Draw the skylight and hatch, and everyone hold on!" he thundered.

"Once more she struck, and then, realizing that it would be impossible to back out through the combing seas, he threw the wheel hard over, gave the bell ahead full speed, and for the next ten minutes gave as pretty an illustration of seamanship as is seldom seen. Picking his way among the reefs without even resorting to the lead, with 'Dick' at the wheel, he finally carried her out into deep water.

"We should make Eel Point in about 15 minutes," said the skipper to the mate, and in 17 minutes by the pilot house clock, the scrub-oaks of Eel Point, at the entrance of Madaket harbor, loomed dead ahead in the fog.

All was plain sailing then to port, where, after discharging her freight, the little craft was again put in shape for another trip."

During the earlier years of her career the Petrel figured largely in "wrecking" and many a craft was helped off a shoal and many a shipwrecked crew was brought ashore through her efforts. The little steamer and her owners were always ready to respond to a call for help from a wrecked vessel, or to render assistance in any other emergency, even to battling through heavy seas across Nantucket sound in order to bring medical attendance in the days when there was no hospital on the island.

It would be impossible to name all of the "wrecks" in which the Petrel took an active part, either in floating the vessel from the shoal, in bringing the ship-wrecked crew ashore, or in salvaging the cargo. Her exploits were numerous and oft-times dangerous, yet the little steamer seemed to bear a charmed life and herself never met with any very serious experiences, although "grounding" one or two times when running in from the fishing grounds in thick weather through Smiths point opening or Muskeget channel.

Here is a list of names of vessels that we can recall the Petrel's connection with—a list that we realize is no where near complete. Still, the list includes some large vessels and some quite famous ship-wrecks, which were more frequent in those days than they are now. In those times there was no wireless nor radio compass station, and it was not until recent years that Coast Guard cutters have been at hand to render assistance to vessels in distress. We recall that the Petrel was actively connected with disasters attending the following vessels:

S. Elmo.
William E. Young.
Stephen Morris.
Lizzie M. Center.
Demozelle.
Emma O. Middleton.
Montauk.
Fly Away.
Arthur Seitz.
Frank A. Palmer.
M. J. Soley.
Agnes E. Manson.
Progress.
Charles Luling.
Jane Palmer.
Nellie Waters.
Mansfield.
Fredericka Schep.
Mertie B. Crowley.
Belle Halliday.
Nettie B. Dobbins.
Thomas B. Garland.
Julia A. Berkele.
Minnie.
Beaver.
Florence IV.
Roger Drury.
Sarah and Lucy.
William H. Draper.



THE PETREL AT HER DOCK WITH A BIG CATCH OF POLLOCK.

June 13, 1891

Exit "The Petrel."

Fishing steamer Petrel has outlived her usefulness and her owners have decided that after her career of thirty years she deserves a rest. No longer active, with hull, boiler and engine all showing signs of having worn out, the Petrel has been towed around to the north side of Commercial wharf and moored there, until something happens which will decide her fate. The Petrel Company have purchased the motor-boat Doris to take the place of the steamer and the Doris will make the daily trips to the pound in the chord of the bay this season.

The Petrel has had a rather exciting career at times and during her early existence she was frequently used in wrecking operations and made a lot of extra money that way for her owners. Several years ago she quit outside fishing, stopped drag-netting and sword-fishing, and confined her efforts solely with the trap operations. This spring it was found that she would need extensive repairs in order to continue the work the coming season, and her owners finally decided that she was not worth the outlay, so instead of refitting her they bought the power-boat and jumped from "steam" to "gasoline", just as many other fishermen have done in other places.

The Petrel was built for a band of Nantucket fishermen in the winter of 1895-96, at East Boston, and she came to Nantucket in June, 1896. Her owners were Arthur C. Manter, James E. Smith, Arthur J. Barrett and William M. Bartlett, who have been operating the boat together for about thirty years. Her first engineer was the late John J. Gardner.

The Yacht Petrel,

 IS prepared for parties, either for fishing or excursion. Your patronage is solicited. Apply to the Captain on board, at Perry's wharf, or to J. B. Riddell, Main street, opposite Pacific National Bank, Nantucket.

HENRY ROSS, Captain.
I. S. RIDDELL, Proprietor.
JL-TF

For The Inquirer and Mirror.
The Petrel.

"If you want to succeed, you must win success," is a very good rule, we must all confess; Let us doff our hat, with our best address To the Petrel.

Or rather, perhaps, to the steamer's crew Who have pushed their work with a vim right through; "What has been done we again can do With the Petrel."

Though the doubting ones only shook their heads, "A pretty big job to be done," they said. But the stout little steamer puffed ahead— The Petrel.

To sum up the whole, it was enterprise, And muscle and brains—it is no surprise That the Demozelle in the harbor lies, And the Petrel.

The "pretty big job" was neatly done, They have pulled together, every one; They deserve the success they have sturdily won With the Petrel.

March 11, 1897

The New Fishing Steamer.

Fishing steamer "Petrel," spick and span new from the ways of the O. S. Sheldon Co., South Boston, arrived here Tuesday afternoon, and now lies moored alongside Commercial wharf.

The Petrel is 58 feet long by 13 feet beam and 5 feet, 10 inches deep, and draws some 4 1-2 feet of water. She is built wholly of oak, her timbers 4x5, every other one kneed with hickimatic, and her planking of 1 3-8 inch oak. Her deck is of 1 7-8 inch pine. She is provided with a large hold and a well aft for storing fish and a roomy forecastle.

She is equipped with a J. A. Paine fore and aft compound engine of 48-horse power and 60-horse power boiler, and carries a 10-barrel copper water tank, and in an emergency can draw a supply direct from the sea. On top of her house is a small 12-horse power duplex engine for hoisting.

She is also supplied with masts for carrying light sails fore and aft, and is well found in anchors, chains, lanterns, life-preservers, etc.

But little was expended upon her for superfluous frippery and ornament, stability and convenience being primarily sought for, and that she is a staunch little craft and good sea boat was demonstrated on her initial trip from Boston to Nantucket. Though not built for speed she attained the rate of 9 knots an hour.

She is owned by Messrs. Arthur C. Manter, William M. Bartlett, Andrew T. Becku, Arthur J. Barrett and James E. Smith and will be used for fishing, chiefly in the vicinity of Nantucket, though she can carry sufficient fuel for a five days trip. Her gross tonnage is 22.42 and her net tonnage 15.18. Representative John J. Gardner has been engaged as engineer and brought the boat here from Boston.

June 18, 1896

1882

THE STEAM YACHT ISLAND BELLE.—The work of connecting the engine and boiler of the steam launch Island Belle was completed last Saturday, and late in the afternoon of that day her shrill whistle announced to the public, the fact that steam had been got up. Many went to the wharves to witness her as she passed out of the dock—it having been previously whispered that she would make a trial trip in the harbor. They were not doomed to be disappointed, and had the pleasure of watching the attractive little vessel glide about with the ease and grace of a swan. The proprietors and builders were justly elated with the successful issue of their first sail, and were greeted with applause from many interested spectators, on arriving at the dock.

The new machinery worked rather stiffly, and the gentlemen saw a few minor points to be altered. They have made numerous trips during the week, and on Wednesday last went up harbor for a little sail, and had the misfortune to get aground on one of the numerous shoals, which was occasioned by attempting to find the narrow channel which runs over the shoal. Here they laid until about half-past eight in the evening, when they floated just in time to take the warp of the Lillian, which was becalmed near them with half a hundred passengers, and tow her to the dock. But the most successful trip, according to the statement of the proprietors, was that of Thursday afternoon, when she steamed out back of the bar and circled about the yacht Palmer which was anchored a short distance beyond it. A reporter of this paper accepted the invitation extended by the owners to go, and had a good opportunity to witness the working of the little steamer. The machinery had become sufficiently worn to allow it to work smoothly, and with sixty-five pounds of steam the boat moved away from her berth. The pressure of steam was increased but very little on the passage out, the engine making one hundred revolutions per minute. The southwest wind had freshened considerably by the time the bar boat was reached, but the boat made easy work, rolling but little even when hauled up on the wind, though there was quite a swell at the time.

On the return the steam was increased to nearly eighty pounds, the shaft making as high as one hundred and fifteen and not lower than one hundred and three revolutions per minute, and moved rapidly against a strong head wind and tide. The speed attained was eight miles per hour.

Messrs. Robinson and Codd have just cause for being proud of their undertaking, for she has proved to be much better in many respects than they had anticipated.

The boat was to be thoroughly painted yesterday, and next week will be all ready to make regular trips. The gentlemen state that they shall not go to Woods Holl to have their vessel inspected, as the officials who perform that duty are coming to the island to attend to that matter; therefore it is probable that they will be delayed still another week ere they commence running for public convenience.

THE STEAM LAUNCH, "ISLAND BELLE."—Messrs. Robinson & Codd, on Tuesday evening last, took the steam launch they have been building at the shop of Mr. Charles H. Robinson, on Fair street, to the Old South Wharf, preparatory to launching her. The moving of the craft was considered by many a most difficult task, but it was accomplished with apparently little trouble. The boat was set upon a carriage supported by stout wheels, and drawn by two yokes of oxen with comparative ease, passing over Fair, Main and Washington streets to the pier. A large concourse of people followed in the wake, showing the great interest felt in the work of the two young men, who have "covered themselves with glory." Enthusiastic young America vented his ardent zeal through tin fog-horns, while older people cheered the builders as they passed along the route.

The boat was left on the wharf that night, it being too late to launch her. She was put into the water Wednesday forenoon, and taken upon the railway of Mr. W. A. Elmer. Here the shaft, propeller and rudder were fitted and the bottom of the craft painted, when she was again set afloat and taken alongside the Boston packet where she received the boiler and engine. She was afterward moored in the dock, and can now be seen at any time. The boat has a most beautiful model and sits upon the water with the ease and grace of a swan. As a piece of work she is a success, and the young men can but feel that they have added to our fleet one of the finest and prettiest pieces of marine architecture ever seen in these waters.

The "Island Belle" is the name that has been chosen, and is most appropriate.

Mr. Charles H. Tracy has been engaged as engineer. Mr. Tracy has recently received his license, and will be the right man for the place. We wish the young men any amount of success.

J. E. NICKERSON, YACHT NAIAH QUEEN,

STRAIGHT WHARF, NANTUCKET, MASS. Parties taken around the Island, or to any harbor or landing in Vineyard Sound. Particular attention paid to Sharking, Bluefishing, Scupping, and Moonlight Excursions. ☐ A party of six or eight persons will find good accommodations, at reasonable rates, at Capt. Nickerson's residence, Union street. July 19—3m

YACHT DAUNTLESS

CAPT. B. R. BURDETT,

WILL leave her moorings, near the foot of Old North Wharf, commencing on July 5, for the

Cliff Shore Bathing Rooms,

Every morning, weather permitting, (Sundays excepted), at about 9, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock, and run until 1 o'clock, p. m. Fare 10 cents. Boat landing near the foot of Old North Wharf. Sail boats to let by the day or hour.

July 2 tf B. R. BURDETT.

Summer Pleasure Boats.

THE sloop "DAUNTLESS," will leave her moorings near the foot of Old North Wharf, for the

Cliff Shore Bathing Houses, every morning, (Sunday excepted) at 9, 10, 11, and 12 o'clock, and run until 1 o'clock, P. M. FARE, TEN CENTS EACH WAY.

After that the "DAUNTLESS" can be chartered by parties to go on Fishing Excursions, for Clam-bakes, Squatums, Moonlight Excursions up harbor, &c.

BARZILLAI R. BURDETT.

Boat Landing near the foot of Old North Wharf. Sail Boats and Row Boats to let by the day or hour. Nantucket, July 12th, 1873.

THE MARY E. CROSBY.—The Greenport, L. I., *Republican Watchman* of the 16th instant, gives the following particulars concerning the schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port: "Schooner Mary E. Crosby, Capt. John L. Brooks, sunk in collision in Long Island Sound last winter and raised and taken into Bridgeport by the Baxter Wrecking Co., was towed to Greenport by fishing steamer Falcon, Capt. John W. Burns, on May 2, and having undergone inspection by representatives of marine underwriters, will now be repaired and put in thorough condition at this port. In addition to injuries sustained by the collision, which were not very extensive, and the loss of her foremast the first night after being sunk—supposed to have been broken off by a passing steamer—it was found that five deck beams forward were broken, probably when the mast was broken off. It was a delicate and difficult job to raise her, as she had settled in mud up to her deck, and the diver, in order to pass the chains under her keel, had to blow a hole in the mud with a hose pipe and then descend into the hole; the chains were then worked into position and the lifting machinery set in motion. In discharging the coal it was washed to cleanse it of mud. The vessel now lies alongside of Main St. Wharf."

THE NEW STEAMER WAUWINET.—This little steamer, under the command of Capt. J. C. Small, of New Bedford, arrived here early last Monday afternoon. She is to be used for passenger travel between here and the Wauwinet House, at the Haulover. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 47 feet; beam, 12 feet; a double cylinder, high pressure, vertical engine, of 16 horse power, built by Knowlson & Kelley, of Troy, N. Y. The boiler was tested at 136 pounds, but about 80 or 90 pounds of steam will be sufficient for running her. The hull of the boat was built at New Bedford, and is of heavy yellow pine. It was originally intended to use her on the Erie Canal, where she was experimented with for some time, for the purpose of trying various new propellers in the way of wheels and sculls. Considerable change will be made to the boat ere another season, for the purpose of increasing her carrying capacity, which is at present sufficient for about eighty persons. A railing will be placed around the top of the house on deck, and seats placed there for patrons. A large three-fan propeller is to take the place of the one now in use, which will tend to increase the speed of the vessel. Before the season for summer travel again rolls around we may expect to see her in fine condition for the business for which she is intended. We learn, from a reliable source, that Capt. Charles E. Smalley, master of the yacht Lillian, which has been on the route to the Head of the Harbor for two seasons past, has been tendered the command of the Wauwinet. We hope he will accept.

TRIAL TRIP.—Steamer Wauwinet, under pilotage of Capt. C. E. Smalley, went "up harbor," last Wednesday, for the first time since she arrived here, taking up about forty invited guests—among whom was a representative from this office. Quite a number of persons assembled on the pier to see the little craft start out, and many were undoubtedly agreeably disappointed when the little craft steamed away at a seven knot gait, for it had been generally supposed that she would be very slow. Those on board had ample room to move about, and we were fully convinced ere we reached our destination that eighty persons could be easily taken. Brant Point was passed in seven minutes from the time the boat left the pier; Pocumtuck in thirty-eight minutes; and in just fifty-six minutes the line was thrown ashore at Wauwinet. Considering the fact that both the tide and wind were unfavorable, we think the boat did very well.

After roaming about for a while, the company was summoned to the table, which fairly groaned under the weight of the good things prepared by Messrs. Kennedy and Small, and did ample justice to the repast, set before them. About five o'clock the party embarked for town, reaching the pier in just one hour, having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. We return thanks for the invitation so kindly extended us.

YACHT LILLIAN, Captain C. E. Smalley,

WILL commence her regular trips from Nantucket to the Wauwinet House, Thursday, June 17th, making two trips daily, leaving Steamboat wharf about 9, A. M., and 2, P. M. Fare 20 cents. July 2 tf

"Alice Wentworth" Still Sails.

It may or may not have been a coincidence but the June issue of Yankee Magazine and the June 2d issue of the Vineyard Gazette reached us in the same mail. Both carried a short item about the schooner "Alice S. Wentworth", which was a familiar sight in Nantucket waters for many years under the command of Capt. Zeb Tilton.

Both articles stated that the schooner is still in cruise service off the coast of Maine, plying between Portland and Bar Harbor. Her captain is now Frederick B. Guild, of Castine, Maine, who spends the summer months taking people on two weeks' cruises down the Maine coast for a nominal fee.

The Yankee Magazine carried two small photographs along with their story about the former Vineyard Haven schooner.

Oct. 6, 1877

LOSS OF SCHOONER MARY A. KILLEEN.—From the daily papers we glean the following facts concerning the loss of schooner Mary A. Killen, on Scituate beach, on Wednesday night, 3d inst. The vessel was largely owned by Capt. John Killen, of this town, who commanded her:

The three-masted schooner Mary A. Killen went ashore in the blinding snow storm Wednesday night on Third Cliff Beach, Scituate, and now lies in a dangerous position. She was loaded with sugar, from Havana to Boston, and was commanded by Captain J. Killen. The patrol of the Life Saving Station, while pursuing his lonely vigils at about midnight, suddenly heard the sullen "boom, boom!" from the schooner's gun, a signal of distress from the stranded vessel. The signal called together the life crew, who are commanded by Fred. Stanley. Immediate preparations were made by the brave fellows, who have distinguished themselves in the storms of the winter, to rescue the imperilled crew. The apparatus was, with great difficulty, gotten to the scene of the disaster, and the line was several times hurled toward the unfortunate craft, but each time failed of reaching the mark. During this time the storm would occasionally lift, disclosing the vessel, with the sea breaking completely over her, and the wrecked mariners clinging to the rigging. Finally, after several futile attempts, the line passed over the vessel into the seething billows beyond. The seamen seized the slender cord and quickly drew it aboard until the cable had been hauled in and securely fastened to the mainmast. The men on the schooner pulled the buoy aboard and one of their number got into the pocket and was hauled ashore by the willing hands of the life crew. The eight men on board of the wrecked craft were all safely landed, Captain Killen being the last to abandon the ill-fated vessel. The vessel stranded at 11.30 P. M. and at 1.30 A. M. the crew had been taken off. The rescued seamen were nearly dead from cold and exposure, and as soon as they were landed, immediate means were taken to resuscitate them.

Capt. Killen says that he passed Highland light and anticipated a speedy arrival at his destination. At about 6 o'clock in the evening the weather began to thicken and it began to snow. We were then making for Boston light. The storm rapidly increased in severity until it was blowing a gale. The blinding snow enveloped us as a pall, and we were soon at the mercy of the elements. The sea was running mountains high, and continually swept over the vessel, rendering it extremely hazardous for us to work the vessel, and making our positions very dangerous. To add to the dangers of our perilous situation, the flying spray froze to the rigging as fast as it fell. The entire upper rigging was a mass of ice, making it impossible for the crew to work the ship. The water also froze to the clothing of the crew, and prevented them from moving about with effectiveness. The men also suffered severely from the cold and several were slightly frostbitten. We finally lost control of the vessel, and knew that we were drifting on to a lee shore, but were rendered powerless to help ourselves. Suddenly we heard the breakers to leeward, and almost at the same instant the vessel struck with a shock which threw us from our feet. Each sea lifted her, and she kept thumping upon the bottom until it seemed as though she would pound her bottom out. All of this time the heavy seas were breaking over her, threatening every minute to rend her asunder. As soon as we could we fired the signal gun, and in a miraculously short time the answering beacon of the life-saving crew gladdened our anxious gaze. When the life crew finally got the line aboard, the men were so exhausted from their exposure that they scarcely had strength enough in their benumbed bodies to handle it. After an almost superhuman effort, however, they succeeded in drawing the cable aboard and making it fast to the mainmast, and we were taken off without any more serious mishap than a ducking. When we got ashore everything possible for people to do was done for us to render our position comfortable. The Mary A. Killen was of 410 tons burthen, and was built by Sherman, Geary & Co. of Thomaston, Me., in the fall of 1882 at a cost of \$33,000. She is rated A1 and is owned chiefly by her captain, whose share is insured for \$3000 in the Boston Marine and in a Bangor company. Her cargo consisted of 675 tons of sugar consigned to Nash, Spaulding & Co., and valued at \$40,000.

Dec. 13, 1884
Capt. Benjamin F. Brown informs us that schooner W. O. Nettleton has made her last trip to Boston, being taken from the route for lack of patronage. Capt. Brown has secured a situation in South Boston. The removal of this packet reduces our fleet of coasting craft to two,—the good sloop Tawtemeo, and schooner Onward,—and a feeling of lonesomeness creeps over us as we chronicle the fact.

Dec. 25, 1880

Sch. W. O. Nettleton.

SCHOONER W. O. Nettleton, Capt. Brown, will hereafter have her berth at Arch Wharf, instead of at India Wharf, Boston. 188-3t

1874

Schooner Sold.

Schooner W. O. Nettleton, of this port, has been sold to a company of Portuguese of New Bedford, represented by Joaquin Senna, who will refit her and send her out to the Cape de Verde islands. The vessel has been owned here since the early sixties, and the following interesting sketch of her we clip from the *Journal*:

"The withdrawal of the Nettleton from Nantucket's merchant marine removes practically the last link which connects it with the palmy days of ante-bellum times. She was built at East Haven, Conn., 1859. Early in the war she came into possession of the late Capt. Calvin Farris, who brought her to Nantucket from a Southern port with a cargo of sweet potatoes, and sold her to the late Capt. Henry C. Pinkham, who ran her as a packet between this port and Boston for many years. Many a Nantucket boy with limited finances and desirous of seeking his fortune in the great New England metropolis has "worked his passage" thither on the Nettleton and thus obtained his start in life. To the many Nantucketers in Boston her trips were always welcome visitations from their island home, and whenever she was in port, especially Sundays, India wharf in bygone days was the Mecca of scores of exiled islanders.

The carrying trade between Boston and Nantucket has long since ceased to warrant the maintenance of a packet line. Capt. Pinkham and those associated with him in running the Nettleton have all or nearly all passed away; the vessel has several times changed owners prior to passing into the hands of Messrs. Snow and Swain, and for some time past has been practically out of commission, tied up alongside the Old South wharf. But whatever may be her future career, the mention of the W. O. Nettleton will recall to hundreds of Nantucketers tender memories and pleasant reminiscences of the staunch old craft and the gallant crews who formerly manned her, from Capt. Pinkham down to 'Uncle Tommy' Burns."

For Alaska.

Quite a breeze of excitement was caused early in the week by the announcement that Capt. William T. Swain had purchased a half interest in schooner W. O. Nettleton, and in connection with Mr. C. E. Snow, owner of the other half, would fit the vessel out for a voyage to Alaska, going around to the Pacific through the Straits. The plan is to organize a stock company, with shares limited to twenty, at \$500 each, not more than two shares to be held by any person. The capital stock thus realized (\$10,000) will be sufficient to put the vessel in the best possible equipment and condition for the long voyage and subsequent operations on the Yukon. Any surplus will be divided equally among the company, or held for their mutual benefit, as may be decided. Should it be deemed wise upon reaching the Alaskan coast to sell the vessel, the proceeds will be added to the capital stock.

It is contemplated to commence soon to fit up the vessel for the voyage, putting her in the very best condition, and to start late in October or early in November, thus passing the "Horn" at the best season, stopping at San Francisco, Seattle, and perhaps other ports of the Pacific, reaching Alaskan waters in April, and proceed up the Yukon as far as navigable.

The owners are reticent as to who have made applications for passage or to become members of the company, but believe that the stock will all be taken by our own people. If not, there will probably be no lack of takers from away, so great is the desire to reach the nugget fields.

MARINE DISASTER.—Schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port, was sunk by collision with schooner Mary Standish on Saturday last, during a dense fog, a few miles E. S. E. of Penfield Reef light. Capt. Brooks and his men arrived here Tuesday by steamer, and from him we gleaned the following facts relative to the disaster. The Mary E. Crosby left Port Johnston, N. J., in the morning for this place, having a cargo of coal for the Steamboat Company. A dense fog prevailed in Long Island Sound, and Capt. Brooks was attempting to reach Huntington harbor, when a vessel loomed up close upon them. Each saw the other at the same time, and orders to hard down were given and obeyed on both vessels; but it was too late to prevent a collision. The Mary Standish struck the Mary E. Crosby just forward of the main rigging, cutting her to the water's edge. Finding his vessel was in a sinking condition, Capt. Brooks and crew turned their attention to clearing the other vessel, which was so entangled as to be in danger of being swamped by the sinking of the disabled craft. By lively work she was freed, and when his crew had saved their personal effects, Capt. Brooks followed them on board the Mary Standish. In thirty minutes from the time of the collision the damaged vessel sank in nine fathoms of water, first heeling over upon her broadside. Capt. Brooks and his men were landed at Vineyard Haven, and from there took their boat, which was saved, and went to Cottage City, where they met the steamer for Nantucket.

The Mary E. Crosby (formerly the Imogene Diverty) was purchased by her late owners in February last, one-half interest being held by Philadelphia parties, five-sixteenths by Nantucket parties, and the rest by people of Greenport and New York. She was valued at \$6000, and her cargo at \$1200. So far as can be learned, there was but little insurance on the vessel (none held here). We are gratified to learn that the cargo was insured at its full value, and that the Steamboat Company have ordered another to supply its place, which is now on its way hither.

Capt. Brooks says that in his experience of twenty-four years in command of coasting vessels, this is his first serious mishap, and he very naturally is sorely troubled by it. He expresses himself as being deeply impressed by the kindness extended to himself and crew by Capt. James Davis, of the Mary Standish, as well as for the courtesies shown by the officers of the Island Home. An effort will be made to procure him another vessel, which we trust will prove successful.

THE MARY E. CROSBY.—The Greenport, L. I., *Republican Watchman* of the 16th instant, gives the following particulars concerning the schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port: "Schooner Mary E. Crosby, Capt. John L. Brooks, sunk in collision in Long Island Sound last winter and raised and taken into Bridgeport by the Baxter Wrecking Co., was towed to Greenport by fishing steamer Falcon, Capt. John W. Burns, on May 2, and having undergone inspection by representatives of marine underwriters, will now be repaired and put in thorough condition at this port. In addition to injuries sustained by the collision, which were not very extensive, and the loss of her foremast the first night after being sunk—supposed to have been broken off by a passing steamer—it was found that five deck beams forward were broken, probably when the mast was broken off. It was a delicate and difficult job to raise her, as she had settled in mud up to her deck, and the diver, in order to pass the chains under her keel, had to blow a hole in the mud with a hose pipe and then descend into the hole; the chains were then worked into position and the lifting machinery set in motion. In discharging the coal it was washed to cleanse it of mud. The vessel now lies alongside of Main St. Wharf."

May 23, 1885

THE NEW STEAMER WAUWINET.—This little steamer, under the command of Capt. J. C. Small, of New Bedford, arrived here early last Monday afternoon. She is to be used for passenger travel between here and the Wauwinet House, at the Haulover. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 47 feet; beam, 12 feet; a double cylinder, high pressure, vertical engine, of 16 horse power, built by Knowlson & Kelley, of Troy, N. Y. The boiler was tested at 136 pounds, but about 80 or 90 pounds of steam will be sufficient for running her. The hull of the boat was built at New Bedford, and is of heavy yellow pine. It was originally intended to use her on the Erie Canal, where she was experimented with for some time, for the purpose of trying various new propellers in the way of wheels and sculls. Considerable change will be made to the boat ere another season, for the purpose of increasing her carrying capacity, which is at present sufficient for about eighty persons. A railing will be placed around the top of the house on deck, and seats placed there for patrons. A large three-fan propeller is to take the place of the one now in use, which will tend to increase the speed of the vessel. Before the season for summer travel again rolls around we may expect to see her in fine condition for the business for which she is intended. We learn, from a reliable source, that Capt. Charles E. Smalley, master of the yacht Lillian, which has been on the route to the Head of the Harbor for two seasons past, has been tendered the command of the Wauwinet. We hope he will accept.

Oct. 6, 1887

Sept. 23, 1882

Steamer Waquoit Wrecked off Smith's Point.

The little fishing steamer Waquoit had a narrow escape from being wiped out of existence Monday evening, and but for the prompt efforts of the crew of Maddequet life-saving station she would doubtless at the present time be resting her bones on one of the sand-bars in the dreaded Smith's Point opening. The Waquoit left port for the mackerel grounds several hours after her usual time on Monday, having been delayed in towing a vessel into the harbor, and in order to clip the miles away, the captain decided to make the passage through Smith's Point opening, rather than the longer (but safer) trip around Muskeget. The opening is a bad and difficult passage at its best, for it is studded with sand-bars and knuckles which make it an uncertain and rough thoroughfare for the steamers, even under the best of weather conditions.

It was about five o'clock before the Waquoit steamed through the opening, and as good luck would have it, the look-out man at the life-saving station was following the boat along the course with his glass. Suddenly he noticed the steamer bring up with a lurch, and realizing that she was in a dangerous position, he promptly notified Captain Tyler. It was but a few moments' work before the life-boat was launched and the crew was hastening to the assistance of the stranded craft. When they reached her they found the Waquoit heeled over and full of water, a heavy sea which struck her just as she ran upon the "knuckle" having smashed in the windows to her engine-room, flooded the hold with water several feet deep, and put out the fire.

Her position was very precarious, for the crew of the steamer could not free her of water, and with the fire out under the boiler, she was completely at the mercy of the raging waters of the opening. The life-savers did not lose a minute in the effort to float the little 50-foot steamer, and manned the pumps and commenced bailing with buckets, finally getting the craft from the bar and managing to free her of water enough to enable a fire to be started under her boiler. When they reached the scene the engine-room was flooded with water several feet deep and it was a remarkable feat on the part of the life-saving crew to bring the steamer from the shoal under such conditions.

It took some time to get the fire under way, as some of the Waquoit's fittings had to be broken up for fuel, and her impact with the shoal had opened her stuffing-box so badly that it necessitated constant operation of the pumps in order to keep her above water. When steam was up it was decided to head across the sound for New Bedford, but, even with the assistance of the life-saving crew, it was apparent that she could not be kept afloat that length of time, so the boat was headed for the Vineyard, the men beaching her in the harbor at Vineyard Haven after several hours of hard work and very trying experiences.

The Waquoit was saved from total loss purely through the prompt and untiring action of the Maddequet life-savers, and but for favorable weather conditions, coupled with a large amount of human endurance, Smith's Point opening would have claimed the little steamer as one of its numerous victims.

LAUNCHED.—The new three-masted schooner Mary A. Killen, was launched on Saturday last at the yard of Gerry, Sherman & Co., of Thomaston, Me. This vessel, which is to be commanded by Capt. John Killen, of this place, is of the following dimensions: Length of keel, 140 feet; beam 34 2-10 feet; depth of hold, 12 2-10 feet; length over all, 161 feet; carpenter's tonnage, 561 tons; custom house net tonnage, 416 tons; carrying capacity, 850 tons. She rates A 1 with a star in red for 15 years. She has a white oak frame and is planked with pitch pine. Her cabin is finished in mahogany, black walnut and ash, and has all modern improvements. She is intended for freighting in and out of the United States, and is owned by the builders, parties in Boston and New York, and by the master. Colors have been presented by M. A. Killen, for whom she is named. Capt. Killen has been eminently successful in his command of schooner William Slater, and we wish him a continuation of good fortune with his new command. He has negotiated for a charter for New Orleans.

Nov. 18, 1882

Sch. W. O. Nettleton

Goes Ashore In the Cod of the Bay and Takes Fire.

Schooner W. O. Nettleton, from Boston, with an assorted cargo, including lime and cement, arrived at the bar Thursday night and anchored. During the night it blew heavy and she dragged up in the Cod of the Bay. It was very thick at the time and when it lighted up sufficiently to reveal her position she was in dangerous proximity to Great point. The vessel was immediately got under way, but in beating down ran into shoal water and grounded. She immediately began leaking and the water coming in contact with the lime which was stored in the hold, set fire to it.

When word reached town that the Nettleton was ashore and on fire in the Cod of the Bay Friday forenoon, her owners, Messrs. William T. Swain and Charles E. Snow, dispatched steamer Petrel and sloop Jennie to her assistance, Mr. Snow going out on the Petrel.

The first care was to lighten her of her deck load which was transferred to the Jennie. An anchor was then carried out, the vessel was pumped clear of water and during the evening she was kedged off. She was immediately taken in town by the Petrel and when day broke Saturday morning was riding safely at anchor in the harbor. The Jennie was not quite so fortunate. In attempting to enter the harbor in the dark she got too near Brant point, and having seven dories in tow, which formed part of the Nettleton's freight, she was set ashore by the tide. Saturday noon, however, she was hauled off uninjured by the Petrel, and brought in to the wharf.

Meantime the fire was gaining headway in the Nettleton's hold, and at times the outlook for saving the vessel was exceedingly dubious. She was also leaking considerably. The Petrel was finally made fast alongside, a pipe run from her to the Nettleton and

Alice S. Wentworth, Once Familiar Sight Here, Plys Vacation Trade Off Maine

The Alice S. Wentworth, an old-time freight schooner formerly captained by Zeb Tilton of Martha's Vineyard and a familiar sight for many years at Nantucket wharves, is now in the vacation trade voyaging the Islands and bays of the Maine Coast.

Completely overhauled and refitted, the Wentworth can accommodate 20 passengers below decks which has been trunked to give head-room. Meals will be served from a stainless steel galley, built the full width of the ship. The saloon boasts a fireplace and in the radio room there is a ship-to-shore telephone.

The top of the main cabin will be covered with beach pads where passengers may read or drowse as she sails from Portland to Bar Harbor, a week's trip each way.

Nov. 23, 1951

steam forced into the latter's hold in such volume as to permeate every part of the vessel and subdue the fire. Later in the forenoon she was warped in to the dock between Commercial and Old South wharves and made fast to the latter pier, where what lime was unconsumed was quickly landed and the smouldering embers of fire extinguished.

The damage to the vessel from fire is comparatively slight, the loss being confined principally to the cargo. Of the latter there were 25 barrels of lime and 5 of cement for Capt. William T. Swain and 10 barrels of lime and 10 of cement for Mr. John C. Ring, about all of which is a total loss. There was also a lot of grain and flour for Mr. Charles E. Snow which was more or less damaged by smoke and water. The damage to the vessel is principally occasioned by grounding which started the oakum from her seams, and will necessitate her going on the ways at Vineyard Haven for re-caulking.

The damage to the vessel is roughly estimated at \$125 and the loss on cargo from \$200 to \$300, all uninsured.

Anna C. Perry Presumed Lost

An extended search, covering an area of more than 15,000 square miles, by Coast Guard planes and vessels has failed to locate any trace of the fishing dragger, Anna C. Perry, owned by Mrs. Catherine Flanagan of Nantucket. The dragger has been overdue at New Bedford since the storm of Tuesday, March 11, and all hope of finding the vessel has faded.

The Anna C. Perry was built some 24 years ago by Mrs. Flanagan's father, the late Eugene Perry of Nantucket, and had been almost completely rebuilt during the past three years by Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan. She had recently had a new engine installed and was in the best of condition when she last left New Bedford which was her home port.

The dragger had a crew of six men, who included Captain Alexander Mitchell, Lawrence Hayes, James E. Codner, George Kousouras, and Herbert T. Barrows, of New Bedford, and Edward Kearley, of Fairhaven.

Mar. 22, 1952

Diver Finds Wreck Of Perry On Shoal

The wreckage of the Nantucket fishing dragger Anna C. Perry which foundered in a storm last March 11 was found strewn at the bottom of Nantucket Shoals area Tuesday by an Army Air Force sergeant clad in a portable, self-contained diving suit similar to those used by the Navy "frogmen" in World War II.

May 9, 1952

Coast Guard Explodes Wreck Of Perry

The remaining debris and mast of the New Bedford fishing dragger, Anna C. Perry, owned by Mrs. Charles Flanagan of Nantucket, has been disposed of by Coast Guards.

The wreck of the 64-foot craft, lost in a storm several months ago along with six men aboard and discovered and identified recently in 10 fathoms of water 30 miles south of here, was blown up by the Cutter Acushnet. It was declared a menace to navigation. The mast of the ill-fated fishing boat had jutted several feet above the water.

May 30, 1952

May 21, 1910

The W. O. Nettleton Sold.

Schooner W. O. Nettleton has been sold to a company of five Portuguese residents of New Bedford, represented by Joaquin Senna who, as soon as the transfer is complete will take her to New Bedford and after receiving some repairs, she will sail for the Cape de Verde islands.

The withdrawal of the Nettleton from Nantucket's merchant marine removes practically the last link which connects it with the palmy days of ante-bellum times. She was built at East Haven, Conn., 1859. Early in the war she came into possession of the late Capt. Calvin Farris, who brought her to Nantucket from a Southern port with a cargo of sweet potatoes, and sold her to the late Capt. Henry C. Pinkham, who ran her as a packet between this port and Boston for many years. Many a Nantucket boy with limited finances and desirous of seeking his fortune in the great New England metropolis has "walked his passage" thither on the Nettleton and thus obtained his start in life. To the many Nantucketers in Boston her trips were always welcome visitations from their island home, and whenever she was in port, especially Sundays, India wharf in bygone days was the Mecca of scores of exiled islanders.

The carrying trade between Boston and Nantucket has long since ceased to warrant the maintenance of a packet line. Capt. Pinkham and those associated with him in running the Nettleton have all or nearly all passed away; the vessel has several times changed owners prior to passing into the hands of Messrs. Snow and Swain, and for sometime past has been practically out of commission, tied up alongside the Old South wharf. But whatever may be her future career, the mention of the W. O. Nettleton will recall to hundreds of Nantucketers tender memories and pleasant reminiscences of the staunch old craft and the gallant crews who formerly manned her, from Capt. Pinkham down to "Uncle Tommy" Burns.

DEATHS.

In this town on Friday evening last, Capt. Job Coleman, aged 63 years.

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

The community were shocked on Friday last by the intelligence of the sudden demise of Capt. Job Coleman, a prominent and valuable citizen, formerly engaged in the coasting trade between this place and New York, and for some years past proprietor of Coleman's Nantucket and Hyannis Express Line. His death was occasioned by a malignant felon, which first appeared upon the hand, rapidly invaded his system, terminating fatally in one week from the time of its appearance.

In the death of this gentleman Nantucket is deprived of an upright, influential citizen, one whose loss will be keenly felt. An old associate of the deceased truthfully remarks, "he was an honest man, kindhearted and benevolent. With him the idler found no quarter, but the worthy poor he was ever ready to relieve and assist. Always a true friend to the friendless." Man is not perfect; all have their peculiarities and failings; Capt. Coleman had his, but all who knew him could but hold him in the highest esteem. With the family thus suddenly bereft of a kind father and friend, the entire community deeply sympathize. Their affliction can only be assuaged by the firm conviction that he has gone to meet his just reward in Heaven. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was largely attended.

"in the midst of life we are in death." [Editor]

Feb. 21, 1860

Recognized The "Lillian" By The "L" on Her Sail.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It may interest you to know that yesterday, while on a fishing trip two miles outside of Boon Island Light, Maine, I came across a catboat with the large letter "L" on the sail. I thought it looked very familiar, and upon inquiry was told that it was the "Lillian", and came from somewhere to the westward.

Later, upon reaching shore, I found it was indeed the Wauwinet Lillian, owned by a party residing in Newburyport, Mass., and taking fishing parties out of York Harbor, Maine.

She was far from the spick and span boat that I knew when on the Wauwinet run, and fishing off-shore, as she now is doing, apparently has done her no good, as I understand she leaks badly. Her hull is now painted black, and the bright work has entirely disappeared.

Yours truly,
Adrian Norcross.

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 30.

ARRIVED.—The little steam fisherman, built in East Boston for Mr. Marcus W. Dunham and others, of Tuckernuck, before described in these columns, arrived here Tuesday. She is a handsome and able little vessel, and will be employed in swordfishing, blue-fishing, etc., besides making trips between Nantucket and Tuckernuck, as occasion may warrant. On Wednesday she went up to Tuckernuck with members of the School Committee, whose invitation to make the trip with them we acknowledge. The boat behaved admirably, and the new owners are much pleased with her. She is named Ocean Queen.

1890

All Alive like a Bag of Fleas!!!

I'm just five days from old Virginia,
Where all nice things do grow;
And following up the same old trade,
And shave folks all I know,
Out of their Almighty Dollars.

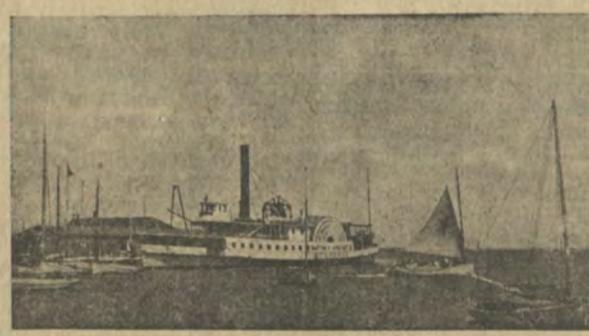

THE Schooner W. O. NETTLETON, with 2500 bushels prime Sweet, &c., on a Shaving and Peddling Expedition, all along-shore. Therefore all the Brothers who need anything in my line, send in your orders and they will be promptly attended to, and things will be all right and O. K.
C. L. EARRIS, Skipper & Agent.
Nantucket, Aug. 31st, 1860.

Sold.

Schooner Abel W. Parker, of this port, has been sold to the following-named parties, and will continue to sail from here, under command of Capt. Henry S. Snow: Sidney Chase, of Boston, William P. Hood, of Fall River, Henry S. Snow, of Nantucket, Covil & Pease, of Nantucket, Charles D. Coffin, of Boston, Charles M. Baker, of Brookline, and Rollin M. Allen, of Nantucket. Mr. Chase is principal owner and Mr. Allen is the managing agent.

Apr. 5, 1899

Oct. 5, 1935



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CATBOAT "DAUNTLESS".

STEAM YACHT "WAUWINET,"

 CAPT. R. C. KENNEY, will commence trips to and from the Wauwinet House, Head of the Harbor, Thursday, June 20th, running in connection with yacht Lillian. Will leave landing at Steamboat wharf at 9 A. M., and 2 P. M. Leave Wauwinet at 10:45 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.

Vessels towed in and out of the harbor, or from dock to dock, between the hours of regular trips. Orders left with the Captain on board, or at the restaurant on Steamboat wharf, will meet with prompt attention.

R. C. KENNEY,
Master.

Yacht Lillian, CAPT. C. E. SMALLLEY,

 WILL make two trips daily (wind and weather permitting) from Steamboat wharf to the "Wauwinet" House, touching at Coate, commencing Monday, June 21st. Time of leaving, about 9 A. M., and 2 P. M. Fare, 20 cents.

1886

June 8, 1899

Capt. Heman Eldredge, an old and well-known pilot, died on Monday last, at the age of 80 years. Probably no man was better acquainted with the waters of Nantucket and Vineyard sounds than Capt. Eldredge, or more generally known among pilots and sailing masters in this vicinity. His funeral occurred yesterday forenoon, when the flag over the Pacific Club Room was displayed at half-mast as a token of respect to his memory.

Oct. 1886

Capt. Benjamin F. Brown informs us that schooner W. O. Nettleton has made her last trip to Boston, being taken from the route for lack of patronage. Capt. Brown has secured a situation in South Boston. The removal of this packet reduces our fleet of coasting craft to two,—the good sloop Tawtemeo, and schooner Onward,—and a feeling of lonesomeness creeps over us as we chronicle the fact.

Dec. 25, 1880

THE NEW YACHT LILLIAN.—Capt. Charles E. Smalley arrived here last Friday with his new cat-rigged yacht, which is named the Lillian. The boat is twenty-nine feet in length, has a very attractive model, and was built at Centreville expressly for these waters. She is fitted up in a first-class manner, with many new improvements, and from appearances will be a "smart" boat. The cabin is fitted up very conveniently. The skipper had a fine opportunity to test the sea-going qualities of his vessel, as the wind was dead ahead, and the water rough during the trip from the Cape here; but she behaved beautifully, and the owner feels well pleased with his purchase.

May 6, 1876

Captain Joy Tells Of His Voyages.

At a largely attended "smoker" held by the Laymen's League, in the Unitarian vestry on Friday evening, January 12, Capt. B. Whitford Joy gave a running account of his many voyages in clipper ships and other craft.

President Fuller, in introducing Capt. Joy, said that Nantucket had never been much of a manufacturing centre except that certain by-products of the whaling industry like candles, casks and rope were once made here. And yet, in times past, Nantucket had one unique industry—it manufactured sea captains—and one street (Orange) offered striking evidence of this famous product.

In 1891 Joseph W. Clapp compiled and printed the names of all the whaling captains who were then living on Orange street, or who had lived there formerly. This list comprises 108 names and is a remarkable exhibit, probably never surpassed by any street elsewhere in the country.

"Capt. Joy," said Mr. Fuller, "is the last deep-sea shipmaster among us and now we shall give him the quarter-deck and listen to his realistic yarns."

Capt. Joy said that he started upon his sea-going career at 18 and his voyages spanned nearly 40 years. In easy, conversational vein, the Captain took up one voyage after another, from the day he began as a greenhorn, on a clipper ship, until he finished his career on the ocean, and touched upon some of the outstanding features of each voyage as he advanced from the forecastle to the quarter-deck.

He gave vivid descriptions of encounters with typhoons, fires, epidemics, incipient mutinies, shipwreck, serious leaks and many other experiences which, by comparison, made even an active landlubber's daily life look like a peaceful Sunday afternoon on the piazza.

Captain Joy explained the rudiments of navigation and showed, in his opinion, what a "simple" process it was to determine latitude and longitude, but no one in his audience felt very confident of his own ability to locate a ship's position, even if the captain had just revealed the true method of arriving at this result.

This salt water talk was much enjoyed and appreciated by those present and some of the older members of the audience were reminded of the good old days when tellers of sea tales were more numerous and their talk an important feature of leisure hours spent in the rear room of some store.

Captain Joy was heartily thanked for his reminiscences and his hearers departed in the full realization that just such evenings will, in the future, be few and far between.

In response to a suggestion that all those present, who had rounded Cape Horn, stand up, the following arose: Joseph C. Brock, John M. Winslow, Joseph G. Remsen, Captain Joy, Arthur H. Gardner, George A. Grant, Edgar F. Wyer and Fred V. Fuller. It developed that one of this group was five years old when he sighted the Horn, another one nine months old, while a third man was on the high seas when three weeks old.

The Seven Masts of a Vessel.

The season for arguments is still with us. Last Monday, when the wind was howling outside and the air was decidedly chilly, they got at it again and we were asked:

"What are the names of the masts on a seven-masted schooner like the Thomas W. Lawson was? I claim that the spanker is the fourth mast on a vessel—that is, fore, main, mizzen and spanker—in that order. The other fellow claims that the spanker is always the last mast. Which of us is right?"

As far as our records go, we find that the Thomas W. Lawson was the only seven-masted schooner ever built. We went aboard of her once when she was docked at Boston, taking on coal for what proved to be her last voyage. Her skipper, in response to our query, named the vessel's masts in the following order: Fore, main, mizzen, jigger, driver, pusher and spanker.

The spanker is always the last mast on schooners having more than three—at least, that is what the captain of the Lawson told us, and he probably knew.

Guess this explanation will settle the argument.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Will you please assist me in rendering honor to whom honor is due, by giving a place to the following statement in your next issue.

The strongest claim which Mr. Frederick Hoeg had to being the inventor of the method of finding longitude by sunset observation, is the simple fact that his son George, in 1845, commanded the whaling ship Atlantic of this port. The discovery was made by his second mate, Mr. Owen Spooner, while on whaling ground in the South Pacific. Mr. S. spoke about the matter to Capt. H. and to the first and third mates. They treated the matter with, not to say contempt, but with extreme doubt. After the fourth trial Mr. S. succeeded in bringing his object to perfection as compared with one of the best of Dent's chronometers, of London. I know this to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

CHARLES H. CHASE.

Saw Sea Serpent Off This Island.

Francis Joy, Jr., of Nantucket, once saw a sea serpent off this island, in spite of the fact that some folks claim such a creature never existed. Francis Joy, Jr., was a perfectly reliable person, too, but to give strength to his statement in the mind of the public at large, when he saw the sea serpent he went before Josiah Hussey, a Justice of the Peace, and took oath to a statement that has remained on record and undisputed a full century.

This all happened in 1821—a century ago. Francis Joy, Jr., climbed up in the tower one day to look for vessels. He took with him a powerful telescope and it was then that he saw the sea serpent cavorting in the water south of the island. The incident was recorded by The Nantucket Inquirer and Mr. Joy's affidavit was published in the weekly paper. Believing that it is of more than casual interest, we re-print it herewith:

Nantucket, Sept. 27.

I, Francis Joy, Jr., of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, merchant, do hereby certify that at about half past 9 o'clock this morning I ascended the Tower in this town having an excellent telescope, and while I was engaged in looking out for vessels I caught sight of the Sea Serpent which was about one mile from the south shore and about three and a half miles from the Tower. I had a clear and distinct view of him for about one hour. It appeared to be about one hundred feet in length; its head was about six feet above water and about the size of a barrel. The following is as true and correct a description of it as I am able to draw.

Francis Joy, Jr.

Nantucket, Sept. 27, 1821.

Then, Francis Joy, Jr., a respectable merchant of this town, personally appeared before me and made solemn oath that the facts contained in the above certificate are true. And that the following description of the Sea Serpent he saw this day is as correct as he is capable of drawing.

Josiah Hussey,

Justice of the Peace.

That sworn statement has stood undisputed a full century. Scientists are showing us from time to time that huge creatures many times larger than elephants once inhabited the earth and to prove the statements unearth their bones. If mammoth creatures inhabited the earth, who can say that the sea serpent did not once swim in the waters of the deep? Francis Joy, Jr., said he saw one in 1821. Does anybody question his statement?

Bought Model of Constitution.

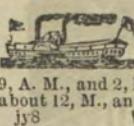
The handsome model of the hull of whaleship Constitution, which has for more than thirty years been in the possession of Capt. John Killen, and prior to that was owned by Edward W. Perry, has been sold this week to George L. Carlisle, Jr.

This model is of the second Nantucket ship named Constitution, which was owned by the firm of Charles G. and Henry Coffin. It has been hanging on the wall in Captain Killen's office on lower Main street for many years—admired by all who could appreciate this class of work. Captain Killen has received many offers for it, but has turned them down until recently, when Mr. Carlisle succeeded in purchasing the model.

The Constitution was the first ship to be taken out in the "camels" in September, 1842. Her last voyage was made under command of Capt. Joseph Winslow, leaving Nantucket in September, 1852, and returning in July, 1856, with 1600 barrels of sperm and 130 barrels of whale oil. The ship was broken up at the end of the voyage.

Mr. Carlisle, who has bought the Constitution's model, is a grandson of the late Henry Coffin, one of the owners of the ship.

**Steam Yacht
ISLAND BELLE**

 IS now making her usual regular trips between Town and Wauwinet, leaving her landing, at the Restaurant, Steamboat Wharf, at 9 A.M., and 2 P.M., and reaching town again at about 12 M., and 5 P.M.
J.W. WILLIAM FITZGERALD, Master.

Schooner For Sale.

The hull of the schooner Ada C. Shull is offered for sale. Any reasonable offer will not be refused. Apply to Island Service Company, Nantucket, Mass. Telephone 10.

1286

Oct. 19, 1935

Humane Society's Equipment Bought by Henry Ford.

The last of the Humane Houses on Nantucket Island was disposed of this week, and its complete equipment has passed into the possession of Henry Ford. Mr. R. J. Sennott, personal representative of Mr. Ford, came down to the Island on Thursday, and closed the deal with Philip A. Williams, the Society's agent here.

This particular Humane House is in the village of 'Sconset, standing at the North Gully. Mr. Sennott was pleased to find the equipment complete and in fine condition. For many years it has been in charge of Charles C. Morris, of 'Sconset.

The equipment consists of the usual longboat and gear, life preservers, breeches buoy and its shore-prop, the life-gun, with lines, running gear and powder keg, and a number of other interesting things. These articles will all be taken to the Greenwich Village in Dearborn, Michigan, where the famous Ford collection is located.

Mr. Williams, who, by the way, was the first Ford representative in this state some thirty-two years ago, has been trying to get Mr. Ford interested in the Society's last complete life-saving apparatus on this island, and was naturally very much pleased to learn that Mr. Sennott was coming down.

Mr. Sennott has charge of the renowned Wayside Inn in Sudbury, and, just before coming here, had charge of the removal of the Noah Webster House in Connecticut to the Dearborn group of historic structures.

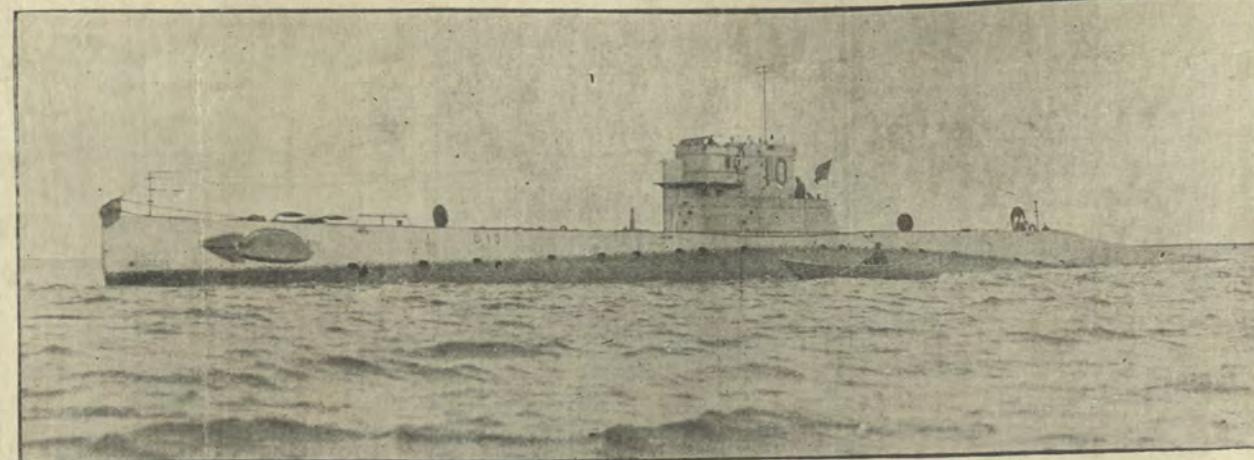
For more than a century the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained houses along the shore-line of this island. Before the advent of the Life-Saving stations and the Coast Guard these houses were utilized in performing numerous rescues when ships were wrecked. They have long since become familiar objects, and one of "the red barns," as they were called, has been a land-mark near the head of Hummock Pond for more than half a century.

Most of the structures have been saved by their purchasers. Herman Hagedorn, the author, several years ago purchased the one which stood on Great Point, moving it to Quidnet and converted into a fine dwelling. The Hummock Pond house was recently purchased by Mr. R. S. Blair. The 'Sconset building was purchased by Henry Coffin Everett.

The last time the equipment purchased by Mr. Ford was used in rescue work was in 1914, when Charles C. Morris and a crew of 'Sconseters ran the life-boat into the surf and pulled well off-shore to board the barkentine *Beatrice*, stranded on the dangerous Bass Rip. This occurred on August 23, 1914.

Those manning the life-boat on that occasion were: Charles C. Morris, Horace Folger, Roland H. Coffin, James P. Coffin, Edward F. Coffin, George S. Davis, William Egan, Stillman C. Cash, Arthur C. Folger, and Harold Folger.

Mr. Morris was awarded \$40 by the Society, and the others \$3 each. Only three of that group are now living—Charles Morris, James and Edward Coffin. One of the band of rescuers, Horace Folger, died this week.



THE O-10, FIRST SUBMARINE TO ENTER NANTUCKET HARBOR, OCT. 21, 1919

Early on Tuesday morning, October 21, 1919, there was a stir of excitement throughout the town at the unusual news that a submarine had entered the harbor. Many spectators at once rushed to the wharves where a large submarine was sighted at anchor near Hussey Shoal. She proved to be the O-10, a new ship from the New London base.

Her commander, Captain Donahue, told local fishermen that as his craft drew 15 feet of water he did not dare come further into the basin. But he was informed there was plenty of water at Island Service Wharf and proceeded to go into the dock on the south side and put out mooring lines.

Most of the townspeople went down to inspect the exterior of the craft.

The O-10 was on a survey expedition. At that time the navy department was seeking a more complete survey of the water depths in the sound, realizing how meagre were the charts available for war purposes during the preceding years.

The submarine left the next day for New London. She did not submerge at any time while in sight of the many watchers from shore, heading toward Great Point and evidently intending more survey work to the east of the island.

* * * * *

Due to the numerous shoals stretching for miles all about the island, Nantucket is well protected from the operations of under-sea craft. When the U-53 sunk six steamers near the

lightship, a number of off-island news-gathering agencies believed her ~~class~~ to Nantucket, when in reality the German submarine was 43 miles to the southeast (where the lightship is stationed, with a waste of treacherous shoals in between. In July, 1918, when barges were sunk off Chatham on the Cape, the U-boat was still 20 miles from these shores, and did not dare risk the passage through Pollock Rip into the sound, where far richer prizes could have been obtained.

Despite their menace to shipping, Nantucket's shoals have proven a bulwark against hurricanes and submarines. Of course, as a schooling place for fish they have been the focal point for fishing operations over three centuries.

Oct. 1934

To Build "Rainbow" Boats at Nantucket.

The Nantucket Boat Works is to build four or more of the "rainbow boats" for the members of the Nantucket Yacht Club this spring, to be ready for service next summer. These little craft, with their colored sails, were pleasing dots on the harbor last summer and created considerable interest not only among the club members, but among the islanders themselves. That four more of the "rainbow boats" are to be added to the fleet is good news.

Clarence Gennett, the vice-commander of the Yacht Club, is greatly interested in the growth of the "rainbow fleet" and has recently sent out to the club members a rather novel appeal. It is a phonograph record which carries a mid-winter greeting from Mr. Gennett and a suggestion that orders for more of the attractive little cat-boats be placed with the Nantucket Boat Works.

Placing the record on the machine, one listens to this message:

The "rainbow fleet" should sail this summer sixteen strong.

The Nantucket Boat Works will build for us four or more "rainbow" boats just like the present ones, at \$475 each, delivery in May or June.

We ask you as a member of the Nantucket Yacht Club to help us make the racing at the club a feature of the summer at Nantucket.

This appeal to our members from our Vice-Commodore to buy a boat is made in the spirit of Nantucket and each member is requested to join our fleet with the "rainbow" sails and race with us on the afternoons of Independence Day, Labor Day and each Saturday during the season.

Do it now! Write the Vice-Commodore, Clarence Gennett, 102 South Eighteenth street, Richmond, Indiana, placing your order for a "rainbow" cat built on the island.

Ask the owner of a "rainbow" boat how they sail and if they are not safe for children and grown-ups. They are loads of fun, fresh air and salt water.

Join us now. Do not put it off. Act today.

The Vice-Commodore will be pleased to have a letter from you by return mail.

Can you not smell the salt as you round Brant Point on the Sankaty or Gay Head?

Yours for Nantucket,
The Nantucket Yacht Club.

The schooner *Hamilton*, recently employed as a packet between this place and New Bedford, has been sold to parties in Providence. Her place on the route will be supplied by schooner *Susan*. Capt. Wm. Fitzgerald will command her.

Jan. 27 1923



The schooner "Alice S. Wentworth" awaiting a breeze after unloading coke at Cash Coal Company. The year is 1930.

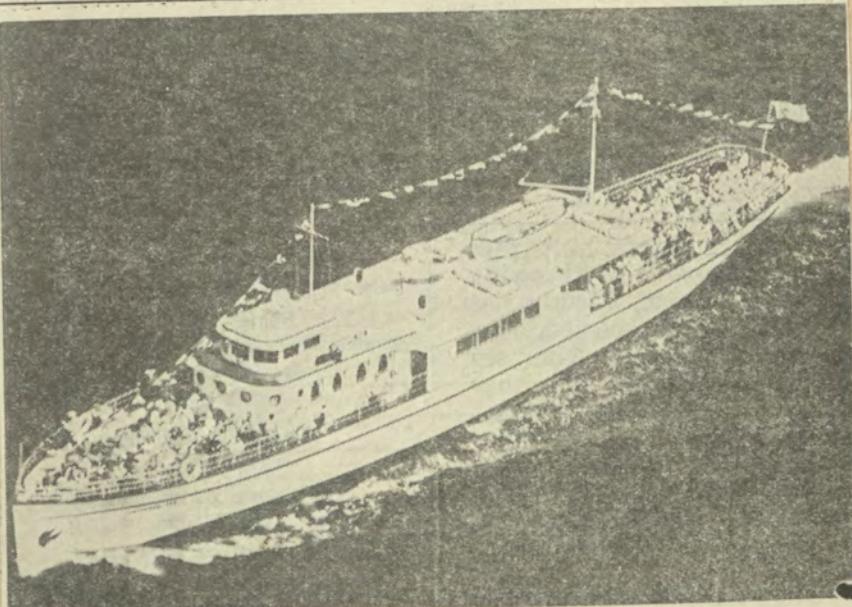
April 17, 1959



Fishermen from the old "Petrel" busy on the nets in the Chord of the Bay. The photo was taken some time before 1920. Does anyone recognize any of the fishermen?

Feb. 10, 1961

MASS. FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1960



THE CATHERINE TEK starts a regular schedule to this island tomorrow. The Nantucket Express Lines vessel will leave Hyannis at 10:00 a.m., arrive at Island Service Wharf at 12:00 noon, and return to Hyannis at 3:30 p.m., arriving at that port about two hours later.



Capt. Parker J. Hall at the wheel of the "Alice S. Wentworth" at Nantucket, July 10, 1943.

Apr. 24, 1951

Mishap to the Abel W. Parker.

Schooner Abel W. Parker, in beating out over the bar early Saturday morning, misstayed and sagged on to the outer end of the eastern jetty, where she stuck fast. The steamer, on her outward trip, stopped and hauled on her some time but was unable to start her. She floated at high water in the afternoon, however, and came back to the wharf, leaking badly.

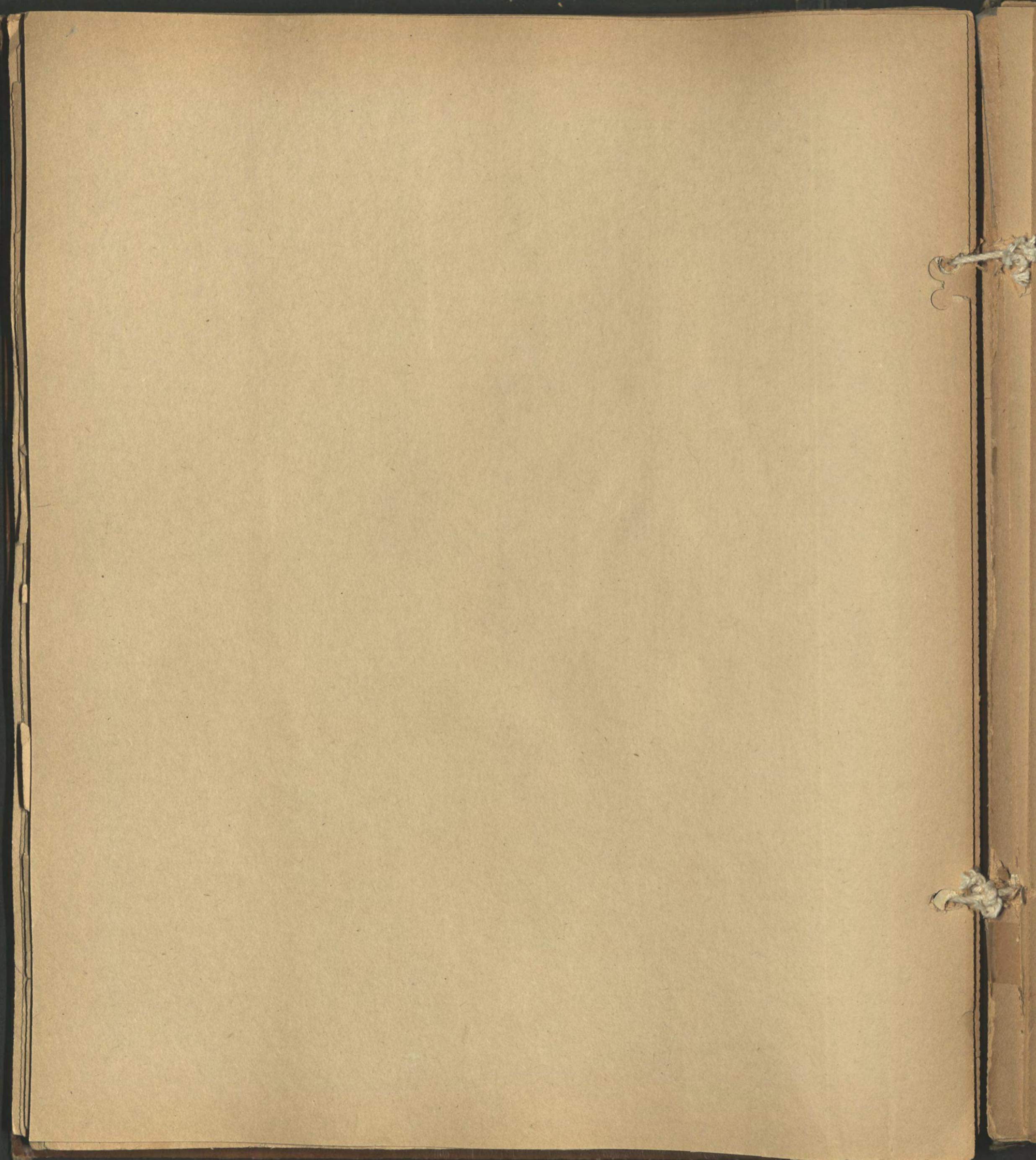
A sail was drawn under her fore-quarter, over the leak and she was otherwise fixed up during the day Sunday and left for New Bedford early Monday morning with an extra crew on board to assist in pumping. She arrived at Vineyard Haven in the afternoon where a stop was made and the leak located and stopped by a diver. She subsequently proceeded to New Bedford where she will go on to the ways for repairs.

Capt. Snow informed the writer that the damage was trifling but the delay very annoying as he was chartered to bring a load of coal for Capt. Killen. After that trip he was intending to go on to the ways to paint and fix up and had the paint therefore on board at the time. This accident, however, necessitates his doing so immediately and delays his trip accordingly. This is the first mishap which has occurred to the Parker under his command.

May 18, 1891

"John Spankelina"

is the name borne by the new barge recently constructed for Capt. John Killen and which now rests propped up on blockings—a huge black hulk, suggesting to the observer from a distance, that the ark has drifted ashore on the Old North wharf. The barge will be supplied with a steam engine and hoisting apparatus and will be utilized in dredging docks, unloading vessels, for rafting purposes, etc. It is 35 feet long 17 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and has a carrying capacity of 75 tons. It will probably be launched and formally christened with imposing ceremony some time next week.



The "Yankee" and Other Odd Rigs.

Editors of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Some time ago, in looking through the January, 1949, issue of the "Geographic" I found the story called "The Yankee's Wander-world" by Capt. Irving Johnson and his wife, Electa. It included several pictures of the *Yankee* under partial and full sail, some in light air and others in a good breeze. Capt. Johnson, in the story, always refers to the *Yankee* as a brigantine.

In a conversation with him in the fall of 1949, he said: "She is rather an odd rig and is not strictly a brigantine."

In the log-book of the whaleship *Geo. Washington* (presumably kept by the mate), whenever they "spoke" a vessel he sketched in (at the left of the day's entry) a picture of her, correctly rigged and later colored it in with water colors.

Several craft of the rig of the *Yankee* were spoken and alluded to in the entry as "schooners."

In the entry-way of the Nantucket Whaling Museum hangs a fine oil painting of the "Schr. *Heroine*, Geo. W. Hussey, Master, bound to Chagres, March, 1850." She is rigged precisely the same as the *Yankee* as regards sail, but she has rather a short foremast and long fore-topmast, while the *Yankee's* foremast appears to be a single pole-mast, minus hounds, trestle-trees, bolsters, etc. Her fore-shrouds seem to fasten to eyes projecting from a band similar to a futtock-band. She crosses 3 yards and has both topmast and topgallant back-stays. She seems to be a combination of a topsail and a square-sail schooner.

Some of the "hermaphrodite" brigs (they were also called "schooner-brigs" and "Jackass brigs") were rigged with a foremast somewhat shorter than the main and an extra long fore-topmast. Years ago, several of this rig came from St. Malo and other French ports and spent the summer on the various "banks," dry-salted their catch and returned to France with it.

The *Yankee's* foresail (square sail) is all one sail. In some vessels they were in two sections. Generally, they were hauled out on the yard-arms by hoops and a tackle. The *Yankee's* square foresail seems to be equipped with iron thimbles fastened close together to the "head-rope" (bolt rope) of the sail and apparently slides on a "jack-stay" on the under side of the yard.

When not set it is stowed forward of the foremast, and the gaskets (at least the foot) are passed around the mast itself.

On the main she carries a fore and aft sail mainsail, with the usual gaff and boom, and above the mainsail the three-cornered "gaff- topsail" set by halliards, sheet and tack, and was taken in by a clewline and stowed on either side of the masthead, according to the tack the vessel was on when the sail was "clewed up." The tack was hauled aloft and the sheet unhooked and taken to the lower block of the throat halliards temporarily.

If the *Yankee* carried either one or two square sails at the main-topmast, instead of the gaff- topsail, she might then be called a brigantine.

The last American "topsail-schooner" was the *Era*, last sailing from New London, Conn. She was built in Essex, Mass., in 1847, and was a packet between Boston and New York. Later she became a whaler and a Hudson Bay trader. She was once commanded by Capt. Tim Clisby, of Nantucket, and George (Tucker) Coffin, of Nantucket, was mate with him. Capt. Clisby died on the coast of Greenland and was buried there.

The *Era* sailed July 21, 1906, on what proved to be her last voyage and was lost July 29 near St. Pierre-Miquelon. She carried two square topsails on the fore-topmast and a gaff-headed mainsail and three-cornered topsail above it.

While in Perth Amboy in 1907, with a Swedish-Finn skipper, loading cement, a large four-masted schooner came in there to load cement for the West Indies.

She carried on the foremast an immense yard and sail which, I believe, was lowered to the deck to lay on the bulwarks when not in use. They were not of much use except in running.

"What kind of a rig is that?" I asked the skipper.

"Oh," he said, "that have a square-s'l skonner (schooner)."

Perhaps the most famous of these schooners with square sails was the *Louise H. Randall*, a four-masted, built in East Boston, and at the time of her launching the largest schooner ever built in Massachusetts. The late Fred V. Fuller, of Nantucket, was a guest on board at the launching. She was skippered by Capt. William Randall, of Vineyard Haven, and was lost off Smith's Point, on the south side of Long Island, Nov. 23, 1893, in a terrific southeaster. Capt. Randall, his wife, and the crew, were rescued by a boat from the wrecking steamer *I. J. Merritt*, after being in the fore and main rigging 26 hours.

She carried two raffees above the yard but the one to windward was the one often set, as the one to leeward did not always "pull" well.

Capt. Randall suffered such an impairment of health from the exposure that he remained ashore, and operated the harbor-boat *Susie D* in Vineyard Haven for several years.

While towing out of Pascagoula, in the *Macerato*, we passed the "square-sail" 4-masted *DeWitt C. Brown*, bound in—(this was in 1925). It is rather an odd coincidence that the skipper's son who was aboard at that time—aged 6 years—should later (1946) come to Nantucket and, with his wife, spend an evening at my home. He was then at the University of Pennsylvania.

I recall seeing in Marseilles in 1926 two white topsail schooners, unloading cargoes of oranges from the Balearic Islands. They were Spanish and one was named *San Miguel*. They were being discharged by women stevedores, who carried the baskets on their heads to the weighing scales, then loaded them onto 2-wheel carts.

Still further along the quay, at a section called "Vieux Port," two Italian schooner-brigs were unloading—one scrap-iron, the other wine-barrel staves (in shooks). One I recall hailed from the Italian port of Corregio. This rig was quite common in the Mediterranean.

The Roux family of French marine artists painted many of this rig, both in oil and water colors, some of them are to be found in this country.

When in Southampton, England, one winter, I saw lying at the dock, the small iron-hulled 3-masted square-sail schooner caller the *Ianthe*. She was in the clay-trade between Ghent and various English ports. The old mate, an ex-master, told me he had been "in sail" sixty-eight years!

While lying in Amboy in 1924, the schooner *T. C. Pendleton* waiting to go into dry-dock, the 4-masted schooner *Lieut. Sam Mengel* came into the river near us. We had in the fo'e'sle an old New Bedford whaler who was once aboard the *Mengel*. He had sailed his last whaling voyage in the *Margaret*. The *Mengel* was said to be the last American square-sail schooner in the merchant fleet.

Some of the earlier square-sail schooners in this country had three masts and the mizzen was shorter than the fore and main masts. George Wasson, in his and Lincoln Colcord's monumental "Sailing Days on the Penobscot," tells of one such craft his grandfather built in West Brookville, Maine, and said to be have been the first three-masted to take a cargo of lumber out of the Bangor River. Built in 1867, she was lost on her first voyage to the West Indies.

Wallace N. Long.
Nantucket, March 20.

[Mr. Long is Custodian of the Nantucket Whaling Museum. He has made a number of voyages in sail on several schooners.]

MARCH 24, 1951.

More About Tops'l Schooners and Old Sailing Days.

[Continuing his account of various types of "square-sail schooner" rigs, of which he wrote last week, Wallace N. Long writes as follows:]

Some of the earliest topsail schooners also carried three masts (the mizzen in these also being shorter than the others), and one of these I think was called the *Aurora* and was built in Ellsworth, Maine, in 1831.

The *Magnolia* was the first of these vessels to dispense with the top-sail yards and thus became the first American strictly "fore'n'aft" three-masted schooner, though strictly retaining her shorter mizzen-mast. The first three-masted with equal length masts was the *Kate Brigham*, built in Greenpoint (Brooklyn) in 1853. The first of this rig to enter Nantucket harbor was the *Sally M. Evans*.

Rather scarce in comparison with other rigs were the "barkentines." The last one in Nantucket waters, perhaps, was the *Culdoon*, which was stranded at Nobadeer in March, 1898. She was from Cape Town to Boston, with wool. She was quickly re-floated and went for several years. She hailed from St. Johns, N. B.

The *Culdoon* had the usual three masts though some had 4 and even 5 masts. Only the foremast was "square-rigged," the other masts carried fore-and-aft sails. The *Emerys*, of Boston, owned three of these vessels at one time, and they were mostly in the South American trade.

Perhaps the last square-rigged merchant vessel to be in Nantucket harbor was the *Frederick Schepp*. She took the water in Northport, L. I., in 1877, as the topsail schooner *Emma Ritch*. Later she was owned by Leopold Shepp, the "cocoanut king," and was re-named and re-rigged as a brig and was in the West India trade.

As a "schooner-brig" she was driven on the east end of Nantucket bar on Jan. 30, 1908, in a gale, while on a voyage from South Amboy, N. J., to Vinal Haven, Me., with coal. She was stripped and re-floated in April, 1908, brought into the harbor by the steamer *Petrel*, and grounded just east of the former Wallace boat-house. She was later towed to Mystic, Conn., and later bought by Cape Verdeans. In getting out of the harbor of Brava in a light 'air, she was carried onto a ledge by the current and wrecked. She was then rigged as a 3-masted schooner and named the *Fairhaven*.

Out of New Bedford at the turn of the century were four hermaphrodite brigs three of which were whalers. They were the *Lenora*, *Daisy* and *Sullivan*. The fourth was the *Harry Smith*, which sometimes took out supplies for the whalers and brought home oil from such ports as Cape Town, Los Palmas, St. Helena, Montevideo, Dominica, etc., wherever left by whaling captains to be sent home. They were all Maine-built vessels.

I forgot, in writing about barkentine-rigs, to mention the small barkentine *Jane A. Falkenberg*, which was built in New Bedford. Named for Capt. Falkenberg's wife, who went in her with her husband to the Pacific on her first voyage, the *Falkenberg* remained in the Pacific and is credited with the longest service of any sailing craft on that ocean.

Now to the New Bedford whaling brigs. The *Daisy* was commanded by Capt. Ben Cleveland, of Edgartown, on four voyages to South Georgia and Desolation islands after sea-elephant oil, and "whaled it" on the voyages out and back. We had a seaman in the *Charles H. Trickey*, in 1909, who had been with Capt. Cleveland on his third voyage in the *Daisy*. Capt. Ben Cleveland made his last voyage in 1921 in the schooner *William A. Graber*. It was off the brig *Daisy* that Robert Cushman Murphy got the material for his excellent book, "Logbook For Grace." The brig was lost at sea en route to Europe with cargo during the First World War.

While working ashore in New Bedford in 1907, I watched from Fairhaven bridge a whaling brig coming in by Palmer's Island under all sail in good "souther." Another watcher said: "It's the *Lenora*." I am not sure that it was her.

There are two men living in Nantucket who sailed in the *Sullivan* on different voyages. She was built as a lumber carrier and had the usual "timber-ports" in her bows.

over

Owned mostly by Daniel Emery, of Boston, she was chartered by a Norwich (Conn.) doctor and Capt. Haggerty and fitted out as a whaler. On one of her voyages, the crew, in a mutinous mood, considered loosening one of her bow ports (these fastened inside the hull by a cross-timber and turn-screws) and letting the water fill her.

On a later voyage and her last, she dragged onto the breakwater at St. George and became a total loss. The younger of the two men (now living here) swam out to her some time after to try to recover her papers, but he became entangled among the wreckage in the water and was nearly lost (1912).

Later, Capt. Haggerty took the whaling bark *Alice Knowles*, and she was lost with all hands at sea.

One more "schooner brig" sailed out of New Bedford whaling in 1911. She was built in Fair Haven (Conn.) for the West Indies trade and was called the *T. Towner*.

A vessel, originally a schooner-brig, brought a cargo of coal here for the steamboat company about 1909-10. She was called the *Cora Green* and hailed from Bangor. She was schooner-rigged then and still retained the sheaves in her bulwarks by which the "fore-course" was trimmed.

This rig was almost invariably referred to by consuls, shipping commissioners, captains and crews as a "brig," and by these tokens, no doubt, Capt. Johnson chooses to call the *Yankee* a brigantine.

Wallace N. Long.
Nantucket, Mass.

MARCH 31st, 1951.

Rigs of the Nine Principal Types of American Sailing Vessels.

Through the kindness of a subscriber, we have been allowed to print for the benefit of our readers the following article on the rigging of the nine principal types of American sailing vessels.

The article appeared originally in pamphlet form, under the auspices of The Marine Research Society, and was re-published in 1937 by the Peabody Museum in Salem, Mass. Accompanying the description of each of the vessels was a drawing of the vessel, a silhouette drawn by Charles G. Davis. We tried to secure the use of the cuts illustrating the vessels but have been unable to locate them.

Since there is a perennial discussion regarding the "Yankee", our readers may peruse the description of the brigantine and the top-sail schooner and decide for themselves.

* * * * *

SLOOP

The sloop is a small vessel with one mast and fore-and-aft rig. The main-sail is attached to a gaff at the head and a boom at the foot. It has a gaff topsail and a jib running on a stay to the end of the bowsprit. This has been the commonest one-masted rig along the American coast for more than two centuries, though in various forms, differing according to use and locality.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1951

BARKENTINE

The barkentine is a vessel of at least three masts, differing from the bark in the fore-and-aft rigging of its mainmast. The foremast (made in three spars) is square-rigged, but the mainmast and mizzenmast both carry hoist-and-lower mainsails and gaff topsails for the schooner type—a rig adapted for handling by a small crew. The addition of one or two schooner-rigged masts made the vessel a four- or five-masted barkentine.

BRIG

The brig is a vessel with two masts (fore and main), both of which are square-rigged. On the mainmast there is a standing gaff to which is rigged a small fore-and-aft sail. There are three classes of brigs: the full-rigged brig, the brigantine and the hermaphrodite brig. In all three the foremast is made in three spars and square-rigged, but the mainmast is differently rigged in each type. A snow was an early variant of the full-rigged brig, having a small try-sail mast abaft the mainmast.

BRIGANTINE

The brigantine is also a vessel of two masts. The foremast is made in three spars and square-rigged like that of the full-rigged brig. The mainmast, however, is made in two spars, and carries a fore-and-aft mainsail, above which are two or three yards on which are carried a square main-topsail and (in the case of three main yards) a topgallantsail. There is no sail carried on the lower, or main, yard.

HERMAPHRODITE BRIG

The hermaphrodite brig is a vessel with the foremast of a brig and the mainmast of a schooner. The foremast is identical with that of the full-rigged brig. The mainmast is made in two spars and carries no yards. It has a fore-and-aft mainsail and a gaff topsail. By having the complicated square sail rig only on one mast a smaller crew could man the vessel, and so this type of half brig, half schooner was very frequently constructed.

TOPSAIL SCHOONER

The topsail schooner is a two-masted vessel, the mainmast of which has a fore-and-aft mainsail and gaff topsail identical to those of an ordinary schooner. Both masts are made in two spars, but the lower foremast is a little shorter than the corresponding spar of the mainmast, and the topmast is a little longer. The foremast and sails carried on it are exactly like the mainmast of a brigantine, i.e., a fore-and-aft foresail, above which are yards carrying square fore-topsail and fore-topgallantsail.

THREE-MASTED SCHOONER

The schooner is a vessel of two or more masts, fore-and-aft rigged. The fore and main sails are suspended from gaffs and laced to booms on the foot of the sails. The most popular type was the three-masted schooner, which could be handled by a captain, mate, cook and four men, but the earliest type was the two-masted vessel, and in modern times the number of masts was often increased. In the present century one seven-masted schooner was built.

BARK

The bark is a three-masted vessel with foremast and mainmast square-rigged, and the mizzenmast (third mast) fore-and-aft rigged. The mizzenmast carried no yards: there is a hoist-and-lower fore-and-aft sail and a gaff topsail. In comparatively recent times four- and five-masted iron barks have been built—ships so long and narrow that they would break their own backs if built of wood.

SHIP

The term ship is properly restricted to the full-rigged ship, that is, a large square-rigged vessel, carrying three masts, each of these being composed of a lower-mast, top-mast and top-gallant-mast, and each being provided with yards and carrying a full complement of square sails. After 1850, the topsails were generally divided into upper and lower, for convenience in handling.

A young friend handed us a few days since a copy of the Nantucket Inquirer of June 16, 1832, at that time this journal was published weekly. A correspondent in this number bitterly complains of the unlawful practice then followed of "leaving Carts, trucks, barrels, boxes, &c., in the street in the night time, and calls upon the editor to inform him what he is to do, as he can obtain no redress from the authorities appointed to keep the streets in order, when as he says, 'my door is blocked up so as to make it difficult or impossible for me to get into my place of business? and how am I to obtain amends for a broken shin or a bruised arm in stumbling over these obstacles? Would that we had occasion for similar complaints at the present time, consequent upon the prosperity and business activity of the place.

We extract the following news items from this sheet, which interested us and will doubtless entertain the reader:—

The steamboat *Victory*, Capt. Smith, arrived at this place on Monday last, on her way to Boston, between which place and Portland she is to run in opposition to the *Connecticut*, Capt. Porter.

Immediately on the arrival of the boat, the crier was despatched throughout the town, to give notice that she would leave this place for Boston, the next morning at nine o'clock, and the terms of the passage were also stated. An advertisement of the same tenor was posted up in the boat. Several gentlemen also conferred with Capt. Smith, and agreed to go with him. Notwithstanding this, and without any notice to the contrary, the boat left the wharf at fifteen minutes past eight, and about twenty passengers who had prepared to go in her to Boston, were disappointed. If Capt. Smith expects to succeed in his opposition to the *Connecticut*, by such measures, we trust that he will find, at the end of the season, that he has reckoned without his host.

The steamboat *King Phillip* will visit this place on Sunday the 24th inst. and remain a day or two, for the purpose of making excursions. We hope that she may receive a liberal patronage. This boat is said to be of uncommon swiftness, and as the *Telegraph* which is now building for this place, is of the same dimensions and upon the same model, our citizens will now have an opportunity to see the probable operation of their own boat.

The steamboat *Telegraph*, of this place, was launched at New York on Tuesday last.

Nov. 19, 1858

STEAMER ISLAND BELLE has been chartered for the season by Mr. Frederick C. Gifford, of Somerville, and will run between town and Wauwinet, commencing on Monday, July 4th. Capt. William Fitzgerald will command her, he having resigned his position as master of the tug A. H. Glover, and Mr. Gifford will act as engineer. The "Belle" has received thorough repair since last season. She has a new engine, built to order, and the boiler has been fitted with new tubes, and everything about her is now in the best possible condition. There is but little need of our recommending her to the public as a pleasant conveyance, for this is a fact that is generally known, she having won deserved popularity under the same management two years ago. We wish Mr. Gifford a success of his venture.

July 2, 1861

The New, Commodious & Fast-Sailing YACHT MAIA,

Captain William C. Dunham,

WILL lie at Straight Wharf, foot of Main street, Nantucket, Mass., during the season, in readiness to take parties out sailing, Bluefishing, Sharking and Scupping. Will make moonlight excursions to Wauwinet and other shore resorts, when desired. The yacht has all modern conveniences. All orders left with E. W. Perry & Co., or Joseph B. Macy, will receive immediate attention.

Lecture on "Clipper Ships" by Dr. Park.

"It is said that the only improvements that man has made on nature are in the sight of a New England church steeple against the skyline and the sail and the ship at sea." With these thought-stirring words Dr. Charles E. Park opened his lecture on "Clipper Ships" last Monday evening, at the Yacht Club.

Dr. Park gave his audience a bit of autobiography when he told how he had been born in Bombay, India, where his father was a minister. At the age of seven he went with his parents on board a ship in the harbor, where a tea-party was held in the cabin. It was his first time aboard a sailing ship and he told how his love for such craft was instantly born.

Stereoptican views were used by Dr. Park throughout the lecture. The first slide depicted the first craft built by the Puritans in New England—a small pinnace constructed under the orders of Governor Winthrop. And so the audience was taken back to the very beginning of shipbuilding—to the start of an industry which was to culminate in the construction of the "Yankee clipper", a craft that possessed all the ingenuity and the cleverness of the American shipwright.

The inception of shipbuilding in the Massachusetts Bay Colony was the result of actual necessity. When the Puritan government of old England was overthrown, the colonists of New England were cast upon their own resources. All about them was the primeval forest, a circling barrier to all hope of wresting a living from the land. But there was the sea, and the resourceful colonists began to build small ships to catch the fish, of which there was an abundance. The cod-fish became the first article of exchange and barter. Building larger ships, the colonists took cargoes of dried and salt codfish to the West Indies and to the Catholic countries of southern Europe, bringing back all the goods necessary to their livelihood.

The great forests supplied the builders with the best of material for their ships; workmen came over from England to teach them the art of building; soon the New England ship was excelling all others.

With the growing of the colonist trade, impeded somewhat by the wars between England and France, came the jealousy arising among the English merchants, especially the great East India Company which so monopolized the tea trade with the East Indies.

There followed the English navigation laws and other restrictions on the commerce of the Colonies, which culminated in the Revolution. Here, the shipbuilders began to sacrifice the

Continued on Fifth Page

Aug. 21, 1913

1849

MARINE DISASTER.—Schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port, was sunk by collision with schooner Mary Standish on Saturday last, during a dense fog, a few miles E. S. E. of Penfield Reef light. Capt. Brooks and his men arrived here Tuesday by steamer, and from him we gleaned the following facts relative to the disaster. The Mary E. Crosby left Port Johnston, N. J., in the morning for this place, having a cargo of coal for the Steamboat Company. A dense fog prevailed in Long Island Sound, and Capt. Brooks was attempting to reach Huntington harbor, when a vessel loomed up close upon them. Each saw the other at the same time, and orders to hard down were given and obeyed on both vessels; but it was too late to prevent a collision. The Mary Standish struck the Mary E. Crosby just forward of the main rigging, cutting her to the water's edge. Finding his vessel was in a sinking condition, Capt. Brooks and crew turned their attention to clearing the other vessel, which was so entangled as to be in danger of being swamped by the sinking of the disabled craft. By lively work she was freed, and when his crew had saved their personal effects, Capt. Brooks followed them on board the Mary Standish. In thirty minutes from the time of the collision the damaged vessel sank in nine fathoms of water, first heeling over upon her broadside. Capt. Brooks and his men were landed at Vineyard Haven, and from there took their boat, which was saved, and went to Cotage City, where they met the steamer for Nantucket.

The Mary E. Crosby (formerly the Imogene Diverty) was purchased by her late owners in February last, one-half interest being held by Philadelphia parties, five-sixteenths by Nantucket parties, and the rest by people of Greenport and New York. She was valued at \$6000, and her cargo at \$1200. So far as can be learned, there was but little insurance on the vessel (none held here). We are gratified to learn that the cargo was insured at its full value, and that the Steamboat Company have ordered another to supply its place, which is now on its way hither.

Capt. Brooks says that in his experience of twenty-four years in command of coasting vessels, this is his first serious mishap, and he very naturally is sorely troubled by it. He expresses himself as being deeply impressed by the kindness extended to himself and crew by Capt. James Davis, of the Mary Standish, as well as for the courtesies shown by the officers of the Island Home. An effort will be made to procure him another vessel, which we trust will prove successful.

Dec. 13, 1884

PICKED UP,
In the Cod of the Bay, 26th ult., a stick of Yellow Pine Timber. The owner can have the same by paying charges. THOS. HAMILTON.
Jan 1-31

PICKED UP,
At the South side of the Island, a quantity of Manila Hemp, and a small lot of Dye Wood. The owner can have the same by paying charges. Dec 30-31. EDWARD ORPIN.

1851

GENERAL GIFT.—On Saturday last Capt. Matthew Crosby, in whose storehouse the sails, etc., of the Italian bark were stored, called on Mr. Peter Folger, agent, and directed him to pay to Mrs. Nickerson, whose husband was killed the day previous by falling from aloft, the sum of \$30. It was the generous gift of a noble and large-hearted gentleman.

1877

(For the Inquirer and Mirror.
ALEC. DUNHAM'S BOAT.

There she lies at her moorings,
The little two-master,
Answering not now
The call of disaster,
Loose swings the rudder,
Unshipped the tiller—
Crossing the Bar so,
One sea would fill her!

Foresail and mainsail
In loose folds are lying;
Naked the mast-heads are—
No pennon flying;
Sea-weed and wreck
Alike may drift past her;
Here lies the pilot-boat—
Where is her master?

Lantern at Great Point,
Brightly it burneth;
Beacon on Brant Point
The signal returneth.
Far out to sea
Sankaty flashes;
White on the shore
The crested wave dashes.

Strident North-easter
And smoky Sou'-wester
Call for the pilot-boat,
Eager to test her.
And a ship on the Bar,
Just where the waves cast her!
Moored lies the pilot-boat—
Where is her master?

Oh, barque driving in,
God send that you see her,
Past Tuckernuck shoals,
The reefs of Muskeget.
There go minute guns;
Now faster and faster—
But no more to their aid
Flies the little two-master.

For the pilot one night
Left his boat as you see her—
Light moored, that if signal came
He ready might free her.
But not from her moorings
Did the pilot's hand cast her,
Though a signal he answered—
One set by the Master.

Gone, say you, and whither?
You ask me which way
Went good pilot as ever
Brought ship into bay?
Who shall say how he cast off,
If to starboard or larboard?
But of one thing I'm sure—
The pilot's safe harbored!

C. H. W.
NANTUCKET, Dec. 3d, 1884.

MEDAL.—Mr. Thomas F. Sandsbury last week received a medal from the Massachusetts Humane Society for his gallant conduct in rescuing distressed seamen in the late severe gales. It bears the following inscription: "Reward of Merit to Thomas F. Sandsbury for his brave and successful efforts in saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners, in the severe gales of 1878 and 1879."

May 24, 1871

MERITED REWARD.—The prompt recognition by the Massachusetts Humane Society of the services of Mr. Thomas F. Sandsbury and his boat's crew, in saving life and relieving distressed seamen after the gale of the 31st ult., is certainly a high compliment to them, and gratifying to their many friends. Each member of the crew receives \$25, and Mr. Sandsbury, in addition, a silver medal. The expense of carting the whaleboat from point to point was also paid for by the Society. A letter from Mr. Motley, secretary of the Society, to F. C. Sanford, Esq., speaks in high terms of praise of the conduct of these men, and contains the thanks of the entire board of officers.

Apr. 12, 1871

MEDALS OF HONOR.—The eight men who saved the crew of the schooner Mary Anna in February last, have received, through the hands of F. C. Sanford, Esq., the medals of the Massachusetts Humane Society, with the accompanying letter which we publish entire:

BOSTON, April 10th, 1871.
To MESSRS. ALEXANDER FANNING, JAMES A. HOLMES,
GEORGE A. VEEDER, JOSEPH P. GARDNER, WILLIAM E. BATES, HENRY C. COFFIN, STEPHEN W. KEE, ISAAC HAMBLIN, of Nantucket:

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor and pleasure to forward to you, through Mr. Sanford, the accompanying silver medals. They have been awarded to you by the unanimous vote of the Trustees of the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in testimony of their high appreciation of your noble and gallant conduct, of the humane, generous, persevering efforts, made in the night, by which you succeeded in rescuing on the morning of the 5th, the captain and crew of the schooner "Mary Anna," stranded on Nantucket Bar, at 6 1/2 P. M., on the 4th of February last. The consciousness of a good deed is its best reward; but it is token that it is appreciated by others, hath a sweet satisfaction in it. This satisfaction, gentlemen, we seek to give you by these medals; memorials of the past, they will not fail to be incentives to future brave and noble services in the cause of humanity.

In behalf of the Trustees, I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant,

S. K. LOTHROP,

Cor. Sec'y of the Humane Society of Mass.

The medals are of massive silver, and the weight of each is between three and four ounces. In a shield are pictured two life-boats rowing, a ship in distress, and a pair of hands clasped, a Humane House above, with the word "Refuge," and around the rim "Humane Society of Massachusetts, 1791." On the other side "Reward of Merit, Courage and Perseverance." "To — — —, for humane exertions in rescuing the Captain and Crew of the Schr. "Mary Anna" on the outer Bar of Nantucket Harbor, Feb. 5th, 1871." The design and ornamentation are very beautiful, and the medals are such as the brave men receiving them may well be proud of.

Apr. 16, 1871

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of the South Congregational Church, Boston, has been making us a visit. He has presented a copy of his new work "Ten times one is Ten," to each of the eight young men who perilled their lives to save the crew of the schooner Mary Anna, wrecked in the ice on our Bar, in February last, viz: Joseph P. Gardner, Alexander Fanning, Stephen Keyes, George A. Veeder, Henry C. Coffin, Isaac Hamblin, William E. Bates and James A. Holmes.

Sept. 16, 1871

OTHER DESERVING ONES.—We have received from Capt. Charles E. Somers, of schooner Andrew H. Edwards, and James H. French, of schooner Convoy, the following statement, recognizing the humane efforts of Mr. Isaac P. Dunham, of Tuckernuck, and his boat's crew, consisting of George P. Coffin, Nathan Fish, Arthur Folger and Joseph Hendricks, in rescuing themselves and men on Tuesday, April 1st. It is the first intimation we have received of their manly efforts, but even at this late date, we are glad to give them publicity:

TUCKERNUCK, MASS., April 2d, 1879.
This is to certify, that the officers and crew of schooner Andrew H. Edwards, of Philadelphia, were taken out of the rigging after remaining lashed there for fifteen hours, in the hurricane of March 31st, by Isaac P. Dunham and crew, with life-boat from Muskeget Island, the sea at the time making a complete breach over the vessel. We were taken to their house and kindly cared for. After leaving our vessel, picked up schooner Convoy's boat, of Rockland, Me., and crew, they being compelled to abandon their vessel. She was loaded with lime, and had taken fire. We were all safely landed, and desire to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Dunham and crew, for we could have survived but a short time longer.

CHARLES E. SOMERS,
JAMES H. FRENCH.

APR. 17, 1879

PRESENTATION.—A few days since Capt. B. R. Burdett, Charles E. Snow, George M. Winslow, John Hamblin and Benjamin F. Calloway were each presented with a beautiful silver cup, the gift of the young men whom they rescued from drowning in the outer harbor on the 11th instant. We have seen the one presented to Mr. John Hamblin, which is of a very neat and handsome pattern. On the face of the cup was the following inscription:

Presented to
JOHN HAMBLIN,
—By—
FRANK M. CRONISE,
ARTHUR PERRIN, W. E. RUSSELL,

G. W. ALLEN, R. C. ALLEN,
In remembrance of his gallant efforts in rescuing the
donors from drowning,
NANTUCKET, July 11th, 1876.

Each of the cups, with the exception of Capt. Burdett's, were similar in style, and bore the same inscription, with a change of name on each. Upon Capt. Burdett's was inscribed, very prettily, as follows:

CAPT. B. R. BURDETT,
—From—
FRANK M. CRONISE,
ARTHUR PERRIN, W. E. RUSSELL,
G. W. ALLEN, R. C. ALLEN,
In remembrance of his kindly assistance to the
donors,
NANTUCKET, July 11th, 1876.

The recipients can but feel proud, as they look upon these beautiful souvenirs, of their heroic efforts in rescuing several fellow men from a watery grave. The presentation was made by the Messrs. Allen in behalf of the party.

July 29, 1871

THE HISTORY OF A MEDAL—How it was Lost and Recovered.—In the year 1879 Mr. George E. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, was awarded a silver medal by the Government of the United States for heroic acts of life-saving in the cases of disaster to schooners Emma G. Edwards and John W. Hall, April 1st, 1879. In 1880 he shipped for a voyage to the north in schooner Era, of New London, and while in that city previous to sailing, the medal was stolen from his boarding place, and the medal was given up as lost. The facts of its loss were known to Capt. Isaac H. Folger, of this town, and strange as it may appear, he has been the means of recovering the lost reward of merit. It appears that the stolen medal was taken to Providence, R. I., where it was sold to the keeper of a liquor saloon by a drunken and penniless sailor. The saloon keeper afterwards sold it to Hon. Nicholas Hathaway, Postmaster of Fall River, who has a large and valuable collection of coins. While visiting Mr. Hathaway recently, Capt. Folger was shown the collection, and recognized the medal of Mr. Coffin's in the lot. He stated the facts to Mr. Hathaway, who has since returned the medal to Capt. Folger to be delivered to Mr. Coffin without charge, and he expressed his gratification at being able to make the restitution, as will be seen from a perusal of his letter, which we are permitted to copy:

FALL RIVER, April 9th, 1886.

FRIEND FOLGER:—As promised you when in Fall River, I herewith transmit to you registered package No. 100, containing Capt. Coffin's medal, to be delivered by you to him. Its history, as shown by my son's record, is as follows: Bought of George Allen, January 22, 1881, whose statement to me at the time was as follows: "While keeping a liquor saloon in Providence, in 1880, a drunken sailor sold it to me, he being without money at the time." George Allen formerly resided in Fall River; moved to Providence, and engaged in saloon keeping; subsequently sold out his business, and returned to Fall River; and knowing that I purchased coins and medals, offered it to me for \$10, which I paid him January 22, 1881, as before stated. The medal has been in my possession over five years, and is in as good condition as when received. Please present my compliments to Capt. Coffin, and say to him, that I hope he will receive as much happiness in obtaining it, as it affords me pleasure to restore it to him, and that if he is not already a Democrat, I hope it may be the means of making him one, as it was restored to him by a true Democrat and under a Democratic National Administration. Please answer on receipt, and oblige.

Your Old Friend,
N. HATHAWAY.

Outrage on a Nantucket Man.
RETURN OF AN AMERICAN SEAMAN FROM CHINESE CAPTURE.—A letter to the Boston Herald written on board the U. S. steam frigate Mississippi, at Hong Kong, under date of Nov. 13, 1858, gives an account of the capture and incarceration of Mr. John Riddell, son of Capt. John Riddell, of this town, by the Chinese on the island of Chusan, near Ningpo. It appears that Riddell and a Dutchman, with two others, bought a government lorcher to trade among the numerous islands in the Northern Chinese Seas, and a few days subsequent they were attacked by some Chinamen in another junk who charged them with stealing a boat from them. An encounter took place in which the Dutchman was killed, and Riddell and comrades taken prisoners. Riddell in the conflict killed three of the Chinamen with a club. After being secured he was conveyed to the island of Chusan and cruelly treated for defending himself and property. He was confined in a cage and loaded with chains, one of which was fastened around his neck from a ring-bolt in the top of the cage. In this condition he was exposed to the gross insults and tortures of heathenish Chinese. On the arrival of the Mississippi at Ningpo, Mr. Way, American Consul, gave information of the detention of an American citizen at Chusan; the frigate immediately proceeded to that island, and Capt. Nicholson demanded of the Governor his immediate release, threatening to destroy the town in twenty-four hours in case of refusal. Mr. Riddell was delivered up, and the Mississippi arrived with him at Hong Kong on the 4th Nov. How long he had been imprisoned the account does not give. Another account reports that Riddell was in the employ of the Chinese government and that the junk which attacked him was a piratical craft.

Jan. 25, 1859

MEALS AT SEA.—The Glasgow Herald furnishes some curious particulars of the eatables and drinkables supplied for the consumption of passengers on board of Cunard & Co's American steamers. It says:

"Each ship on her outward trip is supplied with 50 dozen of port wine, 100 dozen of sherry, 100 dozen of champagne, 50 dozen Madeira, 50 dozen of hock, 200 dozen of soda water and lemonade, 300 dozen Scotch ale, and 200 dozen of London porter, besides spirits of all kinds. There are also ample stores of ice and an abundant supply of water. Each ship is victualed for twenty-one days, and carries at least four thousand pounds of beef, mutton, and pork, fresh and packed in ice. Then there are sixteen dozen of fowls, four dozen ducks, four dozen turkeys, six dozen of pigeons, and one dozen of roasted pigs, besides ample store of tongues, calves' heads, &c. Milk is furnished by the cow, though each ship also carries a supply of forty gallons, which is packed in ice, and keeps sweet till the end of the passage. The baker turns out two hundred loaves or rolls per diem, and the confectioner is never idle. Breakfast begins at half past eight, and the cloth is removed at ten. There is a lunch at twelve, and dinner at four. Tea is served up at seven, and then follows snacks, wine, punch, toddy, gin slings, &c., that is for those who want them, till half past eleven, when the steward's bar is closed, and the lights are out by twelve.

1857

Summer Pleasure Boats.

COMMENCING on the 10th inst., sloop "DAUNTLESS" will leave her mooring near the foot of Old North wharf, for the Cliff Shore Bathing Houses, every morning (Sunday excepted) at 9, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock, and run until 1 o'clock, P. M. Fare, TEN CENTS EACH WAY. After that the "DAUNTLESS" can be chartered by parties to go on Fishing Excursions, for Clam-bakes, Squantums, Moonlight Excursions up harbor, &c. BARZILLAI R. BURDETT. Boat Landing near the foot of Old North wharf. Sail Boats and Row Boats to let by the day or hour. Sibley tent to let. Nantucket, July 10th, 1875.

Sea Otter, Off Course, Washes Up On Island Shore, Gives 12 Quarts of Oil

A dead gray and yellow spotted sea otter, normally an inhabitant of deep water, was found Saturday by Miss Mildred Jewett at the head of Long Pond on the Madaket shore.

Apparently injured by the revolving propeller blades of a passing craft the otter had a curved, healed scar on its belly and a fresh slash on its back.

Skinned by Kent King, game warden, the body of the otter indicated that one rib had been broken. Mr. King commented that death was probably caused by a puncture in the heart. He also said that the claw nails were a good two inches long.

The nose of the otter was turned in to Town Clerk Charles Clark Coffin who paid a State bounty of \$5 to Miss Jewett. The State Game Fisheries Service has been attempting to control quantity of sea otters because they prey on deep-sea fish.

The blanket pieces of blubber gave a full 12 quarts of fine oil after trying out. Mr. King is planning to cure the skin for a rug.

Dec. 14, 1851

Found a Sea Otter.

Last Saturday Miss Mildred Jewett found a sea otter in the surf at the beach in Madaket, and, realizing that such animals are not common in this part of the country, managed to get the creature up beyond the reach of the waves. She contacted the State Police and Corporal Lindstrom went to her assistance. Between the two of them they got the animal on to a small trailer and brought it to town behind the patrol car.

They contacted Game Warden Kent King who took it to the local deer checking station and weighed it in at 195 pounds, which is a fairly good size for an otter. Mr. King said that it would appear that the otter had been struck by the propeller of a boat as it had curved gashes on its chest and back.

Dec. 15, 1851

Home Again.

Ship Lucille, Captain John P. Conway, arrived at Gloucester from Tripoli last week. Among her crew were Arthur C. Jones, and Edward R. Cary, of this town. Mr. Cary arrived home Thursday, and Captain Conway, wife and two children, and Mr. Jones on Saturday. One of Captain Conway's children was born during the voyage and was never inside a dwelling house until its arrival at Nantucket.

Nov. 8, 1893

We learn that William Barney, Esq., has been appointed, by the British Consul at Boston, British Consular Agent for this Island.—This is an agency which has long been needed here, from the fact that British vessels are frequently cast upon our shores. Capt. Barney is well acquainted with the wants of seamen, and also with the business which will come under his notice connected with this agency, and is therefore peculiarly well qualified for the office.

Aug. 7, 1850

THE COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NANTUCKET, WITH A CAPITAL OF \$60,000,

securely invested, are prepared to receive proposals for Marine Insurance, AND ISSUE CLEAN POLICIES for any amount not exceeding \$6000 on any one risk. All losses with this Company liberally adjusted and promptly settled.

GEORGE COBB, President.
VALENTINE HUSSEY, Secretary.
Feb. 1st—31.

Oct. 10, 1850

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1887.

A MARINE MONSTER.

Becomes Entangled in Blue-fish Nets off Smith's Point,

And is Killed after an Exciting Battle.

On Friday morning last, when Messrs. Arthur C. Barrett and James Sandbury, visited their blue-fish seine just outside of Smith's point, near Tuckernuck, they found a huge monster entangled in its meshes, and floundering about, lively in its frantic efforts to escape. Fortunately the boat was provided with sword-fish irons, and one of these was darted at the strange monster, striking him on the head. Blinded with pain and rage he made straight for the boat, his huge jaws extended menacingly and lashing the sea into foam with his propellers. Then ensued an exciting battle between the monster of the deep and the occupants of the boat, who at first thought they had encountered a devil-fish, but soon discovered they were combatting something of the turtle species. While seeking to pierce the monster in a vulnerable spot the boatmen were obliged to be constantly on the alert to prevent their frail craft from being capsized, which meant sure death for them. Once indeed, in his struggles, one of his huge "flippers" came over the gunwale of the dory, heeling the boat to the water's edge, but a hasty leap of both parties to the opposite side righted her again and the fin slid off. One moment the huge monster would elude his assailants by diving, and the next rush at the boat open-mouthed, on bent annihilating his tormentors, who were at times obliged to assume the defensive, and would then again return to the attack. So the contest was waged for nearly an hour, when by a lucky movement a lance was driven into his neck and the young man had the satisfaction of seeing him "spout."

The monster was placed on exhibition in a small building on steamboat wharf, for a couple of days, in charge of Messrs. Alfred Howard and Alvin Hull, the minimum sum of 5 cents admission being charged to enable the young men to purchase a new seine, their's having been entirely destroyed by the creature. On Monday he was cleaned and stuffed by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and his owners propose to take him away on exhibition and will sell him if a satisfactory amount can be obtained. The Turtle is now all stuffed and mounted and will be on exhibition at the same place during the remainder of the present week. On Monday it will be taken to Cottage City.

Inasmuch as it was found in our own waters and is one of the rarest specimens of natural history ever seen in these parts, it would seem that the Atheneum Society should if possible obtain possession of it and we sincerely hope that the trustees will take steps to secure its permanent retention in the Museum.

It has been suggested that inasmuch as this turtle swims with head above water leaving a long wake astern, it might from its spotted neck, readily be mistaken for an immense sea-serpent, especially in smooth water, and the presence of this creature in our waters may account for the numerous reports of the appearance of the sea-serpent on the New England coast the past year. In further support of this theory Mr. Thomas informs us that on removing the skin two well-defined bullet holes were discovered, one in the top of the head, the other entering one side of the body and extending transversely across, indicating that someone had had a shot at him.

thick blood and soon succumb. They towed him ashore at Tuckernuck in triumph and later in the day brought him to town. To get him into the boat the dory was sunk under him and the water then bailed out.

He proved to be a huge sea turtle wholly unknown in these waters, and it was sometime before any one could determine its species. It was alleged by some to be a "loggerhead" and as stoutly denied by others. The matter was finally referred to Prof. Morse who proved conclusively that it was known in Natural History as *Sphargis*, or soft-shelled sea turtle, a species found in the Mediterranean sea and parts of the Atlantic ocean. It is the largest of all sea turtles, sometimes weighing 2000 pounds. This opinion was further confirmed by one or two old whalemen, who had known it by the title of "trunk turtle," which appellation seemed particularly appropriate.

The monster was seven feet long and eight feet across from tip to tip and weighed 610 pounds. The body was six feet long and eight feet in circumference. In place of legs it had four huge fins, or "flippers." The two forward ones were just back of the head and were about three feet long, one foot wide, and six inches thick at the largest part, gradually tapering down smaller. The after ones, which were four feet further back, were flat-ironed shaped, about a foot and a half long by one foot wide. The tail was similar shape and about two feet long. The back was covered with a thick leathery substance, which at the rear was slightly raised and separate from the body. Extending lengthwise of the back were six distinct ridges. The head protruded about a foot from the body. The jaws were nine inches long and were distended about a foot. The teeth resembled those of the shark except that they were soft, indicating that the creature sucked in his food like the right whale. The neck was nine inches in circumference and covered with white spots as was the body on the under side. The rest of the creature was black with the exception of a small white spot on the top of the head. The eyes were set in either side of the head about five inches back from the tip of the nose.

The monster was placed on exhibition in a small building on steamboat wharf, for a couple of days, in charge of Messrs. Alfred Howard and Alvin Hull, the minimum sum of 5 cents admission being charged to enable the young men to purchase a new seine, their's having been entirely destroyed by the creature. On Monday he was cleaned and stuffed by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and his owners propose to take him away on exhibition and will sell him if a satisfactory amount can be obtained. The Turtle is now all stuffed and mounted and will be on exhibition at the same place during the remainder of the present week. On Monday it will be taken to Cottage City.

Inasmuch as it was found in our own waters and is one of the rarest specimens of natural history ever seen in these parts, it would seem that the Atheneum Society should if possible obtain possession of it and we sincerely hope that the trustees will take steps to secure its permanent retention in the Museum.

It has been suggested that inasmuch as this turtle swims with head above water leaving a long wake astern, it might from its spotted neck, readily be mistaken for an immense sea-serpent, especially in smooth water, and the presence of this creature in our waters may account for the numerous reports of the appearance of the sea-serpent on the New England coast the past year. In further support of this theory Mr. Thomas informs us that on removing the skin two well-defined bullet holes were discovered, one in the top of the head, the other entering one side of the body and extending transversely across, indicating that someone had had a shot at him.

MARINE DISASTER.—Schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port, was sunk by collision with schooner Mary Standish on Saturday last, during a dense fog, a few miles E. S. E. of Penfield Reef light. Capt. Brooks and his men arrived here Tuesday by steamer, and from him we gleaned the following facts relative to the disaster. The Mary E. Crosby left Port Johnston, N. J., in the morning for this place, having a cargo of coal for the Steamboat Company. A dense fog prevailed in Long Island Sound, and Capt. Brooks was attempting to reach Huntington harbor, when a vessel loomed up close upon them. Each saw the other at the same time, and orders to hard down were given and obeyed on both vessels; but it was too late to prevent a collision. The Mary Standish struck the Mary E. Crosby just forward of the main rigging, cutting her to the water's edge. Finding his vessel was in a sinking condition, Capt. Brooks and crew turned their attention to clearing the other vessel, which was so entangled as to be in danger of being swamped by the sinking of the disabled craft. By lively work she was freed, and when his crew had saved their personal effects, Capt. Brooks followed them on board the Mary Standish. In thirty minutes from the time of the collision the damaged vessel sank in nine fathoms of water, first heeling over upon her broadside. Capt. Brooks and his men were landed at Vineyard Haven, and from there took their boat, which was saved, and went to Cottage City, where they met the steamer for Nantucket.

The Mary E. Crosby (formerly the Imogene Diverty) was purchased by her late owners in February last, one-half interest being held by Philadelphia parties, five-sixteenths by Nantucket parties, and the rest by people of Greenport and New York. She was valued at \$6000, and her cargo at \$1200. So far as can be learned, there was but little insurance on the vessel (none held here). We are gratified to learn that the cargo was insured at its full value, and that the Steamboat Company have ordered another to supply its place, which is now on its way hither.

Capt. Brooks says that in his experience of twenty-four years in command of coasting vessels, this is his first serious mishap, and he very naturally is sorely troubled by it. He expresses himself as being deeply impressed by the kindness extended to himself and crew by Capt. James Davis, of the Mary Standish, as well as for the courtesies shown by the officers of the Island Home. An effort will be made to procure him another vessel, which we trust will prove successful.

1864
LARGER AND BETTER.—The little steamer Island Belle, which was recently taken to Cotuit to be enlarged, was brought back Monday by Capt. James Kiernan, in tow of his sailing yacht. Ten feet have been added to the steamer's length, which enhances the beauty of her lines, accepting the opinion of those competent to judge. Her draught is also lessened. Mr. Wallace Gardner was in Boston Tuesday to purchase a new shaft, propeller and other fixtures for this boat. Among the other improvements made, is a roomy pilot house, which will be fitted with a fine wheel.

The Cotuit builders paid a high compliment to the workmanship on the Island Belle, which was done by two young men without previous experience.

1865
AS GOOD AS NEW.—On Friday week the three-masted schooner Mary E. Crosby, Capt. John L. Brooks, arrived here with a load of coal for C. C. Crosby. It will be remembered that last winter this vessel was sunk in collision off Huntington, L. I., being subsequently raised by the Baxter Wrecking Co., of New York, and towed to Greenport, L. I., where she has received extensive repairs at the hands of Smith & Terry. That she is a very staunch and stoutly-built craft is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the immense strain upon her she did not spring a leak. Having at one time been employed in the Gulf of Mexico trade, her deck frame and beams forward were found to have been burned out and had to be renewed. When she arrived at Greenport she was "a sorry looking object, without form or comeliness" according to an account by the *Republican Watchman*, but she is now in tip-top condition a low and aloft, and as good as new in every particular. Her cabin has been reconstructed, refitted and refurnished, painted and finished in fine style by George N. Flack, the captain's son-in-law, and is as handy and as handsome as a yacht's. The centre house, which was torn away in the collision, has been renewed, and she has been provided with the following new items of construction and equipment: Forward deck frame, knees and plank; sails throughout; running rigging; one shroud, topmast backstays and top-rigging; two topmasts, fly-jibboom, fore and mizzen masts, fore-boom, fore-gaff; fore and main hatch and hatch combing; nearly all her blocks; chain box, and, last but not least, mate and cook. The hole in her side and her smashed bulwarks have been repaired so that the whole part don't know itself from the broken. The total cost of these thorough and very complete repairs was a little over \$4,000.

LOSS OF SCHOONER MARY A. KILLEN.—From the daily papers we glean the following facts concerning the loss of schooner Mary A. Killen, on Scituate beach, on Wednesday night, 3d inst. The vessel was largely owned by Capt. John Killen, of this town, who commanded her:

The three-masted schooner Mary A. Killen went ashore in the blinding snow storm Wednesday night on Third Cliff Beach, Scituate, and now lies in a dangerous position. She was loaded with sugar, from Havana to Boston, and was commanded by Captain J. Killen. The patrol of the Life Saving Station, while pursuing his lonely vigils at about midnight, suddenly heard the sullen "boom, boom!" from the schooner's gun, a signal of distress from the stranded vessel. The signal called together the life crew, who are captained by Fred Stanley. Immediate preparations were made by the brave fellows, who have distinguished themselves in the storms of the winter, to rescue the imperilled crew. The apparatus was, with great difficulty, gotten to the scene of the disaster, and the line was several times hurled toward the unfortunate craft, but each time failed of reaching the mark. During this time the storm would occasionally lift, disclosing the vessel, with the sea breaking completely over her, and the wrecked mariners clinging to the rigging. Finally, after several futile attempts, the line passed over the vessel into the seething billows beyond. The seamen seized the slender cord and quickly drew it aboard until the cable had been hauled in and securely fastened to the mainmast. The men on the schooner pulled the buoy aboard and one of their number got into the pocket and was hauled ashore by the willing hands of the life crew. The eight men on board of the wrecked craft were all safely landed, Captain Killen being the last to abandon the ill-fated vessel. The vessel stranded at 11:30 P. M. and at 1:30 A. M. the crew had been taken off. The rescued seamen were nearly dead from cold and exposure, and as soon as they were landed, immediate means were taken to resuscitate them.

Capt. Killen says that he passed Highland light and anticipated a speedy arrival at his destination. At about 6 o'clock in the evening the weather began to thicken and it began to snow. We were then making for Boston light. The storm rapidly increased in severity until it was blowing a gale. The blinding snow enveloped us as a pall, and we were soon at the mercy of the elements. The sea was running mountains high, and continually swept over the vessel, rendering it extremely hazardous for us to work the vessel, and making our positions very dangerous. To add to the dangers of our perilous situation, the flying spray froze to the rigging as fast as it fell. The entire upper rigging was a mass of ice, making it impossible for the crew to work the ship. The water also froze to the clothing of the crew, and prevented them from moving about with effectiveness. The men also suffered severely from the cold and several were slightly frostbitten. We finally lost control of the vessel, and knew that we were drifting on to a lee shore, but were rendered powerless to help ourselves. Suddenly we heard the breakers to leeward, and almost at the same instant the vessel struck with a shock which threw us from our feet. Each sea lifted her, and she kept thumping upon the bottom until it seemed as though she would pound her bottom out. All of this time the heavy seas were breaking over her, threatening every minute to rend her asunder. As soon as we could we fired the signal gun, and in a miraculously short time the answering beacon of the life-saving crew gladdened our anxious gaze. When the life crew finally got the line aboard, the men were so exhausted from their exposure that they scarcely had strength enough in their benumbed bodies to handle it. After an almost superhuman effort, however, they succeeded in drawing the cable aboard and making it fast to the mainmast, and we were taken off without any more serious mishap than a ducking. When we got ashore everything possible for people to do was done for us to render our position comfortable. The Mary A. Killen was of 410 tons burthen, and was built by Sherman, Geary & Co. of Thomaston, Me., in the fall of 1882 at a cost of \$33,000. She is rated A1 and is owned chiefly by her captain, whose share is insured for \$3000 in the Boston Marine and in a Bangor company. Her cargo consisted of 675 tons of sugar consigned to Nash, Spaulding & Co., and valued at \$40,000.

1883
THE NEW BOSTON PACKET.—The schooner Island City, recently purchased of Eastport, Me., parties by the owners of schooner W. O. Nettleton, arrived here Monday after a very trying passage. The vessel left Boston with a good freight Sunday, P. M., anchoring in the bay until near midnight, when sail was made, and she started off with every prospect of a fine passage. When off Race point light, the northwest gale was met, and when off Chatham, Capt. Snow dropped his anchor. The gale continued to increase, and early in the morning, on throwing the lead, it was ascertained that the vessel was drifting, having parted her cable. Sail was made, with the view of attempting to weather Great Point. The vessel behaved handsomely, and thefeat was successfully accomplished. Shortly after passing the point, the main-boom broke about six feet from the mast, but the vessel was safely brought in over the bar and docked without further mishap. The Island City is somewhat larger than the W. O. Nettleton, with a carrying capacity one-half greater than that vessel, and is in every way adapted to the business for which she has been purchased. She is said to be a remarkably fast sailer, and is thoroughly appointed in every way. As to her weatherly qualities there is no question, her behavior on her recent trip proving her to be A1 in that respect. If sufficient encouragement is offered, she will be run all winter. We are indebted to Messrs. Manter and Snow for their courtesies in showing us over the vessel.

1886
THE NEW STEAMER WAUWINET.—This little steamer, under the command of Capt. J. C. Small, of New Bedford, arrived here early last Monday afternoon. She is to be used for passenger travel between here and the Wauwinet House, at the Haulover. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 47 feet; beam, 12 feet; a double cylinder, high pressure, vertical engine, of 16 horse power, built by Knowlson & Kelley, of Troy, N. Y. The boiler was tested at 136 pounds, but about 80 or 90 pounds of steam will be sufficient for running her. The hull of the boat was built at New Bedford, and is of heavy yellow pine. It was originally intended to use her on the Erie Canal, where she was experimented with for some time, for the purpose of trying various new propellers in the way of wheels and sculls. Considerable change will be made to the boat ere another season, for the purpose of increasing her carrying capacity, which is at present sufficient for about eighty persons. A railing will be placed around the top of the house on deck, and seats placed there for patrons. A large three-fan propeller is to take the place of the one now in use, which will tend to increase the speed of the vessel. Before the season for summer travel again rolls around we may expect to see her in fine condition for the business for which she is intended. We learn, from a reliable source, that Capt. Charles E. Smalley, master of the yacht Lillian, which has been on the route to the Head of the Harbor for two seasons past, has been tendered the command of the Wauwinet. We hope he will accept.

1887
Oct. 6, 1887

The Yacht Petrel,

IS prepared for parties, either for fishing or excursion. Your patronage is solicited. Apply to the Captain on board, at Perry's wharf, or to J. B. Riddell, Main street, opposite Pacific National Bank, Nantucket.
HENRY ROSS, Captain.
I. S. RIDDELL, Proprietor.
JL-TF

1890
1882

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 13, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

I see by your issue of the 6th inst., you have a letter from Charles F. Swain, giving additions to your list of Coasters. He mentions with others the names of the sloops George Washington and Enterprise as being built in 1820. Here he is one year out of the way. They were built in 1819. He probably dated from memory, but I can give you the figures. The old sloop Rose, Capt. Owen Wyer, was chartered to take freight and passengers to Higginson's on the Connecticut river, where the vessels were built. The ship Aurora was then on the stocks in the same ship-yard. The writer was one among the passengers, and we had quite a merry set, viz: Capt. Daniel Russel and wife, Capt. Roland Hussey and wife, Capt. Thomas H. Swain and wife, Barzillai Macy and wife, William Stubbs and wife, Charles Gardner, William Swain and S. E. Hussey, crew for the Enterprise. Capt. Swain's crew I do not remember, except a lad by the name of Andrews, about my own age, 14 years. I remember the Captain took a boat to go up the river to Middletown to see the ship Reaper, then on the stocks. They took us two boys to do the rowing. I remember we had a hard tug of it, rowing ten miles against the current.

The sloops were launched within a few days of each other, and the whole party had the pleasure of a launch in them. Mr. Swain's letter also mentions the names of several able captains who formerly ran coasters. Please let me add to that list the names of John Hussey (my father), who ran a packet to Philadelphia. I have heard him mention the name of the vessel, but I do not remember it now. I have heard my father mention quite a number of incidents relative to his cruises to Philadelphia, not necessary to mention here. One thing I remember, we had a brass lamp, wineglass shaped, which he brought, and was said to be the first brass lamp brought to Nantucket.

Among the names of the captains mentioned, I have not seen that of my brother, Christopher B. Hussey, who ran the old sloop Fame for a while. To substantiate my date, I find by the catalogue of whalers the Reaper sailed Nov. 30, Aurora, Capt. Russel, sailed Dec. 26, 1819. I think I am the only person now living out of the old sloop Rose company of that trip to Connecticut.

Now, Mr. Editor, I must apologize for taking up too much of your valuable time in reading this long letter. Of course you will do just as you please with it—consign it to the chip-basket or elsewhere is the expectation of your friend,

SAMUEL B. HUSSEY.

Mar. 25, 1889

A NEW STEAMBOAT FOR NANTUCKET.—

We spoke some time since of a project for building a small propeller, to be used for pleasure parties in the immediate waters about our island, and that Messrs. William M. Robinson and William F. Codd, two young men well known here, were the projectors. The proposition is to be carried out. Through the courtesy of the first-named gentleman we have been enabled to see the plans for the vessel, which were drawn up by Mr. Codd, who is employed in the office of the city surveyor at Charlestown, Mass., and from which we take the following figures: The length of the craft will be thirty-five feet and one inch; the extreme breadth, eight feet and eight inches; the draft of water aft will be about three feet, and forward, twenty inches; the depth of hold, three feet, three and one-half inches. She will be fitted with a neat cabin, twelve feet in length by six in height, which will be fixed up in good taste. A six-horse power engine boiler is to be the motive power, the cylinder of which will be five and one-half inches in diameter, with a seven-inch stroke. She will be about five and one-half tons burthen. The plans show a large standing room aft, capable of accommodating twenty-five persons very comfortably. The gentlemen think that the total cost when completed, will be about \$3,500. Operations have already been commenced, though they do not think she will be finished in time to be launched next season, as they are to build her for the most part themselves, and will have to do it "between whiles." The young men show a deal of enterprise in undertaking the task, and we doubt not they will be successful, as they both possess a great amount of natural mechanical ability.

SCHOONER
MARY E. CROSBY,

Which is now discharging coal for the Steamboat Co., will return at once for a cargo of

FIRST-CLASS COAL

1887

Oct. 9, 1875

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

SHIP "CHARLES CARROLL."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I trust that you will not consider me intruding too much on THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR if I reply to your correspondents who have so readily to your correspondence as to the "Charles Carroll," hailing from Dorchester. Mr. Sanford has replied at length in a historical way, which makes his article of much interest. I accept his corrections as to my quotations from the guide-book, and thank him for piloting me so cleverly out of "the fog." The gentleman, who writes under the nom-de-plume of "Nantucket, Jr.," is also entitled to my thanks; and though he dates his communication from Waltham, the home of the "Bobbin boy," there is the odor of "sparm" about him, which leads me to believe that he is native of your island. At all events, his ready reference to whale ships shows him perfectly familiar with the subject. I confess to being much disappointed in finding that the "Charles Carroll" built at Nantucket in 1832 was not the one sailing about the same time from Dorchester, for as one of your citizens said when I expressed my admiration for your island home—"Yes, every stranger coming here regrets that he was not born here—that he had not always lived here, and would rather die and be buried here than on the continent." Some of your readers may remember a recently-published autobiography of a well-known nautical gentleman, in which he wishes to convey the idea that by mere accident he was not like the rest of his family, by birth a Bostonian. "I was born in Bangor," he says, "while my mother was on a visit to some friends in Boston." However much I might like to claim Nantucket as my birthplace, it would have been very inconvenient for me to have had my mother so far away at the time of my birth.

W. C. C.

DORCHESTER, Sept. 28th, 1886.

Interesting Charts.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:
I have recently acquired by purchase two very interesting charts. They are from two books of charts engraved and printed particularly for the use of Lord Howe when he came to America in the early days of the Revolution to assist in subduing the Colonies. The title page of the book from which my two were taken reads:

Chart of the Coast and Harbours
of
New England
Composed and Engraved
by Joseph Frederick Willett Des Barres, Esq.
In Consequence of an Application of
The Right Honorable Lord Viscount Howe
Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Ships
in North America
From the Surveys taken
Under the direction of the Lords of Trade
By
Samuel Holland, Esq.
Surveyor General of Lands and his Assistants
who have been employed on that Service
Since the year 1764

The familiar places and names, as they are spelled on the charts, beginning with Smith's Point (which, by the way, does not extend west of the west side of Tuckernuck) are—Thuck-anuck Ild, Ell Point, Metekit Harbor, Capam Pond, Clift Head, Brant Id, Courto Point, Sandy Point, Point Rip, Gall's Rock (off the east side between Great Point and Coskata), Coskeity Bluff, Squam Bluff, Sweseckeche, Sankoty Head, The Bass Rip, Siaskonsit, Low Beach, Polluck Rip, Tom Never's Bluff, Smooth Hummock Pond, Long Pond.

Up the harbor is noted Head of the Harbor Bay, Pockuma Head, Polpis Harbor, Queise Creek. On one of the charts is shown Micomit Pond and Pest House. It will be noted that harbor is spelled as now without a u on one chart; on the other it is usually harbour.

The charts show three mills west of the town and one northwest, rope-walks at the west, and four wharves.

The names of the Vineyard vary quite as much or more. They are as follows along the coast line, giving in the first column the name on the chart and in the second column what seems to be the present corresponding name:

Wesque Point	The same
Chapquidick Island (the outside strip)	
Matakies Bay	Katama Bay
Koteimy Point	Katama
Cape Poge Pond	Cape Poge Bay
Cape Poge	The same
Old Town	Edgartown
Gurnit Pond	Eel Pond
Gurnit Beach	
Shanscomtacket Pond	Sanchehantackett Pond
Squash Meadow Pond	(In Waban Park)
East Chop	The same
West Chop	The same
Holms Hole	Vineyard Haven
Long Beach	
Mink Meadow Pond	Lake Tashmoo
Lombard's Cove	Lambert's Cove
Paul's Point	The same
Cedar Tree Neck	The same
Tilton's Point	Cape Higgon
Menemsha Pond	The same
Menemsha Bite	Menemsha Bight
Gay Head	The same

Squipnocket Pond	Squibnocket Pond
Squipnocket Point	Squibnocket Point
No Man's Land	The same
Weipknapskee Bluff	
New Town Pond	Great Tisbury Pond (?)
Nashamon's Pond	Long Cove
Scrubbed Neck Pond	Homer's Pond
Oyster Pond	The same
Peque Pond	
Mahasanet Cove	
Job's Neck	The same
Swan Neck	
Nantucket Cove	

Old Town Great Pond, Crakatuxet Pond and Manequoy Pond seem to be what is now Herring Pond. Old Town Plains are west of Edgartown.

Along the Cape shore what is now called Quisset Harbor has its old name Wequamquisits, and Nonamesset Island is printed Nanamassits Ild.

The charts are finely engraved, the lettering being as clear and perfect as anything produced today.

Nantucket Jr.

March 23, 1913

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Unwritten History.

What an Old Man Remembers About Captain Owen Wyer, the "Sloop Rose," and Events of Other Years.

The sloop "Rose," Captain Owen Wyer, and the sloop "Patriot," Captain Matthew Crosby, were the last of an early fleet of packets running between Nantucket and New York. Later, other vessels with other captains took their places. The "Rose" was always commanded by Owen Wyer, and in his charge had hundreds of times passed safely through Hell Gate, and at last was there wrecked. After Captain Crosby gave up coasting, the "Patriot" continued in the trade for some years, in charge of Job Coleman, Alexander Robinson and Thomas Potter. In the days of the "Rose," few persons went from the island to New York without making a passage in her, as the vessel and captain were favorites of the people. In the winter of 1819 and '20, the "Rose" left New York with a full freight and passengers for Nantucket. On her arrival, the inner, and a portion of the outer harbor were blocked with ice, and the sloop anchored in the "Chord of the Bay." The ice was solid over the inner harbor, but in the outer harbor it was broken, floating ice, but of firmness sufficient to prevent a vessel from making her way through it. The weather was extremely cold, and late in the afternoon Captain Wyer left the packet in a whaleboat with three women and four men, besides himself, intending to land at Brant Point. It took some time to pull the boat among the cakes of floating ice, from the sloop to the Point, and all on board suffered from the severity of the weather. When the boat approached the Point there was a strong ebb tide setting out and with it cakes of floating ice. The boat pulled in as near as possible and threw a line that did not reach the shore, and the boat was in danger of being swept over the bar out to the Sound, where all would have perished with the cold. The boat could not have regained the sloop, as the ice had closed all around her. There was an instant of extreme anxiety with the hundred people on the beach, when William Wyer, son

of Captain Owen, and at the time about twenty years old, rushed in among the broken ice, up to his arms in water, seized the line and brought it ashore, and then many willing hands quickly hauled the boat safely to the beach. The moment that Mr. Wyer landed and dropped the line from his icy hands, he was grappled by the grandfather of this writer and another nimble-footed son of Neptune, and started on a lively run for the nearest house, which stood very near where the lighthouse now stands. He was there supplied with dry clothing, made comfortable, and prevented from suffering the consequences of a cold bath. So intensely cold was the weather, that, notwithstanding Mr. Wyer had to run only a short distance, when he reached the house his outside clothing was frozen stiff, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his resolution and prompt action had saved his father and seven others from certain death. The passengers with Captain Wyer on that memorable occasion, were Mrs. Hezadiah Coffin, Mrs. Robert Bunker, Mrs. "Susie" Folger and her son William, who at that time was about twenty years old. A few of the oldest of our people may remember Mrs. Folger's dry goods store at the south-east corner of Main and Orange streets. The other two ladies having lived more recently, will be gratefully remembered by many. A few days before the "Rose" left New York on that trip, Captain Robert Bunker sailed from there in the ship "Horatio," bound to a southern port. The ship was wrecked on Cape Hatteras, but before she broke up, the long boat was hoisted out and all but the captain and his nephew, a boy fourteen years old, were safely in the boat, though there was a very heavy sea running at the time. The men in the boat called to the captain to come with them, but his only reply was: "You have got all the boat can safely carry, cut your painter or you'll swamp; I'll try and save myself in the small boat." At the same time, picking up the youth, who had not left his uncle's side for a moment after the ship struck, he threw him overboard and near enough the boat to be taken in. That was the last that was seen or heard of the noble, generous and lion-hearted Robert Bunker. All in the boat were saved, and the following winter the little boy was a schoolmate with one who has remembered him and his early history for over seventy years.

The writer is not indebted to any one for the facts and circumstances here stated, as he was personally acquainted with all that have been named, and was on the beach at the landing of the boat.

C. F. SWAIN.
BROOKLYN, March 19, 1892.

OBITUARY.

FITZGERALD.—Capt. William Fitzgerald, after a brief illness, passed away Wednesday at his late home on Lily street. Deceased was in early life engaged in the coastwise trade between Nantucket, New York, Providence, New Bedford and other ports, commanding schooner Susan for many years. Later he entered the employ of the Nantucket and Cape Cod Steamboat Co., as first officer and pilot of steamer Island Home, continuing with them until the company was absorbed by the New Bedford line. Capt. Fitzgerald was a man of sparkling wit, and will be remembered with kindest feelings by a host of people. His funeral took place yesterday afternoon and was largely attended.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET, Oct. 30, 1901.

Mr. Editor:

I read with surprise the statement of Mr. Eugene Russell in your issue of October 19, and your ready acquiescence in his assertion that the late Capt. William Fitzgerald never commanded the packet Susan, and I confidently looked for a correction in your last issue from some one conversant with the maritime history of Nantucket for the past half century. As no one has volunteered, however, I submit, in justice to the memory of one so long and prominently identified with the coastwise traffic of Nantucket in her palmy days, the following statement based upon reminiscences from Capt. Fitzgerald's own lips, and verified where dates are given by reference to the files of the INQUIRER:

At a tender age Capt. Fitzgerald shipped on board his uncle's vessel, plying between Nantucket and Albany, and when still in his teens took sole command on several trips. Later he made one voyage whaling, but returned to the coasting trade, sailing in various craft. Sometime in the Forties he was mate with Capt. Alexander Robinson in the Senator, subsequent to which he commanded the following vessels:

Schooner Northern Belle, 1847 to 1850; schooner Sarah Jane, 1851 to 1854; sloop Passport, May to December, 1856; schooner Hamilton, 1857 to 1860; schooner Susan, 1860 to 1862; sloop Swift, July to October, 1862; schooner Crusade, 1862 to 1863; schooner Tryall, summer of 1863.

During this period I think he ran a short time as mate of steamer Eagle's Wing.

In the Northern Belle and Sarah Jane he ran principally to New York in the employ of Capt. Thomas Potter. In sloop Passport, schooners Hamilton and Susan, and sloop Swift, he ran to New Bedford, the last three plying as regular packets, and owned by Joseph B. Macy & Co. from April, 1857 to October, 1862. He was transferred from the Hamilton to the Susan in April, 1860. [Prior to that date she had been commanded by the father and grandfather of Mr. Eugene Russell] In July, 1862, the Susan changed hands, but continued to run between this port and New Bedford for some time under command of Capt. Obed G. Coffin. So it is evident that Mr. Russell's memory or the tradition upon which he relied is at fault when he says that "the Susan was never out of the Russell family." Capt. Fitzgerald meantime was transferred to sloop Swift, which he ran until October of that year. He next commanded the Crusade from October, 1862 to March, 1863, (she had formerly been run by Capt. John Riddell) and the following summer made one or two trips to Rondout in charge of schooner Tryall for Capt. Lewis Adams. In December, 1864, he joined steamer Island Home as first officer, and it is in his capacity as such through so many succeeding years that he is best remembered by the majority of Nantucketers at home and abroad.

I am told he was a thorough pilot—one of the best on the coast—clear headed and cool in an emergency and always reliable. His genial kindness and ready wit were proverbial through life, and rendered him popular with all who knew him.

While your kindly mention when recording his decease was pertinent and correct so far as it went, the subsequent retraction into which you were misled was an unintentional injustice to one of whom a much more extended notice would have been far from fulsome.

Respectfully Yours,
ARTHUR H. GARDNER.

Nov. 2, 1901

OCEAN HOUSE YACHT "SALUS,"

CAPT. THOMAS BROWN.

THIS LARGE and BEAUTIFUL Yacht can be chartered, for Sailing or Fishing Parties, Clam Bakes, &c., by applying to the Captain on board, or at the office of the Ocean House.

This Yacht has a large cabin, state room, and all conveniences for the comfort of its patrons, and is fast and seaworthy.

Nantucket, July 18th, 1874.

1874

Oct. 1, 1901

Journal of Timothy W. Riddell
Contains Historical Items.

A journal kept by Timothy W. Riddell from 1871 to 1882 has been found in Nantucket town office building by Mrs. Christa H. Holmes of the Historical Records Survey. The book contains about 6000 pages and is filled with items concerning happenings in Nantucket—shipwrecks, fires, accidents, etc. A feature of the volume is the long list of persons living on the island who attained the age of 80 years and over.

The writer seemed to have overlooked no event of any importance during the time he kept the journal, and the book is a valuable contribution to the history of the island. Conditions of wind and weather, and departures and arrivals of vessels, are recorded, and there are entries telling of disasters to whalers and Nantucket schooners.

In November, 1872, he writes: "The weather this month has been remarkably mild for the season; so much so that the fishermen at Siasconset have floated twenty-two days in succession, and caught a great quantity of cod-fish".

Another item, for November, 1874, reads: "On Friday afternoon, Nov. 2, William Owen was returning to the shore at Sconset in his dory with fish when he was struck in the back of the neck and knocked senseless in the bottom of his boat by a coot and on recovering his senses he found the bird dead in the bottom of the dory. The bird was blind and had but one eye".

There is a reminder of a type of square-rigger that no longer exists, in the following entry: "The brig 'Eudosus', Captain Lee, from Portland to New York, anchored near Tuckimuck Shoal during the gale of Monday (December, 1874,) and parted from her anchors early Tuesday morning, driving on our bar. She was boarded by the crew in a surfboat at about 9 o'clock and the crew was taken off and landed at the wharf. The sea was breaking heavy and blowing a heavy gale. The thermometer was at 10 degrees and several of the crew were frost-bitten. The vessel was finally got off and after discharging part of the cargo, she was towed by steamer into Vineyard Sound. She then proceeded under sail to Hyannis".

For February 22, an entry tells of the severe frost in Nantucket and the freezing up of the reservoir. Mr. Riddell writes: "Plowing a channel on the ice from Steamboat Wharf to Brant Point. The water pipe from the reservoir at the head of the wharf to the steamboat being frozen up, they were making holes and pouring in boiling water to thaw them out, having a large tar-pot on the wharf heating water".

The entry for February 24 says that "the ice is all gone from Brant Point. Steamer 'Island Home' left the wharf at 11 a. m. and returned at 12.15 p. m., having had to fill the boiler with salt water as the pipes from the reservoir were thawed only to the Black Flats, and returned only on account of the fogs".

An account of a street accident by which a young man lost his life is given in the journal, with the words, "rum the cause", added.

The wreck of the bark "W. F. Marshall", of St. John, N. B., at the head of Mioxes Ponds, is described in detail, the writer stating that the crew numbered fourteen in all, and that the wife and child of the steward were aboard. The bark was a new vessel of 940 tons and was commanded by Captain James H. Wright.

Another story of a wreck on the south side of the island is related. This was the Italian bark "Papa Luigi C.", Captain G. Romano, bound from Sicily to Boston with a cargo of 720 tons of sulphur. The captain also had on board 100 barrels of wine on his own account. These wrecks occurred on March 9 and March 21, 1877.

An item dated September 10, 1877, says "they set fire to the wrecked bark 'W. F. Marshall' at the south side of the island in the hope of burning the woodwork so men employed could get out the copper and iron bolts, etc. The fire burned through the week, at times furiously".

The writer, in January, 1878, says that "the masts of the wrecked bark 'Papa Luigi' went by the board in the heavy blow of Wednesday evening, January 23, and the wreck is breaking up fast, after being wrecked eleven months".

Mrs. Holmes has discovered among the old papers and records of the island material of great historical value. This will be calendared in the check-list which will be published by the Historical Records Survey.

[Note: Timothy W. Riddell was one of the old-time auctioneers. His place of business was later occupied by George E. Mooers, then by Rosen, and is now occupied by Louis J. Clark, the antique dealer.—Ed.]

APR. 23, 1935

—SPEAKING of the fastest record of the "City of Paris," the Boston *Record* recalls the fact that Representative Smalley, of Nantucket, who is the veteran seaman of the House, once made the trip to the West Coast of Africa, in the clipper bark "Jennie Cushman," in 15 1-2 days, being the shortest time recorded.

Fitted Out Sloop to Search
For Sea Serpents.

Many of the old Nantucket whalemen believed in sea-monsters and often a ship would return home from a voyage with notation on her log of some strange sea creature having been sighted. At one time, the Nantucketers were so true to the belief that there were sea serpents that, in 1883, they fitted out the big sloop "Fame" under Capt. Peter Myrick and sent her out on a voyage after sea serpents. Captain Myrick did not have very good luck, however, and returned with a full cargo—of experience.

Aug. 14, 1937

The Walter F. Mitchell
Mystery Solved.

Boston Post.

The Sunday Post, last Sunday, published Walter F. Mitchell's famous poem, "Tacking Ship Off Shore," and asked for information regarding this poet, of whose identity there appeared to be no record beyond the fact of his birth in 1826.

The New Bedford Evening Standard offers the information that he was born in Nantucket, and that he spent his early years on that island.

"He attended Harvard University," says The Standard, "and in the 40's was a classmate in the law school of George F. Hoar, later Senator from Massachusetts.

"Coming to New Bedford to practice law, Mr. Mitchell occupied the law offices afterward taken over by W. W. Crapo. Later he studied for the ministry and became an Episcopal minister. Senator Hoar once said of him at a class reunion:

"I am inclined to think that the one member of our class whose fame will last to remote posterity, a fame which he will owe to a single poem, is the Rev. Walter F. Mitchell."

"Mr. Mitchell also wrote several novels, among them being 'Bryan Maurice' and 'Two Strings to a Bow,' which are on the shelves of the New Bedford Public Library. In 1854, New Bedford's records show Walter Mitchell living at 40 Third street. In the same year, September, 1854, he married Miss Amy Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y."

From Edwin R. Champlin of 87 Pleasant street, Worcester, comes the following information:

"Who's Who in America" (1901-02) has a sketch of Walter P. Mitchell. It gives Nantucket as his birthplace and 1826 the year. He was an Episcopal minister, and was alive in New York at 254 W. 100th street in 1902. John G. Whittier, intimate co-worker with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, told me he had a sieve to get along with him.

Aug. 28, 1926

AUG. 28, 1926

—"The Meeting of the Ships" is the title of a very readable poem in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, written by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, the author of "Tacking Ship Off Shore." As Mr. Mitchell is among the distinguished author's tracing his genealogy back to Nantucket, our readers, and particularly those familiar with sea-faring parlance, will be pleased with his latest production.

See 4

THE "HAULOVER."—U. S. Surveying steamer *Endeavor* arrived here on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, Professor Pierce, Professor Henry Mitchell and other officers of the Coast Survey, accompanied by a number of gentlemen of this town, made an expedition up to the head of the harbor in Capt. B. R. Burdett's boat. We learn that all are agreed in their opinions as to the feasibility of the proposed "cut-through," and will make a favorable report thereon. Further surveys are to be made, and measures have been taken to secure an appropriation this winter for completing the work. It is estimated that \$10,000 will be sufficient to cover the expense.

Sept. 12, 1872

Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror

Fifty Years Ago Today.

Nov. 11th, 1899.

Mr. Editor:

How comparatively few on Nantucket will remember the events of any particular day of fifty years ago? There are, however, a few who will remember the schooner Bay State, a few more who will remember her captain, John Smith, who was drowned in the chord of the bay, and very many who will never forget her agent, Joseph B. Macy, who for many years was foremost along the water-front. To those who knew him it is not necessary to recall his virtues; to those who did not I will say that he was the last man on Nantucket to abandon the whaling industry, the bark Oak, Capt. W. B. Thompson, which sailed from Nantucket Nov. 16, 1869, being his last venture.

Well, fifty years ago today I was on board the schooner Bay State. At that time south moon made high water on Nantucket bar, and it was high water that day about 4:30 p. m. At 3:30 o'clock Great Point light bore east by south, the wind freshened from the northeast, and the Bay State was running under foresail and jib for Nantucket bar. Occasional snow squalls would shut in the town, and the dusk of evening was rapidly approaching. When within about two miles of the bar a Cape boat (such as is not seen at the present day) was seen directly ahead, also heading for the bar, on which there was a very nasty sea running. Capt. Smith was much concerned for the safety of the boat ahead of us. About this time a snow squall passed over, lasting about ten minutes. When it had passed no boat was in sight, and it was evident that she had swamped on the outer bar. This proved to be the case, as a few moments later, when abreast of the outer buoy (if my memory serves me, there was no bell buoy at that time) the top of the mast was discovered with a man clinging to it. The Bay State was immediately brought to the wind, and when her headway was lost, a boat was lowered. In it were Alexander B. Dunham, whom all of the older people remember for his genial nature and his bravery, especially in the saving of human life; Charles Andrews, whom very few will remember, as many years ago he found a sailor's grave (a brother of David B. Andrews, so well and favorably known at the present time); and myself. Well, the man proved to be John Bateman or Beetman, whom we rescued in a very exhausted condition. As I am writing entirely from memory, it is possible that in some particulars I may be in error. If there is any man living who was on the Bay State that day I would be very much pleased to have him write me.

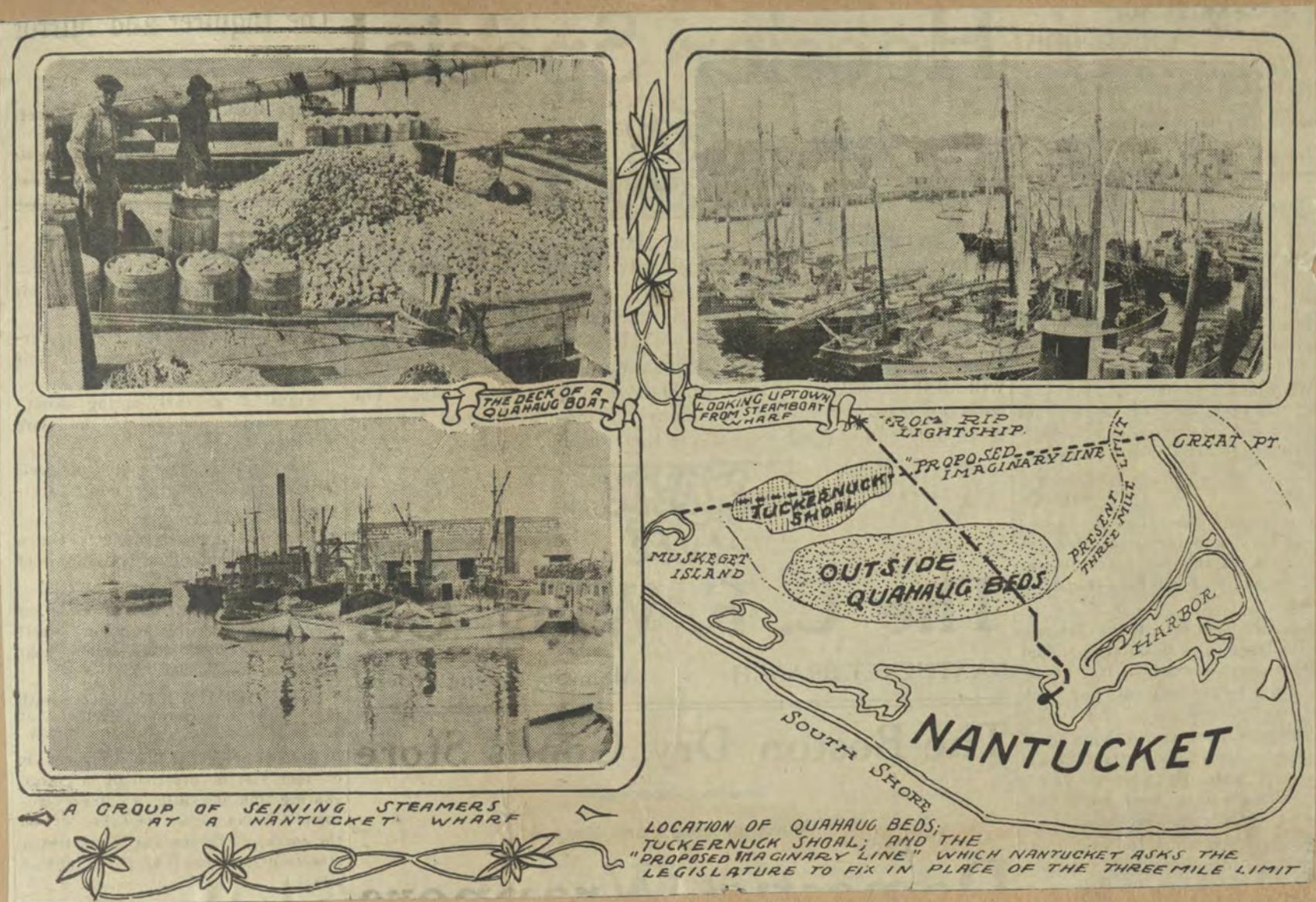
T. M. BEARSE,
780 Dudley St., Dorchester, Mass.

Nov. 11, 1899

See 4

CHANGES AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Owing to the continued ill-health of William H. Waitt, Esq., the Deputy Collector of this port, the position has been given to Maj. Albert B. Holmes, who has previously held the office of Inspector. Mr. William H. Gibbs has been appointed to the office left vacant by Mr. Holmes. The changes have been confirmed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sept. 23, 1874



A Discussion of The Nantucket Shell Fishery.

By Bassett Jones.

It is of vital importance that any laws or rules governing the shell fisheries, aside from purely sanitary precautions due to contamination of waters, should be based on a study of the life history of the fish affected. It is not possible to set up proper limitations as to fishing methods unless they are based on such study. Otherwise serious injury may be done before the mistake can be rectified. It seems to me that the lobster fisheries furnish an example to the point.

There is a large amount of data available to prove that the number of marketable chicken lobsters caught, or that might be caught, in pots is very small in comparison to the number that are destroyed or killed by natural agencies. Yet up to very recently the law, while forbidding the taking of chicken lobsters permitted the taking of large lobsters of any size, which, as a matter of fact, constitute the only source of lobster supply.

When a lobster attains its growth, it is effectually armed by nature against its enemies, and the probability that it will live to old age very much in its favor. The French have a law based on a careful study of lobsters, (see Taylor "Marine Products of Commerce", and Jenkins "The Sea Fisheries") that sets an upper (not a minimum) length on lobsters (or craw fish) that can be legally taken.

Now that our old law, placing a minimum length, has resulted in a great reduction in the lobster supply, we suddenly wake up and start floundering around making a poor substitute for the French law. After the hen has been injured, her eggs subjected to the air and weakened if not destroyed, the State pays out good money for the poor beast and puts her back, probably so weakened by her experience that natural enemies or disease takes a hand and finishes the job. Not only that, but to make matters worse, she is placed, weakened, in a strange environment which may and probably does, have a deleterious effect on her future egg bearing powers, granted she lives at all.

It seems to me that a sensible lobster law would forbid the possession or exposure for sale of any lobster of either sex over, let us say, 9 inches long from frontal lobe to tail tip measured along the medial line of the back. This measure does not include the front claws which are variable and difficult to measure. A standard measuring device like a fixed shoe measure could be used for this purpose, issued by the state and recorded. Its use may be made compulsory. The actual maximum length specified by the law should be based on a thorough statistical study of the length of egg bearing females and based on a thorough statistical study of the length of egg bearing females and mature males in different locations.

The lobster law should impose a suitable fine for exposing for sale or having in possession any lobster longer than the legal size. I am quite satisfied, though others may not be, that the law need not specify a minimum, except possibly as to the open spaces between the bars or meshes of the pot. If a law such as I suggest, governing the maximum length that can be taken were enforced, the older lobsters would be returned to their own environment directly from the pots with little exposure to the air and with a minimum of injury.

So much as to lobsters. Now as to scallops. After studying everything I have been able to find on the subject, including such fragmentary material as is issued by the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce, and that all has been published on the biology and life habits of the harbor scallop (see, for instance, Kellogg—"Shell Fisheries"), followed by my own observations and experiments, I have reached the following tentative conclusions; tentative because the time I can devote to this work is limited.

Any preliminary law should be based on the report of a scientific working committee, under proper executive control, resulting from at least two years close study. It might take considerably longer to obtain the data necessary for the formulation of a thoroughgoing intelligent law. In fact, I would like to suggest that this legislative Commission include in their report a recommendation that the proper authorities be empowered to organize such a body to study scientifically both the life history of the edible fish and economics of the whole fishing industry and to make recommendations for legislative action.

Such an organization should be continuing and remain the scientific part of that branch of the State organization under which such matters properly come. It should take the position under this department now held by the experimental farms or agricultural stations, under the State Department of Agriculture.

You will recognize, I think, that while the state spends large sums on its agricultural activities, it grants but an ineffectual pittance to the advancement of this other great food industry—an industry that in this state alone grosses many millions of dollars annually, gives hazardous employment to a large body of her people, and shows a ridiculously small net profit to every one involved from fisherman to dealer.

I am strongly of the belief that the fundamental cause of the rapid reduction in the number of scallops taken along this coast results from the utterly reckless and improvident methods used in taking them. So far as my limited knowledge and experience goes, not a single proper move has been made to conserve the scallop crop.

At Nantucket the bay scallop spawns some time between the latter part of June to the end of July, depending on the water temperature. Incidentally the growth of the animal also depends on water temperature apparently ceasing when the temperature of the water is much less than 50 degrees. The drifting spawn hatches rapidly and gives rise to a minute free swimming form without shells. In a short period the young

animal ceases to move about, sinks to the bottom, and attaches itself to any object with which it comes in contact. If it continues to live, it then begins to develop shells and before long becomes what we know as "seed".

When the "seed" reaches a shell diameter of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, the animal breaks its attachment and again becomes free, then being able to move about by the opening and closing of its shell, water being drawn in around the shell periphery or edge caught behind the gill structure, and, by the sudden closing of the shell, ejected violently through the annus or aperture on one side of the hinge.

With us, the freeing of the "seed" scallops takes place about the end of August. The young scallop, if it now succeeds in getting itself into water of the proper depth where its food, animalculae called *diatoms*, is present in sufficient quantity, lives through the winter to spawn the following summer. Then, curiously enough for an animal of such low form, chances being with it, it lives through a second year without spawning. It is easy to distinguish the second year scallops by the ring on the shell marking the slow period of shell growth during the second winter.

By far the large part of the spawn is lost. In fact, only a very small part ever reaches the "seed" stage. This, because the spawn is drifted about by the tide and ultimately settles on unsuitable bottom or in water that is too deep or in locations where the proper food supply is lacking.

The areas suitable for seed development in Nantucket Harbor are limited, and every year, are becoming more limited. There are several reasons for this. One probably very fundamental reason is the change in the character of the harbor bottom that occurred while the opening existed through the sand bar connecting Wauwinet and Coskata. During this period an enormous amount of sand was carried into the Harbor and deposited over the bottom. The Head of the Harbor alone was shallowed by six feet. Where there was 24 feet of water before the break, there is now but 18 feet. This change in the harbor bottom resulted in a marked change in the growth on the bottom, and, in the originally shallow parts, covered over large areas of eel grass which is by far the best growth for the attachment of the scallop spawn and the development of scallop seed.

My recent investigations show that a comparatively small amount of spawn succeed in developing to seed anywhere on the harbor bottom except on the remaining eel grass flats. Whether they ever developed on the deeper bottoms I do not know. Experimental dredging has shown few if any seed on the deeper bottoms. I doubt that spawn ever develops in water as much as 12 feet in depth, and, then, only when the bottom is suitable and the food supply ample.

Scallops that are found in such deeper water probably have moved there from shallower waters as their growth developed. In general the number of harbor scallops of marketable size decrease as the water depth increases beyond 10 to 12 feet. There are of course variations from this rule depending on the character of the bottom and of the food supply.

It is a general fact that the location of the best scallop beds is directly associated with the sources of food supply—the creeks and marshes that feed enormous quantities of diatoms and diatom food into the harbor, and where the tides and currents so run as to bring this food to the scallop grounds. It is also here that eel grass thrives best—in comparatively shallow, quieter waters. These are the natural scallop nurseries which have been and are being rapidly destroyed by the use of power drawn dredges.

It is fast becoming a fact that Nantucket Harbor provides no suitable ground for the development of scallop seed, and what seed do develop are injured by the combing of their nurseries in this reckless manner. If the seed are not permitted to develop, obviously they cannot reach the spawning period of the succeeding year, and thus the crop is sadly depleted.

In the course of this study I have arrived at certain very definite conclusions which however, and before any definite action is based thereon, should be checked by someone more fitted by proper training than I, and who can consistently and steadily devote his time to the work. These conclusions may take form as the following recommendations:

1. All scallop dredging on eel grass flats by power should be forbidden. Preferably no dredging of any kind on eel grass flats should be permitted. Suitable marks or buoys should be set limiting the prohibited areas so that there can be no argument about their location. As the beds increase in area, the buoys should be moved to cover the larger ground until large enough beds have been marked off.

2. No scallop less than 2 inches in diameter should be taken. Limiting the scallops taken by size is not the scientific manner of placing a limit that will best conserve the crop, but at least it is a limit, and, probably, the only practical limit. The ideal limit would be to confine the catch to second year animals as distinguished by the ring on the shell. This would leave on the bottom all scallops capable of spawning during the following summer. However, since the second year scallops are commonly the largest, a limit by size may serve almost as well.

3. The law covering the above, two recommendations, should impose a penalty of loss of license from the time of detection to the *end of the following season*. Repeated violation should entail permanent loss of license.

4. A properly constructed boat with wet hold should be put to work on the scallop seed about the end of July and should move the free scallops on the bottom to deeper and open water. My investigations show that such scallops can be moved with small loss *provided they are kept in water during the process*, and provided the collecting device does not injure them. Enormous numbers of free seed are carried by the tide into shallow inlets and smaller harbors and are there killed during the winter. Much of these could be collected and moved out to deeper open waters. The depth of water into which the free seed scallops are moved should not be extreme—not over 4 to 6 feet at low water, and they should be broadcast, not dumped.

In other words Nantucket should cultivate her scallop crop exactly as the oyster crop is cultivated, with differences in method corresponding to difference in the life history of the animals. If this is done consistently and with understanding, I am satisfied that within five years the crop would be materially increased.

However, the real problem is not as to what should be done, but as to whether Nantucket fishermen are progressive and far sighted enough to undertake such a program of conservation. Since Nantucket will not lease her harbor bottoms to concerns that will undertake this work and so indirectly bring financial returns to everyone on the island, she must either do the necessary things herself, or suffer the obvious and continued decline in her scallop fisheries.

As to clam fisheries, both hard clams and soft, much work has been done by the state, but so far as I know no adequate action tending toward conservation has resulted, except that some few soft clam farms have been started, and some have proved successful. Extensive experiments and studies of the soft clams in the Essex marshes pointed clearly to the effect of pollution, bottom changes, and reckless digging on the quantity and quality of the clams produced.

Following conclusions, I have carried out some limited experiments in Polpis Harbor and have found that by comparatively simple methods of bottom treatment including the planting of seed, the number of clams produced in a given area can be enormously increased—several hundred percent. Our experimental bed has now become a source of spawn for the nearby tidal bottoms. Signs have been posted asking the public not to disturb the experimental bed. The result of this very crude and limited work leads me to believe that with little effort, and at comparatively slight cost, a number of such protected and cultivated source beds could be established that would halt the present rapid depletion of our supply of soft clams.

As to hard clams or "quahogs", I think it is obvious that the change in the harbor brought about by the opening at the Harbor Head has produced a sandy bottom particularly suited to the growth of these molluscs. We have carried quantities of hard clam seed into Bearse's Harbor (West Wing of Polpis Harbor) and find that where the bottom is kept reasonably free from silt, and where the water

is of proper salinity, these clams thrive.

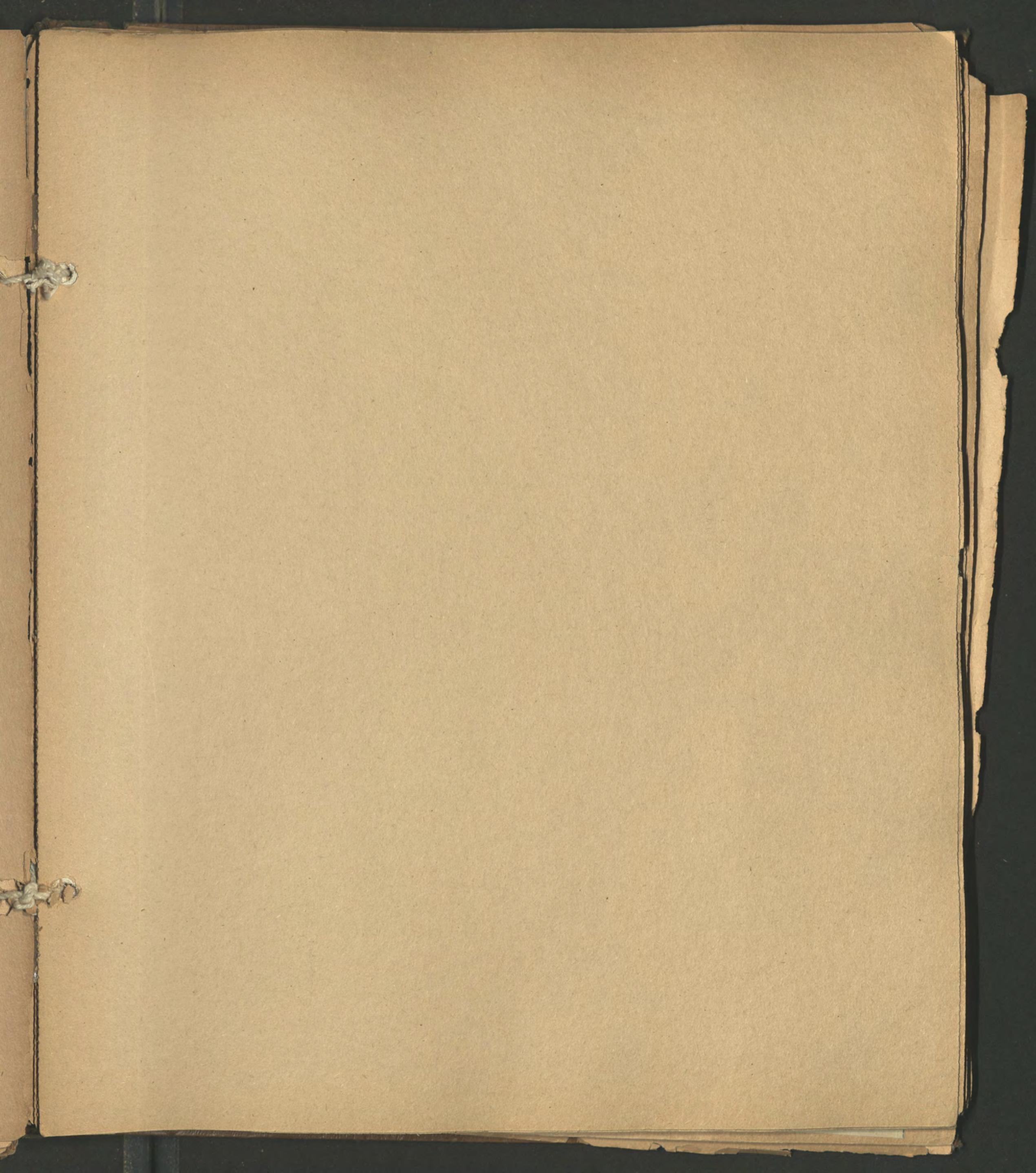
Planted almost anywhere, the hard clam works itself into a suitable location. The result of this planting in one location was to greatly increase the number of hard clams in adjacent locations where the bottom and the water were more suitable. The discovery of this increase led to excess digging by the public so that, at present, there are even less clams than before the planting took place. If it were possible to control the quantity of clams that can be taken from any given area in any one year, the supply could be maintained.

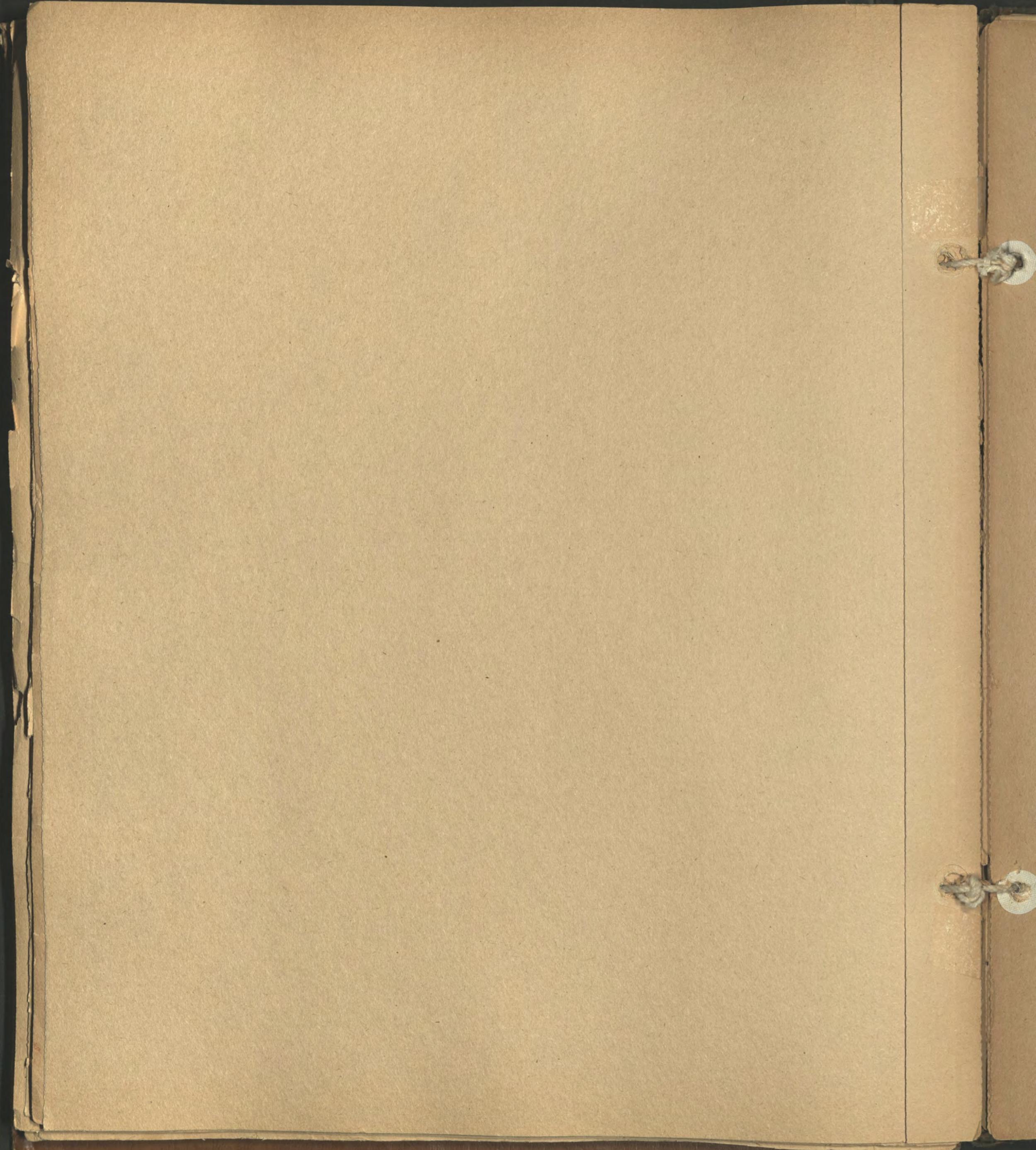
Both hard and soft clams give rise to free swimming spawn, and the number of spawn that, on losing their mobility and settling to the bottom, develop into clams, depends on the character both of the bottom and on the water where they then find themselves. Only that soft clam spawn develops that settles on the narrow rim of suitable bottom that is more or less exposed at low tide. Hard clam spawn must settle on suitable bottom continuously, but not too deeply, covered by water. The soft clam spends its life where the spawn settled and found proper conditions. As the hard clams grow they, like the scallops, work out into deeper water. In this manner hard clams may move considerable distances, but the beds of large clams always trace back to proper grounds for spawn development. Thus the outside beds on Tuckernuck Shoal and in adjacent waters trace back to the shallows about Tuckernuck, while the beds off Monomoy Point trace back to the shallows West of that point.

It is extremely unfortunate for Nantucket that the taking of quahogs from the Tuckernuck beds, when discovered some years ago, was not controlled by some such conservation measure as that suggested above. The practical and reckless extinction of these beds gained little if anything for those concerned. Had these beds been properly conserved Nantucket would now have a thriving quahog industry.

Above I mentioned the effect of silt on the number of clams that develop on any bottom. Take the West wing of Polpis Harbor as an example. Within recent years the amount of silt in the form of a slimy muck that has accumulated on the bottom of this harbor has been greatly increased, due to the water from the inland cranberry bogs and reservoirs that flows into the harbor when the water is run off the bogs in the spring. At that time the creek that carries this water into the harbor is thick with mud and eroded material.

This material, added to the sediment from the peat eroded from the shores of this harbor, settles in the quiet waters, and has covered the bottom with muck in which clams cannot grow. They are literally stifled. Under this muck the harbor bottom is a gravelly hard pan which would, and once did, form excellent oyster ground. Where broken up and mixed with sand and muck, as we have done in our experimental beds, excellent clam bottom is formed. The waters of this harbor are peculiarly rich in the diatoms which constitute clam food, so that, if the bottom were properly treated, these waters could be made well nigh perfect for the production of marketable clams and oysters, and a source of income to the island, directly or indirectly.





Nantucket's Clam Digger.

Practically three-fourths of the clams which have been consumed on this island during the season just closed were dug by one man—Charles Chase—who has done nothing but eat, dig clams and sleep all summer long. Charlie has always been acknowledged one of the best diggers on the island, but this year he has surpassed even his own records, and, rain or shine, has averaged three bushels of the bivalves for a day's work ever since the first of June. He makes his home with his family in the shack on the tip end of Pocomo Head, with clam flats all about him, and since he commenced digging he has never "missed a tide." His daily catch has been brought to town on the Wauwinet ferry-boat Lillian, which would run in towards Pocomo each morning and take the clams aboard, bringing them down to the local dealers, where Chase always found an eager market at \$2.00 a bushel. Of course he has been making good money, but he has worked hard for it—as anyone who ever dug even "a mess" of clams can testify. Digging clams is no sinecure, especially in a broiling hot sun, and tide after tide, day after day, all summer long. But Chase is an expert digger and makes light work of it—and he is still on the job. Tuesday, after the Lillian had stopped running for the season, he manned his dory and rowed into town with his catch—of course doing the stunt between tides, for he always gets on the job again when it is near "low water." He says he will continue to dig as long as he can dispose of his product in town, although the season is over and the demand for "steamers" and "chowder clams" is naturally on the wane. But over 300 bushels of clams have been dug out of the mud by Chase since the first of June, and that is going some.

Nantucket's Scallop Industry—Origin and Development.

I, being the oldest scallop fisherman, have been asked when it first started. It was in the year 1881 that they were first taken for food. Before that time, we were told not to touch them as they would poison you.

But a native who was working at Cuttyhunk, near New Bedford, came home and told us what they were doing with them there. This was the beginning of the industry here, which has proved quite profitable to every one here, at the present time, in value from 50c to \$10 a gallon.

There were only a few boats, perhaps 5 or 6, fishing those early years. We sent the scallops to New York, to commission merchants, who sold them—charging 12½ cents commission. Some times we received for 4 gallons as small as three 25-cent script paper money—for a tub of scallops, 75 cents. Another time we would get \$4 to \$5 for this same amount, which we were anxious to get.

We all opened our catch, as they charged 15c a gallon to open in those days, which we could not afford. We

opened at night, by the light of a kerosene lamp on the bench, which many times would smoke up and the chimney would burst. Stores being closed at that hour, it meant no more opening that night.

Now, most of the scallops at that time were called "grass scallops," and they were never as large as those caught on a sandy bottom. It was usually 2 quarts and a pint to the bushel of grass scallops to 3 quarts per bushel for those from sandy bottoms.

Scalloping then was done with sail-boats, and you had to fish with the tide going the same way. There were only 5 or 6 boats fishing, and with a head wind and tide you never knew when you would get back home. The shanties where you did your opening could only be reached by small boats, so that meant you had to shovel the scallops into tubs—usually an old wash tub with handles, no bushel baskets—they cost money.

Many of these times it was low tide, and a southeast rainstorm, which was not very pleasant. Now, we went out, too, on some very cold days—especially if you received a check the night before for \$1 a gallon. The ice would make on your mittens, so when you started to haul your dredge your hands would slip until the rope came out of the water. It was then growing much colder, we will say, and being off Wauwinet and blowing a gale of wind, ice making fast, by the time you reached home, everything was ice.

It was some job to get your sail down. This is not quite half the story; it would be too lengthy. Now, these men were all fishermen, men who knew boats, and made excellent men for life-saving (Coast Guard) crews.

The demand for scallops is now such that they have gone in price from 50 cents to \$10 a gallon. It is the whole conversation I hear everywhere, and until this time I have been a listener, and to me it has been very laughable. I get quite a kick out of it—but they get the money. Who are they? Well, I see mechanics of all kinds, from bankers down.

Now, some one goes to the Selectmen and wants a ruling—when they should start fishing. Now many of them are very busy in October, and don't think it is right to go before November! As I don't get my vacation before then—all right, say they.

But how about the man who follows the water wholly for a living, who has a wife and family of 3 or 4 children to get something to eat for them?

There are others with a steady job with a 2-week's vacation, sometimes with pay. Some have said it was a very restful vacation they wanted. It never was very restful for me.

Well, then, the Selectmen find out what they want and grant it. Instead of bothering the Selectmen, it seems to me they should agree among themselves. But, no, they are back again and want it changed. They want a limit on how many they should catch. I read in the paper it was 5 bushels to one man and 10 bushels for two men in a boat, which would mean 4 to 8 gallons a boat.

Now, I don't have to tell you how many gallons they caught and sold in one day as I think you all know. If you think it is profitable to have a shellfish inspection which we have had for many years—which goes into many thousands of dollars in that time—I will not object. But I will give my opinion that it is wasting the taxpayers' money.

They have been catching scallops for seventy years and have not exterminated them as yet—and never will. At spawning time one scallop throws out 2 million spat. What would that mean for 2 bushels, one in Madaket harbor and one in this harbor, if they all live.

The reason why everyone says they never saw so much seed as this year is there wasn't much rain at spawning time. Another thing, I believe Nature has a great deal to do with it.

Who put all those little necks in Coskata Pond, and who put millions of small clams in Sachacha Pond? Well, when the pond was opened that seed came from the Atlantic ocean.

And now, there is such talk as this that makes me chuckle: "How large is your boat? How much horsepower has she?" "Have you been out lately?" "Yes, I was back in town around noon with my limit." "Why aren't you opening?" "What do you pay for openers—\$1 a gallon for large and \$1.25 for small and seed?" "Do you catch seed? Well, they have a large eye—I only catch large ones, though."

I asked one of them what would happen if the Selectmen made a rule that no one should go unless it was in a sail boat. Well, he replied, he didn't think he could go, and that only 3 or 4 could handle a boat.

"How long have you been going?"

"I didn't have my vacation until around Christmas and thought I would take a rest."

"Have you done well?"

"Yes, I had \$32 after paying my openers."

"A pretty good day's pay."

"That is nothing," he said. "I know two men in a boat who had 19 gallons that day."

I told him there was not a place around the island where I had not caught scallops, but that the old saying that you are never too old to learn must be true. I asked him if he did not know it was wrong to take more than the law allowed. He said everyone else was doing it and wanted to know what could be done about it.

I suggested that the State law be adopted, which allows 10 bushels for one man and twenty bushels for two men to a boat, with the privilege of going in October. Many people have said that scallops are just as nice to eat then as any time, and would be willing to pay as much for them at any time. I think that is so.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot about the oysters. I never knew the reason for shooting them, but supposed it was to be helpful as a commercial project for the fishermen. If it has been have never heard about it being so. I do know several people have told me they had a nice oyster stew. Yes, most people like oysters, although there is an equal number who like steaks and chops.

George W. Burgess, Sr.
Nesbitt Inn, Broad St.

FLAT FISHING.—Messrs. Udell and Rackett, the young gentlemen who have traps set in the harbor for flat fish, are doing a good business in this line. They inform us that their average catch is about six barrels per week, for which they find a ready market at from \$6 to \$10 per barrel. The traps are located a short distance from the shore, and are connected therewith by a fence. The fish coming in strike this fence and follow it along, and are led into two hook-shaped wings which project from the mouth of the trap. These are followed up, and finally lead them to a funnel-shaped tube, about 23x27 inches in diameter, through which they pass into the trap proper, from which there is no escape. The gentlemen state that they have been engaged in the business for some time at the Cape, and came here to see what advantages our harbor offered for the prosecution of the business. They appear to feel perfectly satisfied with their success thus far. Some have the idea that these parties have been granted an exclusive right to use our harbor, but such of course is an absurd idea. Any of our people can undoubtedly obtain permission to go and do likewise, and, as has been proved, can obtain rich returns for the small outlay of funds and labor it requires to prosecute the business. It is to be hoped that the energy of these strangers may be widely copied by some at least of the many idle young men about the town.

Nov. 17, 1877

The Shore Fishing has been excellent of late. Great fares were taken at Siaconsett last week; one boat having obtained rising three hundred at one trip.—The fishing is attended with much hazard, however, and the present week one boat was pitched end over end, spilling the contents, men, fish and gear. The men got safely ashore, after a hard struggle, losing their fish, &c. Those who have not witnessed the landing of the boats in a heavy surf, can form but a faint idea of the peril. In the absence of other employment, however, some of our citizens readily engage in this service, and thereby secure a subsistence.

Wherever Sconsett fish are known, they stand highest in the market, always commanding about double the price of other fish. This is owing to superior and prompt curing. The day they are caught the process of curing begins; they are thoroughly cleansed, salted, pressed and dried. By this means, they are not likely to taint, as is the case with fish which lie weeks after they are caught, before being cured. Hence they sell quick at \$6 per kentle, while other fish are sold at \$3.50. Of course the fish caught at the South Shore possess the same richness (from the same causes) that Siaconsett fish do.

Apr. 10, 1847

** Our friend, Mr. Rowland Coleman, favored us with the following note:—

Mr. Editor:—On the 19th of February, 1845, my boat landed 4 fish on the south side of the island; 25th, landed 100; 26th, landed 120; 27th, landed 150; 28th, 160; making a total, in five days, of 584 fish, worth \$100. In 18 trips, last year, my boat landed 1594 fish. The fishing will be old stile, the ensuing March.

R. C.

Feb. 15, 1846

Feb. 25, 1850

The schooner "Patriot," of Chatham, arrived at Albany a few days since, with a cargo of 10,000 porgies caught off Nantucket.—The Yankee Captain commenced retailing at 18 cents per dozen, and the excitement was shortly up to fever heat. The cargo sold rapidly.

May 20, 1857



AN ISLAND FISHERMAN'S ART—LANDING THROUGH THE SURF

MAMMOTH COD.—We saw on Monday at the market of Mr. Watson Burgess, a cod fish, taken off the east end of this Island on Sunday, weighing about 85 lbs. The head alone weighed over 20 lbs. This is the largest fish of this species ever taken by our fishermen, who can beat it.

Apr. 15, 1847

THE FIRST SWORDFISH.—Capts. Enas and Patterson came in on Thursday evening, with the first Swordfish of the season. He sold out readily on the square at 6 and 7 cents per pound.

July 14, 1857

Weekly Mirror.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.

PERMANENT LOCATION.—The Mirror office is in the building occupied by Capt. F. A. Chase, where all business relating to the paper will be transacted. Entrance on Union street.

THE FISHERIES.—"Eighteen new vessels have been built and added to our fleet since the 1st of February, and nearly thirty since the close of last year's fishing season. In this time very few of the old vessels have been sold, thus making the addition of new vessels, in most cases, a direct increase to the business. These new vessels are of the first class of schooners, from 60 to 100 tons burden, and costing, when fitted for sea, from \$3000 to \$4000 each. By the first of July, after the new vessels, now completing, are ready to sail, the fishing interest from this port will be about as follows: 150 schooners, and 17 boats; aggregate tonnage from 9,000 to 10,000 tons; valued at \$300,000, and manned by and employing 1,500 men and boys.

The above tells in plain and incontrovertible language, that the Fishing business is profitable, and yields a handsome return for the capital employed. A gentleman, late a shipmaster from this place, now a resident of Cape Cod, during a visit here last week, stated that he was interested in three fishing vessels, one of which paid him 50 per cent., and the other two, 25 per cent. each. Certainly this is a good profit, probably quite equal to most other investments; far better, to say the least, than loaning money at simple interest, or depositing it where it will not earn a brass farthing.—

But little capital is required to send out one of these craft, while the returns are comparatively quick. If our citizens cannot be induced to engage in such voyages, on the same principle and with equal energy as from Gloucester and other places, why the alternative is simple and easy. Send off for officers and men, just as they used to send here from other places, for masters for their whaleships. With average success, in due time, there would be no trouble in getting crews here. Indeed, we believe it might be done now. It is of no more use to fit out a vessel manned by young whalers, (as has been done) who go mainly for the 'cruise,' having little regard for the profits, than it would be to run an omnibus to Great Point. Not but what they might do well enough, but their aim is in another direction, and hence they care but little as to the result of the trip, so that it is short, and they get back to the enjoyments which for years they have but little participated in. To make any enterprise successful, those engaged in it must feel such interest as will induce them to put forth their energies. Otherwise, it will be all a hazard, a mere game of chance. But enough—with the above text, and the fact alluded to in this article, we could not refrain from "preaching" a short discourse, knowing that it will do no hurt, even if actual good does not come of it.

May 29, 1847

Scallops Yield \$100,000 In 2 Months, Warden Reports

Eight weeks of the 1955 commercial scallop season have thus far produced an income of some \$100,000 to Island shellfishermen, Shellfish Inspector William H. Winslow says in his annual report.

"It has been a fair year for scallops," he said. "The prices have been around \$8.50 per gallon, making it a profitable year." The season opened November 1 and ends March 31.

Mr. Winslow reported a total of about 300 bushels of shellfish pests—starfish and conches—were caught and destroyed.

Resident Harpoons 1000 Pound Turtle

A thousand-pound Leatherback sea turtle was caught last Sunday by William Spencer of Winter Street as he and three others fished for swordfish 25 miles off shore.

When they first saw the turtle, Mr. Spencer said he threw a harpoon at it, but it failed to penetrate the shell. They then brought the boat up alongside of the turtle and threw the harpoon again, this time piercing the shell. The turtle was towed around for a while until he got tired, then harpooned for a third time, after which they towed him back by the flippers into the Island Service Wharf. He was not actually weighed, but lifted out of the water by an electric wench. The operator of the wench estimated that the turtle must weigh at least 1,000 pounds, said Mr. Spencer. He estimated that the turtle was from 7½ to 8 feet long and approximately four feet wide.

Mr. Spencer said that he believed that this type of turtle breeds in Brazil and only occasionally does one wander up this way. He said that he'd seen in a Boston paper recently that only 15 of this kind have been seen since about 1870 in these waters. Mr. Spencer said he'd "never seen anything like it before," and that these sentiments had been echoed by hundreds who saw the turtle, at the wharf.

Others on the boat, the "Half Moon" were Ralph Lindsay of Sconset, Arnold Duce of Nantucket, and William Briard of Nantucket. The turtle dead on arrival in Nantucket, was finally towed back out into the harbor and sunk. No turtle soup resulted from the catch, for, Mr. Spencer said, the turtle was not an edible variety.

Also caught by the fishing party was a blue shark.

A large sea turtle weighing several hundred pounds was brought in here two years ago by a fishing boat.

July 11, 1952

Commenting on conservation projects, Mr. Winslow said that about 100 bushels of seed oysters were moved from Sachacha Pond to Polpis Harbor and Hither Creek. The town purchased 12 bushels of seed soft shell clams and 200 bushels of hard clams for propagation in Polpis and Madaket Harbors, he reported.

Nantucket also initiated this year a survey of shellfish in Nantucket and Madaket Harbors and the Tuckernuck area in a long-range program to better the Island's scallop industry, he said.

Mr. Winslow emphasized the need of having departmental cash on hand to continue elimination of starfish and conch pests and to move seed scallop when it is in danger of being cast ashore or when it is found to be where it will have difficulty thriving.

Island Scallop Pictures Bought By Department of Commerce.

Paul F. Whitten, formerly of the Nantucket School Department and now of Attleboro, Mass., has become known recently as one of the better amateur photographers of Nantucket scenes. Mr. Whitten's photographs have won prizes in several contests and he has been most successful in showing his colored slides of Nantucket in various places on the mainland. He is, in fact, one of the best publicity agents Nantucket has yet had.

A letter received from Mr. Whitten this week reveals the fact that the Massachusetts Department of Commerce has just purchased a number of his pictures to illustrate an article (also by Mr. Whitten) describing the scallop industry on Nantucket.

The pictures selected by the Department of Commerce included the following: 1. Sidney and Ann Killen, in boat, dredging for scallops in Madaket Bay; 2. Walter Barrett, in his boat, culling scallops; 3. Underwater enemies of the scallop, such as starfish and whelk; 4. Peter Gomes, on Madaket pier with a bag of scallops; 5. Opening scallops in Walter Barrett's Madaket shanty, showing Chester Williams, Eugene Souza, and Mr. Barrett; 6. The inside of the scallop, empty shells, and the "eye", the edible part; 7. John Miller, weighing in scallops in his shanty on Island Service Wharf; 8. Nantucket scallop shell driveway; 9. A heaping platter of fried scallops, cooked by Mrs. Orin K. Coffin; 10. Manuel Souza, Nantucket's present champion scallop opener, and 11. Picture of author and photographer holding a typical scallop dredge.

Oct. 15, 1955

450 lb. Swordfish Harpooned By Town Treasurer.

James Allen Backus, Nantucket's Town Treasurer, celebrated the first day of summer, last Friday, by bringing in a 450-lb. swordfish which he and his party sighted approximately 25 miles southwest of Tuckernuck.

Mr. Backus harpooned the large fish, and told that it took well over an hour to bring it alongside the boat. The combined strength of all on board was required to pull it aboard.

Serving as crew aboard Mr. Backus' boat, the "Molly B.", were Thomas R. Sullivan, of Framingham, Mass., M. B. Pratt, of Hartford, Conn., and Robert K. Sziklas of Nantucket. Mr. Sullivan is associated with the Bianci Construction Company, which built Nantucket Airport, while Mr. Pratt is in the insurance business.

When the swordfish was brought ashore it was purchased by the Island Fish Market, which reported that it weighed 315 pounds when cleaned and dressed.

JULY 29, 1957

JULY 6, 1954

The Story of the Nantucket Bay Scallop

By Paul F. Whitten

When the summer people take their leave from the island, either by air or around Brant Point by steamer, it is then that the Nantucket people return to a normal domestic routine and the enjoyment of community life. The many tradesmen are kept busy during the "off-season months" by repairing property and, generally speaking, getting ready for another summer.

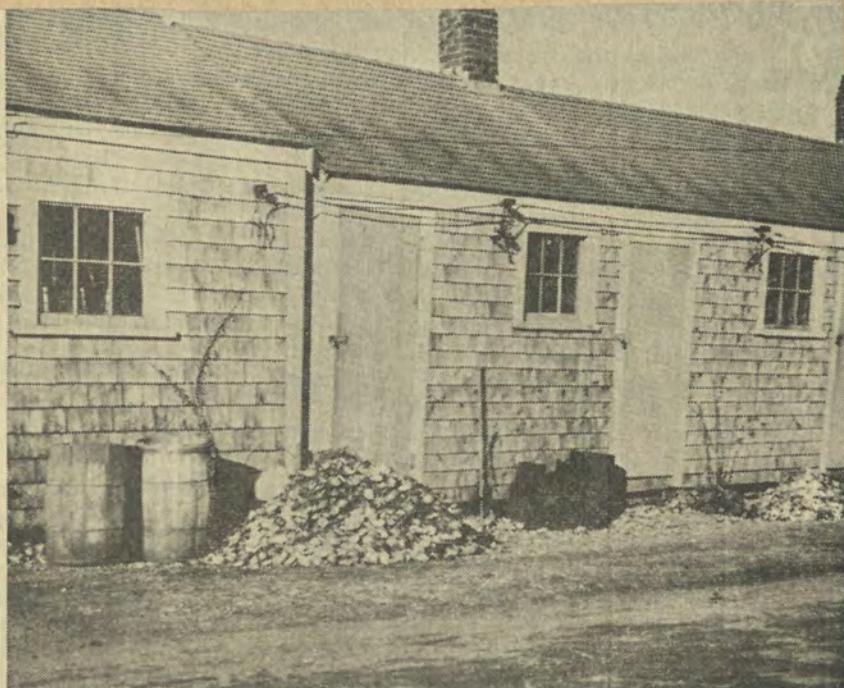
As has been mentioned, the business of caring for the summer people brings in the greatest revenue, but during the winter months many bank accounts and pocketbooks are padded with the revenue received from scalloping. That is, if the season happens to be a good one with a generous harvest of scallops.

Some seasons are hampered by miserable weather; such as continual high winds, making the water too choppy and hazardous for small boats; below freezing temperatures when the harbor waters freeze and the boats become locked fast in the ice. Sometimes the boats in Madaket Harbor, at the west end of the island are frozen in difficult for the scalloper, and tend to create a financial burden on some of the island families who depend on the income from scalloping. Sometimes, when the weather is favorable week after week and the yield is abundant, the prices drop to \$4 or \$5 a gallon.

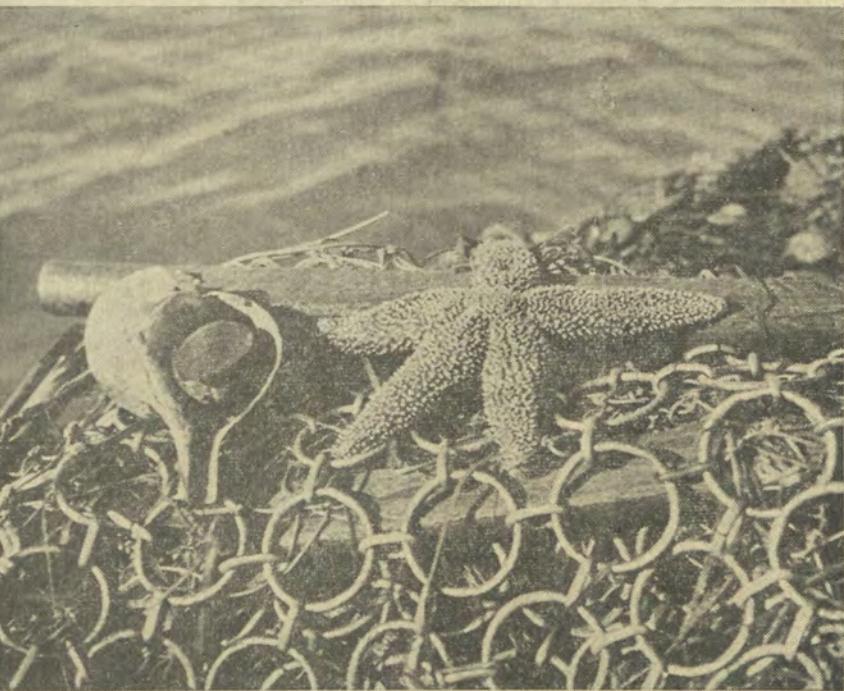
The scallop is a mollusk and is one of the two that are used commercially. The small bay scallop is known as "pecten irradians" and the larger northern sea scallop is labeled "pecten islandicus." The bay scallop and particularly the Nantucket Bay Scallop is the sweetest and most prized of the mollusk family.

The bay scallop has a life span of eighteen months to two years. The adult scallop will spawn upward to two million young, and the small ones are known as "spat." The spat attaches itself to eel grass and other submarine plane life, and are found on sunken debris. The young in its early life is dependent upon tidal currents for its food supply. When the scallop reaches about one and one inches in width, it frees itself and enters upon a swimming stage. Its means of locomotion is largely on the same principle as our jet-propelled planes. That is, it sucks in the water and ejects it with sufficient force to propel itself about its marine environment. The young scallop is incapable of determining the direction in which he wishes to travel.

The growth continues, on the average, to about three inches; though sometimes a few have been found up to five inches. That scallop is a rarity. Some scientists have made claims that a scallop can live up to five years, but most Nantucket scallopers doubt it very much.



Growing pile of shells outside scallop shanties on Old South Wharf



Starfish and whelk on dredge; two enemies of scallops

The large or adult scallops that are not caught during the scallop season die of old age. The next time you see a scallop shell at the seashore notice the growth rings on the shell. The lines are noticeable in some of the accompanying pictures. The growth rings are dependent upon the richness of the feeding grounds.

When the young reach maturity they return to the ocean bottom. The scallop lives on the bay bottom in a shallow depression, among the eel grass. On occasion it can swim to the surface.

Its food consists of small micro-organisms, which are extracted from the sea water by siphon-like intakes.

The outer shell is ridged or scalloped on the surface and around the edge. The two shells are held together by a strong inside muscle, sometimes called the "top-hinge." When the scallop is first taken from the water, the shell varies in shades from brown to almost black. As the shell dries many colors appear. Some of the shells are so attractively colored they are used for jewelry, and other decorative ornaments.

The in'ards of the scallop appear as a mass of white, yellow, and black organs. Along the base of the inner shell are some very beautiful iridescent blue specks, almost like tiny glass beads. These are called "eyes." Under the hinge or top of the shell is a round muscle also known as the "eye." This muscle, or "eye," is the edible part of the scallop. The remainder of the in'ards are eaten by sea gulls and other shore scavengers. No part of the scallop is wasted. The shells are used for driveways throughout the island.

The Early History of the Scallop

The earliest we hear about the scallop, is that its shell was used as an insignia of travel. Many travelers to the Middle East during the days that ancient history was in the making, wore a badge or pin very similar to the scallop shell. Thus, the scallop has been termed "The Little Pilgrim." It is the only known mollusk that is capable of locomotion.

The first scallops were undoubtedly eaten in New England. The scallop may have been first tried out on a dare or by people that were very hungry.

For years the Nantucket farmers had used scallops for fertilizer on their farms. As the scallops decayed a rich source of fertilizer and lime gave wonderful nourishment to the crops. Scallops by the thousands washed ashore after storms and these were hauled away to the farms, but not after the visitor from Cuttyhunk spread the word about the mollusk being edible.

The early scenes in the opening shanties didn't differ too much from today. True, candles and kerosene lights were used, but the "shooting of the breeze" ran quite the same.

The early scallopers had a little trick that brought them a few more pennies from the wholesale merchants. Many a scalloper stretched his packing tin by swelling the scallops with water. This did not go on for too long, for the law stepped in and now it is forbidden.

With the inboard and outboard motor scalloping has been made easy, as compared to the way the "old timers" dredged for the scallop. A small sailboat was used in the business of dredging. The dredges were dragged behind the sailboat. The boat had to go with the wind and sometimes with the tide, which made the task of scalloping most difficult. It was a long hard day for the men in those days, and they really earned their money.

Much of the scalloping in the late eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds was done along the Wauwinet shores. The boy who was broken into the business of dredging for scallops became a rugged individual. He learned the hard way. He had to know how to sail a boat and take care of the dredges at the same time.

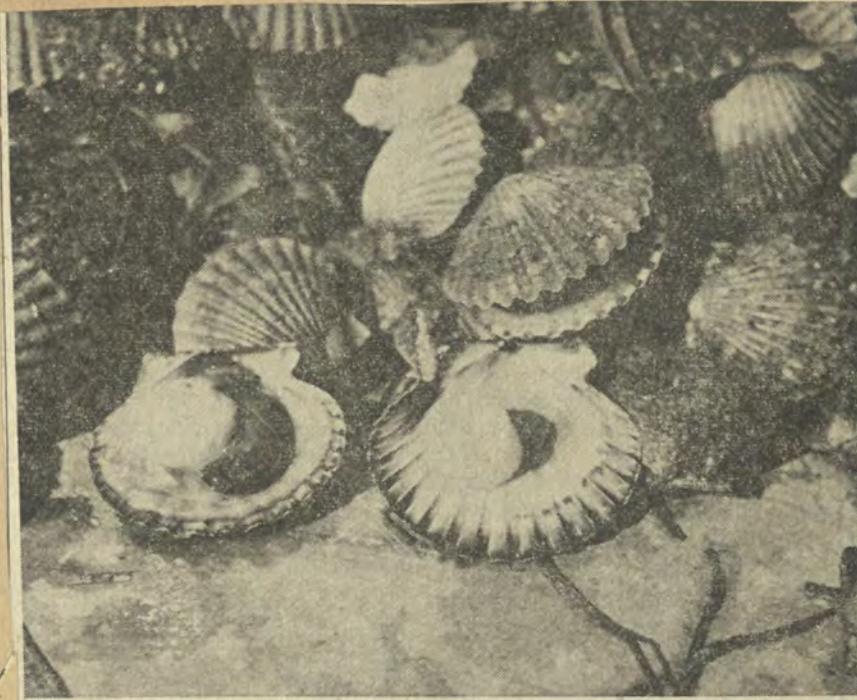
With the background of their whaling ancestors and their knowledge of sailing scallop boats, many young men of the island have become outstanding sailors and navigators.

The scalloping done today is by no means an easy job, but the work isn't quite so rugged as it was 75 or more years ago. Now-a-days, the prized delicacy is sought after by the banker, the merchant, the teacher, and even the housewife. Those folks have their own boats and equipment. When the money earned during the summer months is nearly spent, and the chilly winds of fall warn of approaching winter, it is then that many islanders begin to look over their boats and prepare for the scalloping season. These folks know that a good dollar can be added to the family income by "goin' a-scalloping."

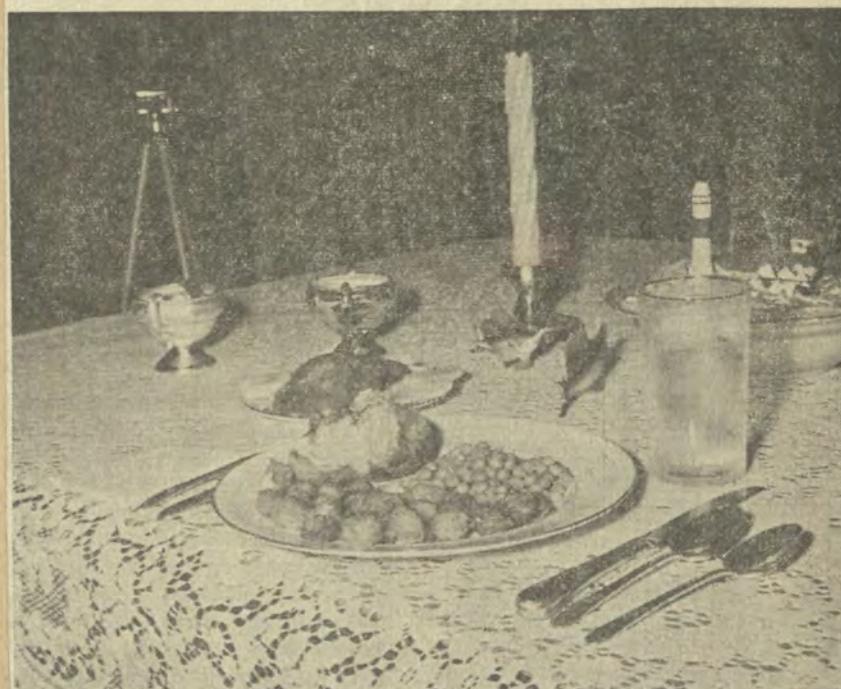
All types of boats are used, from the small dory and skiff, with outboard motors, to the larger power board motors, to the larger inboard power boats. The cabin boats, with their powerful engines, are capable of a larger crew, more equipment, and taking a little rougher weather. Many of the large boats have radios and some have a stove, for a bit of warm comfort now and then.

The scallop season extends from the first of November through to the end of March. Local regulations are made by the Selectmen, but such laws are backed by the State. When changes in the local laws are desired, they are suggested to the Selectmen by the Nantucket Fishermen's Association.

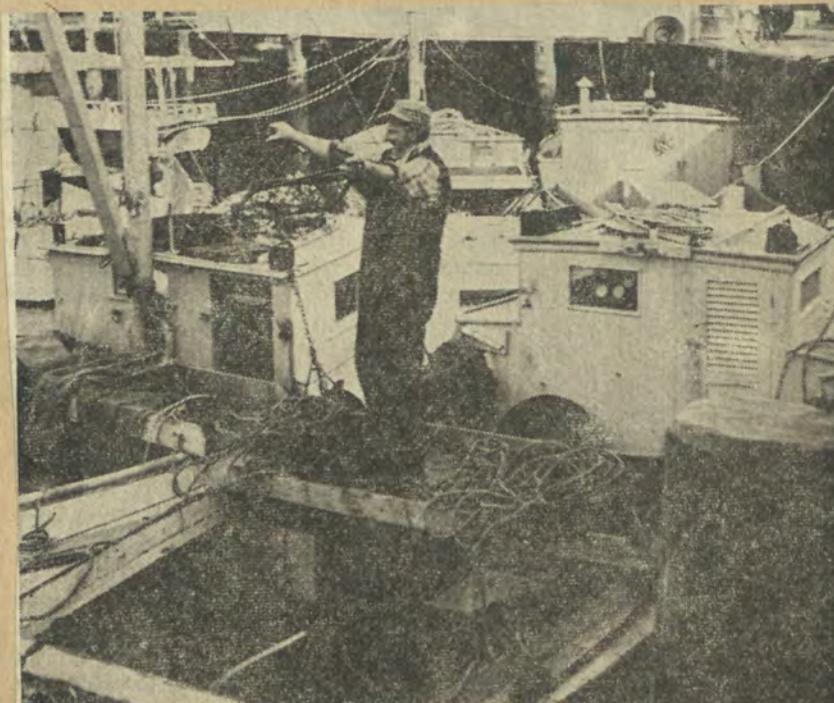
A commercial license costs \$5. The commercial scalloper is allowed a daily limit of four bags of a size furnished by the town. No Sunday scalloping is allowed.



Scallops on piling: scallops, in'ards, eye.



Platter of cooked scallops.



Veteran scalloper, Charles Ryder, standing on culling board, showing dredge.

The permit for family use allows the taking of one bushel per person per week. Scallops may be taken in any manner for family use, as long as sail or motor power is not used, and by any implements except dredges. Therefore, it is not an easy task to get a bushel of scallops from a boat with just a rake. If the water is calm and a low tide is running, so much the better.

The breaking of the regulations is payable of a fine from \$3 to \$50 and the chance of losing one's license.

The lone commercial scalloper may have from one to six dredges overboard, depending upon his skillfulness in piloting, culling, and pulling in the dredges. Of course, the man who has a wife that is willing to help him is able to bring in eight bags for the day. Lucky is he, who has a wife and a couple of sons. If they all possess a commercial license, the family can "make a darn good week's income," and many do during the season, as old man winter isn't too harsh the large boat, up to 20 feet or more, it is possible to have as many as eight dredges dragging.

The dredges are dragged in comparatively shallow water, from six to 10 feet.

The construction of the dredges differs only slightly since their size is regulated by law. Each scalloper has his own special rig, each believing his to be the best. The framework of the dredge is of iron or steel. The lower bar drags along the floor of the bay. The upper part is held open by the force of the water passing through the dredge. When the dredge is hauled aboard and dumped onto the culling board, the novice scalloper will have many surprises. In the dredge may be scallops, eel grass, other shellfish, fish, and sometimes just junk. The sorting of this miscellany is known as culling.

After the scallops are culled, they are put into regulation bags and the bag tied.

The returning scalloper, when he docks at the town pier, is closely supervised by the shellfish inspector and his assistant. The inspector watches for illegal catches; too many bags or too small scallops. The small or undersize scallops are known as "seed."

Some men leave the dock about day-break for the scalloping grounds. If the dredging is good and he gets his limit, he can return to shore, open his scallops and be through before evening. If the dredging is poor or the water is choppy a long cold day can be spent on the dreary bay.

The opening of scallops is a long laborious task, especially for the greenhorn or the tender-handed. The fastest openers learned in their teens.

If you happen to be on the town wharf at the close of day you'll notice many starfish and shells strewn about. These two creatures destroy thousands of scallops each year. They are a menace to the men who depend upon the scallop for a winter livelihood.

The experienced opener, and he has to be good, can open two gallons in an hour. The fastest opener on the island and probably champion up to the present year, has been Manuel Souza. "Mannie," as he is generally known, grabs a scallop, you see a rapid twist of the knife, and the empty scallop shells go one way and the "eye" goes into the packing tin. He has such speed, that the operation seems to be but a blur!

The old time champion in Massachusetts, Orin K. Coffin, is now retired. He worked on the scalloper "Crimson" back in 1907. Rumors of his remarkable speed reached the State Shellfish Inspector who had his doubts that anyone could open two gallons of scallops in an hour, as the rumors implied. The inspector journeyed to Nantucket and timed young Coffin and was amazed to find the rumors quite correct!

It appears that the best way to open the scallop is to hold it in the palm of the left hand (if you are right handed), dark side up, hinge of shell away from you. The rounded scallop knife is inserted near the hinge, a slight gap between the shells allowing easy access. Next, the blade is drawn forward while it is held tight against the underside of the top shell. The lower shell now contains the "eye" surrounded with a jelly-like substance which must be removed before the "eye" is free and can be flipped into the bucket.

There appears to be only two movements; one for the removal of the "eye" and the other for the removal of the in'ards. A rapid opener, such as Souza, appears to do the entire process in one movement.

The earnings of the scalloper differ. There are many factors to consider. The market price may be low; the scalloper may be slow; he may have no help from the family, or it may be a poor scallop season. Also, the old story of supply and demand enters into the picture.

During the latter years of World War II, scallops were wholesaling for \$10 per gallon. The past year the price ran between \$4 and \$5 per gallon. The regulation bag yields about one gallon of "eyes."

The opener gets about \$1.25 per gallon for opening. A fast opener can earn up to \$26 a day. In a week of good weather he may earn up to \$125 or more.

The lone commercial scalloper may earn about \$20 a day. It is a long and tiresome task. He goes out early in the morning. He must do his own dredging and culling. When he comes in with his limit, the scallops must be opened.

The writer has visited some of the scallop shanties in the evenings and have seen the men working until nearly midnight. The openers are busy all of the time, but they seem to enjoy "shooting the breeze." All in all the fellows who go scalloping are a pretty good natured group.

The scallops are usually sold to buyers on the island who, in turn, ship them to the mainland. One does not have to worry about the boat not going because of a freeze-up, for then the scallops can be shipped out by air.

With the advent of frozen foods, the demand for scallops has increased. Many a home freezer on the island boasts a good supply of scallops. A dinner of fried scallops tastes good to the scalloper during the summer; especially when he thinks of the cold days and hardships he went through to get them.



Walter Barrett, culling and watching dredges.

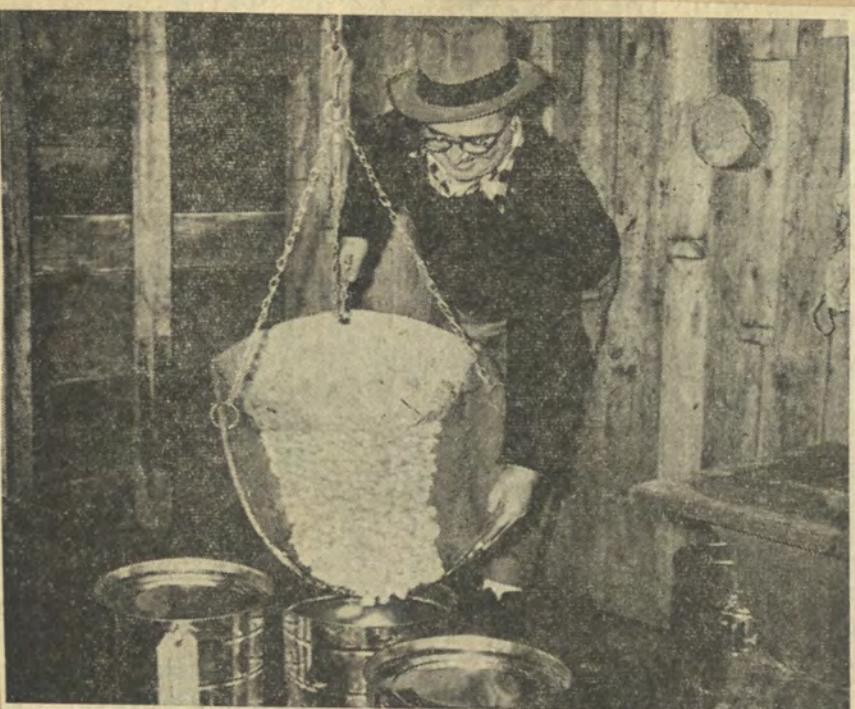


Scallop fleet tied up at Old South Wharf.



Eugene Souza, Chester Williams, and Walter Barrett open scallops in shanty.

JAN. 16, 1959



Mr. Millar, fish dealer, weighing scallops, emptying into packing tin.



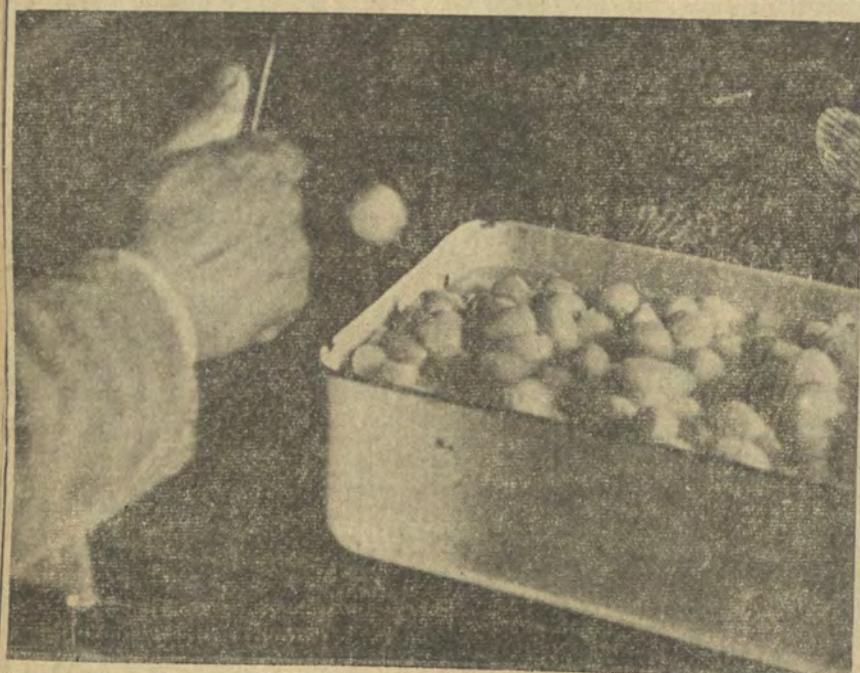
Shellfish Warden William Winslow on Old South Wharf



SCALLOP PRICE WAR LEADER—Charles M. Thomas Jr., left, owner of Thomas Seafoods Company of Nantucket, assists his scallop buyer, Peter Gomes, as the latter weighs a can of the shellfish at his establishment at 25 Union

Street, Nantucket. Mrs. Lorraine Larrabee, secretary-treasurer of the company, also is shown. Mr. Thomas, a new buyer of Nantucket bay scallops, has kept the price up and is now paying \$9.32 a gallon.

Standard-Times Staff Photo



A Scallop "eye" is caught by the camera as it is skillfully flicked from shell to container. The experienced opener spends a matter of seconds with each scallop; every movement is a lesson in precision.



A successful scallop fisherman, Billy Reis, deposits a bag of the delicious mollusks on the wharf. Interested observers are Gerald Ryder and Shellfish Warden Elwyn Francis Sr.

NOV. 13, 1959

Nantucket Scallop



Part of the Scallop Fleet Tied Up at Island Service Wharf at Nantucket, Mass.



THE SCALLOP is one of the finer delicacies among sea food. It is rather surprising the number of people that enjoy this sweet morsel from the sea who do not know just what a scallop is. There are two scallops commonly known to fishermen: the common scallop (*pecten irradians*) and the larger northern scallop (*pecten islandicus*). The common scallop is found along the Atlantic seaboard. Probably the sweetest and best scallops are those from the waters of New England.

The scallop I am going to describe is the Nantucket scallop. There is nearly always a great demand for these choice morsels from the harbor waters of the famous whaling port.

Nantucket is about 30 miles from Cape Cod, off the Massachusetts coast. The island is 15 miles long by 3½ miles wide. During the whaling days this island was world renowned. Today it is one of those fascinating and unusual summer resorts of New England. Nantucket is much as the whalers left it. About the only things to mar its antiquity are the electric light and telephone wires.

The greatest catch of scallops is in the main harbor of Nantucket. There are some in Madaket Harbor, also a few along the inner shores of near-by Muskeget Island.

The only part of the scallop that is used for food is the muscle, the rest of the soft body being discarded with the shell. The shell, as the name "scallop" implies, is truly scalloped. The hinge of the scallop is flattened. Radiating from the hinge are about 19 ridges. The color of the shell is usually a blackish-brown with alternating dark and light zones. Some of the shells when dry appear with shadings of orange, red, blue, and purple.

Paul F. Whitten is a free-lance writer and here gives a seaside view of an old picturesque industry.

Sweet Morsel From the Sea Provides Lucrative New England Business

By Paul F. Whitten

The young scallops (sometimes termed "spats") attach themselves to eelgrass, or other smooth, sunken objects. At one time it seemed that the eelgrass was on the verge of being destroyed by some unknown bacteria. Of course, this caused a great deal of consternation among the fishermen, for without eelgrass the supply of scallops would be greatly diminished.

The young scallop firmly attaches itself to the eelgrass and thereby is prevented from being washed by the tides into deep water. The tidewater brings an abundant supply of food to the scallop beds, which lie thick among the growth of eelgrass.

When the scallop reaches about 1 to 1½ inches in diameter, it frees itself from whatever it has been attached to. From that time forth it swims freely about by means of jet propulsion. (So, you see, jet propulsion was long in use before the modern jet-propelled airplane.)

During the month of August, one may see the young scallops swimming on the surface of the water. To get about, water is sucked in and then forced out between the valves or shells. The scallop seems capable of forcing the water in any direction, but whether the mollusk has the ability to choose its direction of travel is rather doubtful.

The scallop grows from three to five inches, five inches being uncommonly large. The life span is probably 22 to 26 months. If the scallop is not killed off by natural enemies, it may live to be five years old.

Growth may be determined by "growth

marks" on the shell, shown as slight ridges. The "growth marks" may depend upon the feeding grounds.

After reaching the completed "spat" growth, the scallop returns to the ocean bed. The home of this Little Pilgrim is on a sandy bed or a place where there is eelgrass. It is capable of moving about by means of a finger-shaped foot. Scallops can readily be seen on the ocean bottom, in a slight depression, if the water is clear.

The scallop can rise to the surface by rapidly closing and opening its shell and move about at a fair rate of speed.

The inside of the scallop appears to be a mass of white, yellow, and black organs. Along the base of the shell are a number of iridescent blue specks, not unlike miniature blue beads. These specks are known as "eyes," but it is doubtful if they are capable of receiving images.

On the upper part of the inside shell, near the hinge, is a large white muscle which holds the two shells together. This muscle, known as the scallop "eye," is the only edible part. About two thirds of the innards is useless, but can be used as bait.

The scallop season usually begins in November and lasts until the latter part of March or first of April, depending upon local regulations.

Small power boats are used. These run from 18 to 22 feet long, with a beam from 8 to 10 feet. These boats are powered by a powerful one- or two-cylinder, two-cycle motor. There is a small cabin on most of the boats and a few have a stove for warmth.

The lone scalloper will probably have about six dredges out and the two-man

crew about eight. The dredges are dragged along the ocean bottom, at different rope lengths and from different parts of the boat. The dredging is done in comparatively shallow water, usually between 6 to 10 feet.

The framework of the dredge is iron. The lower bar drags along the bottom, while the upper bar holds the baglike structure open. Nearly all scallopers have slightly different arrangements on their dredges, each scalloper claiming that his device is the best "rig."

The opening of the scallop is a laborious task for the amateur. A good opener can open as many as two gallons in an hour. The average opener opens about one gallon an hour.

Quoting from an article in the Vineyard Gazette of Nov. 30, 1929: "In opening the scallop, it is held in the left hand with the flattest side uppermost, if you can determine which is the flattest side, the hinge away from the operator. The blunt-end scallop knife is inserted at the side near the hinge, where a slight gap between the shells allows an easy entrance. Scraping upward, the eye is separated from the upper shell, which opens widely, often falling clear. One motion with a skilled shucker removes the gills and other innards that completely surround the eye, and another scrape with the knife takes the eye from the under shell and drops it into a container."

The scallop industry, on a commercial basis, began in Nantucket about 1882.

In the latter part of 1926 some of the Nantucket fishermen were earning as much as \$150 a week. Today, it would not be surprising if the scalloper was doing even better.

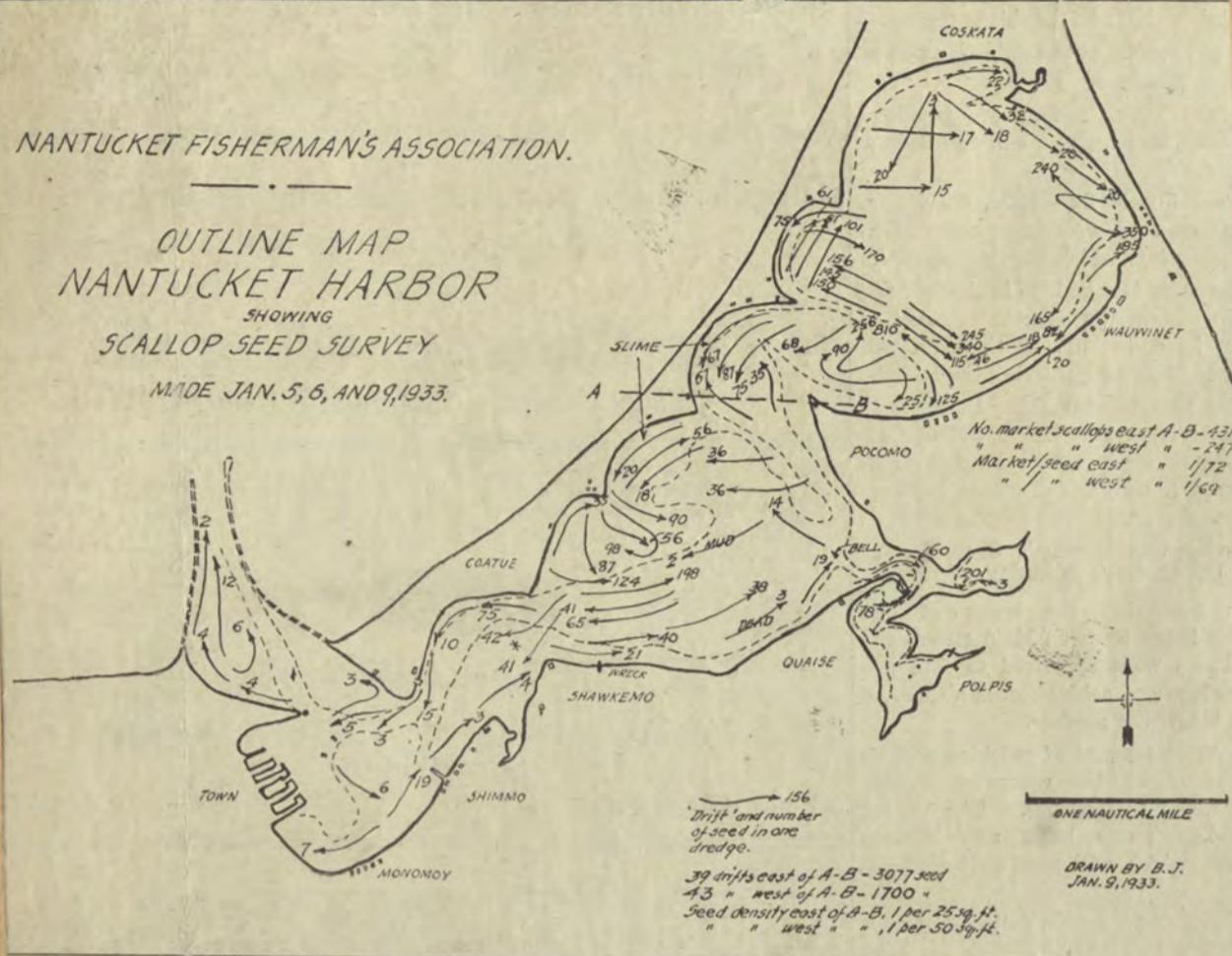
The scallop shanties with their weather-stained shingles along the waterfront are most picturesque. A few of the shanties have been bought by "off islanders" and used for art studios.

Harbor Scallop Survey of 15 Years Ago. Apr. 3, 1948

NANTUCKET FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

OUTLINE MAP NANTUCKET HARBOR SHOWING SCALLOP SEED SURVEY

MADE JAN. 5, 6, AND 9, 1933.



Fifteen years ago, the Nantucket Fishermen's Association was actively planning the protection and development of Nantucket's fishing industry. During the season, a careful survey of the scallop beds in the harbor was made, all of which has a direct bearing on the recent proposal to cut an opening through Chatham Bend at Coate for the purpose of aiding the propagation of the shellfish in the upper harbor. The controversy as to whether the plan is legally possible now rivals in its importance the original idea behind the proposed "cut."

Captain Coffin Recalls Nantucket Dory Fishermen of Old.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Referring to the pictures on this year's Nantucket calendar, I like them all, but the last pictures—that of the man landing the dory through the surf—made a hit with my youngest son Oliver.

In his sea experience he was a seaman on the Revenue Cutter *Bear*, cruising in the Arctic, and the seamen were taught to land a small boat on surf beaches. As he became a coxswain he had considerable experience, and despite the fact that he followed the sea as a marine engineer, he still lauds his ability at surf landings.

Well, that landing on the calendar brought back more boyhood memories. On a Saturday the boys of Nantucket would often hike to the South Shore. (The name "Surfside" was not on the map at that time.) Here we would watch the dory fishermen land. Boy-like, we were all anxious to see a spill, which often occurred. We knew the most likely men for a spill, and how we did watch the maneuvering of those dories!

The Orpin brothers, as well as the Dunham boys, were very expert, and James Wood was another. But David Andrews was long considered the best surfman of all. There were others that we boys paid attention to, also.

Some men landed their dories stern first, and some would get a dory full of salt water and sand.

One man comes to my memory perhaps more vividly than others. He was Sampson Pompey, a colored gentleman (and a real gentleman, too). He had made whaling voyages, and from shipmates I have since learned he was a very able sailor.

I once heard him say that he could not swim a stroke. He generally got a good fare of codfish, but no doubt he was fearful of the surf, for when nearing the shore, he was seen to stand up and put on a life preserver, which he always carried.

The fishermen would say: "Here comes Sampson; get a hold of his dory as soon as we can."

He would make several attempts, then wait for what he thought was a favorable time; but many times it was unfavorable, and he would land with a dory full of water.

I can seem to see that sweet smile on his face, when he would step out on dry land. And, as I think back, that smile meant: "safe on the ever green shore." There was one art in which he was very proficient—that was whistling. If he were living today, he surely could appear on Major Bowes' program. Many of the older boys can well recall the sweet whistling notes of Sampson Pompey as he passed down Pleasant street in the twilight of a summer evening, whistling: "The Mocking Bird." In contrast, later to be followed by Bennie Holmes singing, in his classic way, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." But if Bennie had been on Major Bowes' program, too, he sure would have got the gong.

Gone are these boyhood days—but not forgotten.

Sincerely yours,
Capt. Everett B. Coffin,
2506 Beach Drive,
Seattle, Wash.

March 13, 1943

Extent of the Quahaug Industry Almost Unbelievable.

Rough weather prevents the small "diggers" from working on the quahaug grounds, and consequently when a heavy wind or "a northeaster" strikes on it interferes with the regular shipment of quahaugs to the mainland. The standing order of "200 barrels a day" to a Philadelphia cannery has been maintained, however, up to last week, when the diggers endeavored to obtain a higher price for their product and as a result were granted 55 cents per bushel instead of 50 cents, but in consequence had the order cut down to 100 barrels a day hereafter. This has necessitated a large portion of the daily output being shipped to the wholesalers, and it is doubtful if the diggers will net as large returns as they did when the 200-barrels-a-day shipment was being maintained to Philadelphia, for the additional 100 barrels now turned into the New York market has a tendency to lower the price offered by the commission men.

However, the beds outside the bar seem to be as productive as at any time since the "mine" was discovered by "Sam" Jackson last November. It is estimated that within a year—and it is now about a year that the diggers have been at work on the Nantucket beds—over 80,000 barrels of quahaugs have been shipped from Nantucket. The only actual record, of course, is that kept by the Steamboat Company, but it is fair to presume that while the big steamers *Americana*, *F. S. Willard* and *Amerique* were working on the beds they gathered up hundreds of barrels a day and carried them over to the mainland, without leaving any statistics behind them. Those who have been keeping close tabs on the quahaugging of the past twelve months, claim that somewhere about 100,000 barrels must have been taken from the beds by boats of all classes, ranging from the small catboats to the big steamers.

The daily shipment by the regular New Bedford steamer, however, has ranged from 150 to 635 barrels, with the average in the neighborhood of 400 barrels. The extent of the quahaug industry is not known to the average person—unless he or she happens to be a frequent visitor along the water front, where the countless boats of all sizes and descriptions are to be seen about the wharves, especially in the latter part of the afternoon, when they are discharging their day's catches, either in barrels or in bulk.

Only those who have kept in touch with the industry during the last twelve months have a conception of what it all means. That the quahaug beds lying within a few miles of Nantucket island—discovered by chance a year ago by "Sam" Jackson while dredging for flounders—could yield 100,000 barrels of the shellfish within twelve months and still be productive, is almost unbelievable, yet such is a fact, and the boats are bringing in large fares today, just as they were months ago. The shellfish cover a vast territory out there in the sound, some of the boats having found the quahaugs lying bedded in the mud over a distance of ten miles in length and four miles in width, and the chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, when here a few weeks ago, voiced his opinion that the shellfish would be found in places which had not yet been dredged. It is certainly a wonderful industry for Nantucket, and it is to be honestly regretted that the authorities do not make some attempt to protect it.

Sept. 12, 1874

Nov. 11, 1944

About That Remarkable Throw.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I noticed in the issue of your valuable paper of Saturday, 5th, an article headed "How Far Can a Bluefish Line be Thrown?" I became interested in it, and especially so when I found it referred to my brother William J. Ellis. I wish to make a little explanation in regard to the reference to the brig May Queen, which was ashore near Low Beach on the 2nd of December, 1861. My brother tried to throw the line to the brig. He threw three times, the last time the drail striking the vessel's side and breaking. He tried with the half drail, but found it was too light, as the wind was very strong. He then tried to borrow a drail and did not succeed. He finally took a piece of iron from a tipcart and fastened it on the line, with the piece of drail and then threw it over the brig, and the crew was saved, as stated in your article.

Now in regard to the distance he could throw a line. The line he usually used was sixty-five fathoms long, and many a time when the bluefish were working offshore, I have seen him throw the line so that it would straighten before the drail would strike the water. And at one time a New York man offered to give a watch to the man that threw the line the farthest, and my brother won the watch. The line was measured and found to be sixty-eight fathoms long.

Respectfully Yours,
Obed H. Ellis.

Quick Work.

Capt. Orin K. Coffin of catboat Crimson has made a record for opening scallops, which, in the opinion of Inspector Belden of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, has not been equalled elsewhere. In gathering statistics regarding the growth and condition of the scallop industry all along the coast, the commission is also obtaining data as to the opening and preparation of the shellfish for market. Coffin is acknowledged the fastest "opener" hereabouts, and Thursday Inspector Belden put him to a test to see what he could actually do. Timed by a stop-watch, Coffin succeeded in opening twenty-two scallops a minute, which was way ahead of the average—from eleven to eighteen a minute. In a second test, under the eye of the inspector, the young skipper opened two gallons of eyes in just fifty-eight minutes. This is a record, in the opinion of Inspector Belden, and if there is a man anywhere on the coast who can beat it, he has not yet been discovered by the fish commission.

Fifty dories were launched at the south side of the island Tuesday and Wednesday, and the fishermen were very successful. Messrs. James A. Holmes and Charles Cash landed three hundred fish, Wednesday, and others took excellent fares.

Mammoth Swordfish.

The largest swordfish ever captured in Nantucket waters, and undoubtedly the largest known to have been caught anywhere in this section, was brought in by steamer Petrel, Wednesday evening. The big fish measured 18 feet and 9 inches from the centre of its tail to the tip of its sword, and weighed over 500 pounds when dressed and cut up for the market. It was captured a few miles south of Muskeget, being "struck" by Captain Manner so firmly that the iron could not be withdrawn from its body until it was cut in sections. The Petrel also captured two smaller swordfish that day.

Nantucket Sound—A Prosperous Fishing Section.

From the Atlantic Fisherman

In the days when the whale furnished spermaceti for the best of our candles, pliant bone for a variety of purposes, and oil for many uses, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and the ports on and in the vicinity of Cape Cod assumed a conspicuous position among the whaling centers of the United States.

As far back as 1673 the whaling industry had its start in this section, and in the course of a century ships from these ports had reached a total of several hundred. In 1843, however, the whaling industry on and about the Cape began to decline, and the prosperity of these ports fell off conspicuously. Sea-faring had become but a minor factor in the commercial life of these people.

But it was inevitable that a community which had won riches from the sea in the past should again turn to old ocean to yield it an income the year through. The change came about five years ago when it was discovered that the toothsome flounder, of which the waters of this section yielded abundant supplies, found great favor in the nation's teeming metropolis—New York. The comparatively sheltered fishing grounds permitted winter fishing, which brought boats from outside ports in large numbers. Today the whole section on the southern side of Cape Cod is enjoying a revival of prosperity which promises to overshadow the thriving period of a century ago. Though lobster, scallop, ground and trap fishing play an important part in this era of prosperity, chief credit must go to the lowly flounder. The waters of Nantucket Sound are the banner fishing grounds.

Nantucket, of all places on the southern New England coast, has seen the greatest increase in fishing craft and fish taken during the past five years, and particularly during the past two years.

Last winter more than 100 boats from all sections—such as Gloucester, Boston, Marthas Vineyard, Provincetown, Long Island—made their headquarters at Nantucket. These visiting craft, together with the home fleet of 40 schooners and 30-odd fishing boats, constituted the largest fleet of fishing craft operating from a single port on the coast.

Some idea of the growth of the schooner fleet belonging at Nantucket may be gained from the fact that five years ago there were only five or six schooners, whereas today there are 40, with others under construction.

It is conservatively estimated that more than 50,000 barrels of fish were taken in the waters east of Nantucket Island during the past 12 months, principally flounders.

Flounder dragging has proved one of the most profitable branches of all our winter fisheries, the fishermen having averaged from \$1200 to \$1500 during the past six months.

In addition to fish packing houses on the island, more than 20 fish buyers were regularly on hand all winter, assuring the fishermen at all times of an immediate market for their fares.

Besides flounder dragging, which is the principal fishery in this section, other varieties of fish are taken in the summer months. Quahauging and scalloping are important branches of the fisheries of this section. It is said the greatest of all quahaug grounds are in Nantucket sound, off the coast of Martha's Vineyard.

It is at the wharves of the Island Service Company, Nantucket, that the majority of the dragging fleet dock. Not only is the ample depth of water at these docks attractive to the fishermen, but the conveniences offered in the way of complete stocks of fishermen's supplies, facilities for shipping the catches, together with free net lofts and club rooms, make this plant the logical headquarters of all fishermen. Organized in 1917, this Company is now Nantucket's largest. Aside from business with fishermen, its modern ice making plant, with a capacity of 32 tons a day, affords the chief source of the island's ice supply. This concern is also the largest dealer in coal, wood, lumber, gasoline and oils.

Two more boats of the Nantucket fishing fleet have been lost on the south shore, making four of the staunch craft which have met their doom there within the last few years—the Evelyn M. Thompson, the Doris, the Inez and the Evelyn and Ralph. The government discontinued the Coast Guard station at Surfside several years ago, and since then there has been no patrol of the beach east of Surfside. Whether the Coast Guards would have been able to warn the fishing craft that they were running too close to the shore is a question, but there would have been this possibility. Nantucketers have always thought it poor judgment on the part of the government to abolish the Surfside station and leave so many miles of the south shore of this island without any patrol whatever, especially with such a large fishing fleet off the island during the greater part of the year.

Sons of Nantucket Ship Masters.

How many men are living on Nantucket today who are sons of Nantucket sea captains—whaling or merchant marine? According to the records at hand, there are eight sons of whaling masters and seven sons of merchant captains. There may be more. If so, we would be glad to add their names to the lists. To date we mention the following:

Sons of Whaling Masters.

Samuel P. Pitman.
George A. Grant.
William F. Codd.
Fred V. Fuller.
Peter M. Hussey.
George C. Rule.
William T. Swain.
Edward P. Tice.

Sons of Merchant Captains.

Reuben G. Coffin.
John P. Conway.
Frank Conway.
John R. Killen.
Harold W. Killen.
Maurice C. Killen.
Charles E. Collins.



AN EIGHT-FOOT STURGEON LANDED AT NANTUCKET.

The man is holding the head of the sturgeon up in order that its "snout" will show in the picture. The hard scales on the fish's back are also noticeable. When its head and tail were severed and the remainder of the body dressed for market this sturgeon filled a flour barrel.

WHEN QUAHAUGS WERE TOO PLENTIFUL



This picture was taken in 1914, when the shellfish were so abundant that steamers and power-boats were working the beds day after day and "loading up". The above shows a shipment dumped on the deck of the Nena Rowland.



A Good Haul of Bluefish.



"Quahaugging" through the ice in Nantucket harbor.



Carting quahogs ashore over the ice, to be shipped to the mainland at \$15 per barrel. Men working over the beds may be seen in the distance.



Carting quahogs ashore over the ice, to be shipped to the mainland at \$15 per barrel. Men working over the beds may be seen in the distance.

Jan. 12, 1918

"Eel-grass" a Subject of Interest to Local Fishermen.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

In the last issue of the Inquirer and Mirror, we find an article bearing on the visit and inspection by Mr. Barnes, state biologist, which refers to "eel-grass." The general trend of the article tells us that the eel-grass around Nantucket is no more, and that if we are to remedy the condition and get back our foundation for the scallop crop, the fishermen must change their method of dredging.

In other words, as usual, the fishermen are blamed again for cutting their own throats.

Last month, Nantucket was favored with a week's visit by Dr. S. N. F. Sanford, Curator of Marine Invertebrates of the Boston Society of Natural History.

Dr. Sanford, like most of the marine naturalists of the East, has made an intensive study of the eel grass situation, and he admits freely that after going into the study in detail, and reading every article that has been written on the subject in something like seven languages, both here and abroad, he knows no more about it than he did in the first place.

Next, for a three weeks' stay, came Miss Madadene Sawyer, curator of the Children's Museum of Natural History in Jamaica Plain, and Miss Mildred Seymour, Assistant Curator of the same Museum, both realizing that the answer to the eel-grass problem would bring them everlasting fame. They admitted that they couldn't get any farther with the problem than the next one.

We can't lay it to the power boat, nor the dredges, nor any other man-made instrument.

There has never been a dredge thrown in Hither Creek, nor in the ditches on Eel Point Meadows, nor in the upper end of Jenkins' Bend on Muskeget, nor in the ponds on Tuckernuck, nor in a hundred other places on Nantucket where there was eel-grass, and where it is no more.

Now let's take the situation on a broader basis.

The eel-grass has evaporated all along the coast from Labrador to the coast of Georgia—in the bays and sounds, in the ditches and salt ponds. There just isn't any more, with the exception of the small patches that are coming in everywhere, where it was once so thick that it brought on actual profanity and weedless propellers.

Now let's go across the pond.

The eel-grass left at the same time on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, where the systems of fishing, the products of salt water and the boats in use are no more like ours than ours correspond to the methods of fifty years ago.

Eel-grass is simply a plant, and plants in water, like plants on land, grow and increase, then they stop growing and decrease.

The cause has been a source of argument for so long that we have to go to the inscriptions on the tombs of Egypt for records, and then we find that nature was governing its products to suit itself since the beginning of the world.

We can jump up and down on the "Gold Standard"; the Cuban school boys can demand a lot of dead presidents and get them; Europe can kill off the Royal families; we might cross apples with walnuts in the course of time; we might farm eel-grass successfully; but to remedy a situation as vast as the one in question sounds impossible.

The condition that killed the eel-grass is nothing new.

The same thing has happened in small areas before.

Twenty years ago, there was no eel-grass on a line from Eel Point to the club-boat-house in Madaket, and old-timers who fished Nantucket harbor and can look back through the years, remember when different places in Nantucket Harbor lost their grass, when big areas around Muskeget and Tuckernuck were as free from eel-grass as a billiard table and where it grew in later till the top of the water was covered at half tide.

Three years ago, the fishermen were dredging up the roots of what they call "Yellow Slime".

"Yellow Slime" is a fungus growth, and the roots are dark green in the general form of branch coral with branches about the size of the little finger, and a quarter as long. The mass root of a plant would easily fit in the palm of the hand, and each branch at that time contained as a core, a piece of live green eel-grass. The roots were speckled with star-like eyes.

On examination of the bottom under the plant, we found that every blade of eel-grass was encased in this fungus growth, which seemed to be sapping the strength of the eel-grass as it developed.

Eventually, when the water cooled, the grass broke off and came ashore, with the root of the slime, or broken off again over the root, by the ton.

Now note an article in the Literary Digest of two years ago, and we find the ultra violet rays of the sun affecting the natural feed of wild animals in the woods.

The claim was that while a certain section of the sun faced the world, there would be a great increase of fungus growths, hop-toads, parasites and dangerous sun-burns. And that on the other hand there would be a noticeable decrease of a number of other plants.

If that student had lived closer to the sea, isn't it possible that he might have included the ultra violet ray's effect on marine life with his studies of the woods.

Let's convert his article to read our way. That there might be a great increase in salt water fungus star-fish, both five and ten point, and a great decrease of eel-grass.

Isaac Hills, 3rd.
Shellfish Inspector.

Oct. 7, 1933
A "mammoth Cod" was taken at Siasconset last week, weighing eighty pounds!—Who can beat this fish story.

1853

"FINNENHADDIES."—This is the Scotch name for a new article of food which is being prepared by Mr. R. J. Thorne, at his place on the Old South Wharf. They are nothing more or less than haddock, which are bought fresh of the fishermen by Mr. Thorne, and after being cured and smoked, are cooked in the same manner as we usually cook "roasters," using a little milk in the pan instead of water. They are a really nice article. Give them a trial.

Halibut and Halibut Fins.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1868,	300	\$18
1869,	19,000	930
1870,	1,985	139
Total,	21,285	\$1,067

Tongues and Sounds.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Barrels.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1869,	4	\$30
1870,	28	170
1872,	12	96
1874,	2	14
Total,	46	\$310

Bluefish.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Barrels.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1869,	37	\$365
Total,	37	\$365

Shell Fish.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Barrels.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1870,	1,246	\$12,460
1871,	3,222	29,279
1872,	5,789	15,676
1873,	3,309	27,708
1874,	2,457	17,348
1875,	4,391	10,736
1876,	Not given	3,813
1877,	6,098	4,378.80
1878,	1,708	964.08
1879,	1,510	1,072.80
Total,		\$126,335.68

Swordfish.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Barrels.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1870,	43	\$294
Total,	43	\$294

Other Fish---Cured.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Cwt.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1871,	1284	\$5,834
Total,	1284	\$5,834

Fresh Fish (not Shell Fish).		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1871,	165,166	\$4,437
1872,	191,550	4,400
1873,	230,400	5,585
1874,	607,500	9,955
1875,	383,000	8,074
1876,	345,640	8,088
1877,	914,249	16,625.41
1878,	332,300	7,006
1879,	403,510	8,711.45
Total,	3,584,315	\$72,781.86

Lobsters.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Number.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1872,	60,000	\$4,655
1873,	29,000	2,900
1874,	18,600	1,720
1875,	25,000	2,000
1877,	13,150	1,315
1878,	5,700	570
1879,	2,600	260
Total,	154,050	\$13,450

Oysters.		
<i>Year.</i>	<i>Bushels.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
1875,	140	\$230
1879,	25	50
Total,	165	\$280

Taking the aggregate valuation of the fish product for the entire twelve years, we have the surprising sum of \$625,742.42. Does anybody wonder "how we all live?"

The Scallop Fleet.		
Forward and backward, white sails and gray, Light ones and dark ones, as the shadows play; To and fro, to and fro, lightly they sail, Scarcely the ripples stir in their wake and trail.		

Forward and backward, on, on they go, Dredging the sea for its fruits, to and fro; Blue-gray the waters are, peaceful they lie, Undisturbed by this toil, opaline the sky.		
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Yesterday, ice-floes piled thick and white, Beautiful, glowing in the bright sunlight, Clear are the shores now, fetterless and free, Giving the little boats opportunity.

The Fall Fishing.

A Failure at Quidnet and 'Sconset---But Few Cod at the South Shore---The Largest Catch of Haddock for Many Years---How the Fish are Handled---A New Venture for Our Fishermen.

Brief notes in our columns at various times during two months past have acquainted our readers with the ill success that has attended the efforts of our fishermen at Quidnet and 'Sconset this fall, and the dories at these two points have for the greater part been hauled up until spring. He has been considered a fortunate man who has succeeded in curing five, or even three, quintals of codfish. The season has been a little worse than that of 1880, fresh fish even being considered a delicacy at times by the hardy fishers themselves. Some who depend upon the revenue received from the fall catch of cod will be sadly inconvenienced by the failure of the source of supplies, but there are only a few individual cases where suffering can be the result. The commencement of fishing at 'Sconset is followed about a fortnight later, usually, by the appearance of fish at the South Shore. This season the result has been somewhat like that at the above-named places. But no such signal defeat is to be recorded, for an immense shoal of haddock has been upon the fishing grounds, in the capture of which the fishermen are doing well. The boisterous weather of the last four weeks (during which time the fish have been "on") has prevented the boats from floating much of the time, but the general result is satisfactory. The fish are large and plenty, and the average fare per boat is quoted at about one hundred and fifty. Trawls are in use altogether, and scallops for bait are selling at sixty cents per bushel. About one hundred men are engaged in fishing, and with favorable weather can earn excellent wages. It is, however, drawing near the time when the haddock draw off shore, and the men are chafing under the restraint which the weather places them. In two days last week three dories landed 1100 noble haddock, and the total catch for the fleet for one day was 5000. The largest single fare for the season (and we believe the largest single fare of haddock recorded) was landed a few days since by James A. Holmes and Charles G. Cash, and numbered 302. Their dory's gunwale was nearly level with the water, which swashed into her continually, requiring one of the men to bail during the entire trip ashore.

It may be asked by some what is done with so large a number of haddock. Heretofore the plan has been to cure them, and sell them, when cured, at prices ranging from two and one-half to three cents, or thereabouts, per pound, for export. There has been an innovation upon this old-time method this season, and the fishermen find a market at six cents apiece for their fish landed in town, which is readily paid by local shippers, of whom there are some three or four. Others catch and ship their own fish, and thus retain all the profits. The fish, after reaching the shippers' hands, are relieved of their entrails, packed in barrels, and shipped to Boston, New York, New Bedford, Providence and other markets, where they are disposed of at a fair profit. It is estimated that between 500 and 600 barrels have been exported during the last six weeks, and the returns to the shippers are entirely satisfactory. The fishermen, also, are doing a better business it is claimed under the new plan, even at the low price of six cents per fish, than they could by handling them themselves, which necessitates much labor, an outlay for salt, besides loss from shrinkage, etc. There is another important fact to be considered in this connection, also, which is that the men receive cash direct for their fares, and the shippers cash for the fish exported, which comes to them at a season when it is most acceptable. To those who ship their own fish the returns must be very gratifying. Still it must not be considered a business that is all profit, for delays of such perishable goods neces-

sitate quite serious losses at times, and there are of course other causes which reduce the returns considerably. In answer to a query as to the amount paid any single individual, a local shipper informed the writer that in three weeks he had paid to one man \$90, which represented ten days' fishing.

Through the efforts of Mr. A. W. N. Small, the Old Colony Railroad Company has ordered that three freight cars be run through from Woods Hole daily, attached to the passenger train, in the interest of the Nantucket fishermen. The company might go still further and reduce the freight tariff from seventy-five cents per barrel to forty-two, the same as was done several years since.

Dec. 17, 1881

Opening Up an Inland Fishery.

Our readers will remember that at the last Annual Meeting of the Town an earnest effort was made by some parties to induce the town to secure a lease from the Fish Commissioners, under an article in the warrant, of several of the large ponds on the island, and to improve the same for the town's benefit pecuniarily. To this end a committee was appointed, and made a thorough investigation of the matter, and reported at a special meeting, at which the town lost a golden opportunity, in our opinion, by voting the measure down. Immediately after, some of the advocates of the measure took the matter up. They numbered about twenty-five members, and petitioned for a lease of the ponds, which the Commissioners have granted, giving them control of the Hummock and Long ponds for twenty years, at an annual rental of \$1.00 for the first three years, and \$125 per year thereafter, which amount will accrue to the town treasury. The gentlemen have formed themselves into an association to be known as the Nantucket Inland Fishing Company, and have chosen five directors, a secretary and treasurer, the directors electing a president. The company's first action was to levy an assessment on each member to raise the sum of \$1000, which amount is appropriated for certain improvements already commenced at Long pond, which include the clearing of Madaket ditch; closing the mouth of the same near Hither creek, and cutting a new ditch direct to Madaket harbor, taking in what is known as the "Salt pond" in the course of the work. Through the low, marshy ground between the latter pond and Madaket harbor a substantial trunk has been placed, and at the present time there is a large outflow into the harbor, the stream measuring some two feet in depth. At the Hummock pond the narrows have been cleared, and the pond opened to the sea, permitting immense shoals of young herring which have been pent up in the North Head to go to sea. It is further contemplated to connect Clark's Cove of this pond with Jeremy's Cove at Long pond, with gates placed at proper distances for holding fish in or out, as the case may be. The future plans of the company have not been determined upon as yet, but they mean business, and are taking hold of the matter with an earnestness that will develop the resources of the two large sheets of water under their control, and demonstrate their value as herring and perch fisheries. The ponds are conceded by the Commissioners to be the best located for the purpose of any in this section. We are gratified that the company has succeeded in obtaining a lease, and we sincerely hope they will derive from their investment and enterprise sub-

stantial pecuniary results. By the terms of the lease angling is not wholly prohibited, some three months being left open for people to indulge in the sport with hook and line. During the season when eels run, no person will be allowed to take from the ponds more than five pounds in any one day, and spearing from boats will also be prohibited.

There are those, perhaps, who will take the ground that the movement will be the source of depriving many poor people from securing means of support, and the company may be blamed, when in reality the fault lies with the opponents of the project, who, by voice and vote let the opportunity slip from the town to take control of these ponds, in which case they could have had a voice in the management of the same. The leaders in the organization of the company put forth every effort to induce the town to take the matter up, but failed. They believed they saw the chance for a good investment of the town's funds in opening up these waters, which possess great natural advantages for building extensive fisheries. But no! it will not do. Now these same parties take the matter in hand, and show by their outlay and active work that their convictions were honest. And now they are the objects of blame as trespassers upon the privileges of the poor man. The majority at the annual meeting rejected what was put forth for their good, and those who sought to assist them then are now carrying out their expressed ideas for their own benefit, by improving what Nature has given us, which we predict will prove a source of benefit to all in the near future. We fail to see why they should be censured.

Dec. 24, 1881

Nantucket's Fishing Industry.

We have received a copy of Vol. 6 of the census of the State of Massachusetts for the year 1895, which has just been issued from the press. From it we obtained the following statements, which go to show the large amount of fishing done by Nantucket fishermen during the year. It will be seen that Nantucket leads in both blue-fishing and scalloping, the total number of pounds of bluefish caught being 489,975, Edgartown coming second in the list with only 71,950 pounds. The number of scallops taken was 17,240 gallons, Chatham coming a close second with 17,141 gallons. The value of products in Nantucket in 1895 was \$77,653, against \$35,389 in 1885, showing an increase of \$42,264.

Average yearly products in Food Fish... \$53,617
" " " Shell Fish... \$23,870
" " " Fish Products \$166

Number of persons engaged 125

NUMBER VALUE

Catboats 20 \$13,800

Sailboats 34 5,920

Dories 126 2,020

FISH PRODUCTS.

Bluefish 489,975 pounds \$27,309

Codfish (fresh) 118,200 " 2,760

" (salted) 414,100 " 8,897

Haddock 94,800 " 2,391

Pollock (fresh) 29,800 " 619

" (salted) 44,400 " 470

Lobsters 80,100 " 3,695

Scallops 17,240 gallons 15,401

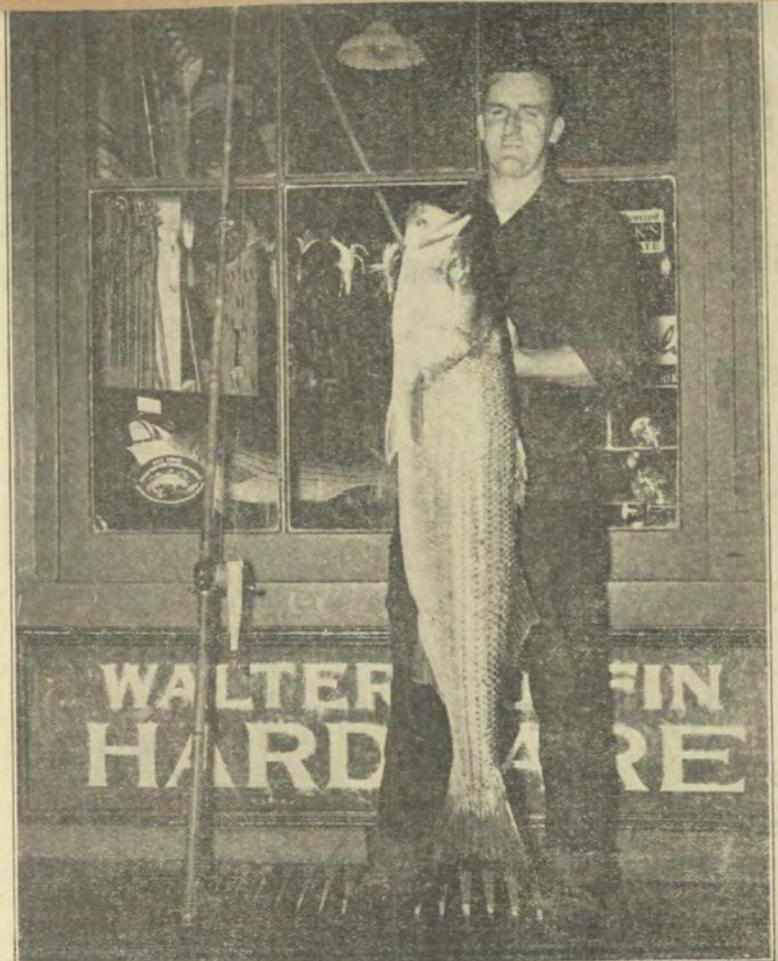
Clams 718 bushels 718

Quahaugs 1,465 " 1,273

Mackerel 298 barrels 3,695

15,000 Herring 190

Oct. 1, 1898



EVERETT V. LAMB, JR., HAS THE DISTINCTION OF LANDING THE LARGEST BASS EVER CAUGHT FROM THE SHORES OF NANTUCKET WITH ROD AND REEL. The bass, tipping the scales at 47 1-2 lbs., was caught last Friday evening at Smith's Point.

Resident Catches World Record Pollock

A world's record pollock caught with rod and reel from a boat was hauled aboard the "Half Moon" on Sunday by Charles F. Davis of Nantucket. The fish weighed 27 1/4 pounds and was 45 1/2 inches long and 27 3/4 inches in girth. A 27 3/4 pound pollock was caught off Provincetown a few days ago but it was a record catch for pollock surfcasting.

The "Half Moon," a Nova Scotia fishing cruiser left the harbor at 7 Sunday morning with Captain William Spencer, Davis, Ralph Lindsay and Arnold Duce aboard. They were back at the dock by 2:30 Sunday afternoon with 83 pollock, all caught by rod and reel in Pochick Rip off Sconset.

With three men constantly reeling in fish, nobody paid particular attention when Charlie hauled in the record fish on his line. He said that he used a 4 1/2 foot glass rod, with a nine-pound test Ashway line and a 108 Penn reel. With this small-size reel, it took him half to three-quarters of an hour to bring the pollock up to the boat.

"He was a real sporty fish," said Charlie. "Pollock have a lot of fight. They sound a lot, dive way down. You have to—as the expression goes—'horse' them in."

Even after the fish was hauled aboard, nobody realized that it was a world-wide winner until it was brought ashore and weighed. Then Donald Gifford looked it up in a book of record fish and found that the largest pollock on record as caught by rod and reel from a boat weighed only 26 pounds and three ounces.

Charlie is sending pictures of his record fish to "Field and Stream," to the Penn Reel Company and to the makers of Ashway lines.

May 23, 1953

Fishermen Reaping a Harvest From the Immense Quahog Bed.

Since our last issue there have been further developments in connection with the harvest of quahaugs found a few miles outside of Nantucket bar and this side of Tuckernuck shoals, but at the present writing no definite knowledge has been obtained of the limits of this immense bed of shellfish, although a territory about eight miles long and four miles wide has been gone over. Everywhere quahaugs were found—in some places more plentiful than in others—but wherever the fishermen have thrown over their dredges they have brought to the surface bushels upon bushels of the bivalves.

The newly-discovered "gold mine" lies just beyond the three-mile limit which would place it within the jurisdiction of the selectmen of Nantucket, and consequently the Vineyard and Cape fishermen are free to dredge there without violating the law. In fact, it was a yard man—"Sam" Jackson, of Edgartown—who made the discovery one day when he was out dredging for flounders in his sloop Bertha. He kept his "find" to himself as long as he could and one day about two weeks ago went out with gear heavy enough to "work" the bed of quahaugs in the forty feet of water. He returned to Edgartown with 117 bushels as the result of his day's work and a few days later brought in 225 bushels.

Other fishermen by that time were "wise" to Jackson's discovery and soon numerous other boats which were equipped with power commenced dredging and all returned with large hauls of quahaugs, regardless of where they dropped their dredges. The past week the Nantucket fishermen have become active and those who owned boats equipped for deep-water dredging were on the ground Monday, together with steamer Petrel and several small schooners from other sections of the coast.

The rugged weather on Tuesday compelled the boats to remain in port, however, but early Wednesday morning the fleet was at work again. But "Sam" Jackson came over from Edgartown on Tuesday in spite of the rough seas, and when he passed over Tuckernuck shoals he could not resist the inclination to heave over a dredge. Of course he made but one "drag" in passing over the shoal as he headed for the entrance to Nantucket harbor, but when he pulled up the dredge he had gathered in about five bushels of quahaugs.

The shellfish lie most on the surface of the mud, in from five to eight fathoms of water, and are of uniform size. Owing to the depth of water over this immense quahog bed and the long "lift" from the bottom to the surface, the fishermen cannot take the quahaugs by hand digging, which means that boats must either be equipped with "power hoist" or use the heavy dredges.

Most of the large fishing sloops nowadays are equipped with a small engine for hoisting purposes—especially those which dredge for flounders—and it is these sloops which are able to make the largest hauls. The fishermen state that every "drag" brings them up from three to five bushels of quahaugs and as long as the weather is favorable they have little difficulty in filling their boats, and as the quahaugs bring from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a bushel, they are reaping rich returns for their labors.

The presence of this vast bed of shellfish off Nantucket was discovered purely by accident, yet the Nantucketers have no difficulty in reaching an explanation. The locality is where the scows have dumped mud taken from Nantucket harbor for several years back, while dredging operations were in progress along the channel and inside of Brant point, and thousands upon thousands of cubic yards of mud have been deposited over several square miles of territory.

It was known that the mud taken from the harbor was almost "pebbled" with seed quahaugs, and the local fishermen have deplored what they termed a loss every time a scow was towed out to the dumping ground. Sam Jackson's discovery has proved that it was not a loss, however, but instead of the quahaugs reaching maturity inside of Nantucket harbor, where only the local fishermen could profit by them, they grew and thrived outside of the three-mile limit, where fishermen from other sections can also reap the benefit from the immense bed the dumping of the harbor mud has created—a bed the limits of which have not yet been determined.

Nov. 29, 1913

HOME INDUSTRY. Several boats are now engaged at Quidnun and Siasconset, in taking sharks. Four men took, in two days, last week, fifty of these fish, which made 60 gallons of oil, worth 45 cents a gallon. The carcasses sell for nine dollars a hundred, for manure. All who are now engaged in the business, find it very profitable. There is plenty of room left for more boats.

It appears strange to us that the people of Nantucket do not engage largely in the fishing business; we have a most excellent situation for its prosecution. To say nothing of fishing vessels—which we might have, as well as the people of Cape Cod and Cape Ann—fish of one kind or another are swarming around our island at almost all seasons of the year, and a large and profitable business might be done in taking them in boats from the shore. Cod, shad, blue-fish, sharks, &c., &c., follow one another, in regular succession, from early in the Spring till late in the Fall. They are found, too, generally, in great abundance.

July 29, 1847

Fish Vendors.

THE Selectmen of the Town of Nantucket hereby give notice that they have designated the Lower Square on Main Street as a place where fish may be exposed for sale; and they hereby prohibit all persons from vending fish on the Upper Square in Main Street.

ALFRED MACY,	Selectmen
JOS. MITCHELL, 2d,	
ALEXANDER MACY,	
WM. H. WAITT,	
ELISHA SMITH,	of Nantucket.
BENJ. FIELD,	
JOSHUA PARKER.	

Nantucket, April 20th. 8t

SHARKING OFF NANTUCKET.

Every sea port town has its own peculiar savor, and if it chance to be an island town as well the individuality will be doubly apparent. In this age of abounding glorification of the individual, we have come to be very fond of the racy, nautical personality of the old settlements along our sea-board, each like unto nothing but itself; most of all, perhaps, does Nantucket stand out as redolent of a personality distinctly different from all its kind, and consequently agreeable, to the modern taste.

Nantucket is by no means what it once was. In a season of unprecedented prosperity some score or more of years ago the inhabitants were attacked by an iconoclastic fury for pulling down the old dwellings, and most of the architectural quaintness of the place was lost. Still remain, however, the queer, cobble-stone paved lanes, the almost mediæval streets, apparently never wholly sure whether they are still to continue on as streets or are to be turned suddenly into door-yards. For inconsequence and delicious irregularity the streets of Nantucket are unrivaled. They are all carefully labeled at one end, the titles for the most part as curious as the shapeless spaces of cobble-stones to which they are applied. "Vestal," "Candle," and the like probably have in the mind of the mousing antiquary some reason why they should be thus instead of otherwise, but such names mean little in these latter days to anybody else.

The typical Nantucket house is founded upon a basement, and its front door is gained by a short flight of steps running parallel with the side of the house. This is by no means a graceful architectural devise, but perhaps it served to remind the nautical inhabitants of the sensation of climbing the cabin stairs. These mansions are decidedly erratic in the matter of windows. The builders of none of the old houses that remain were content with anything so commonplace and conventional as windows set symmetrically to match each other. The openings for light and air were of any size, shape, and number which suited the individual whim of the dweller therein, and most extraordinary were the fancies of many of the old-time inhabitants in this respect. A square window was set side by side with one oblong or triangular; one would be placed close up to the very eaves, and its nearest companion seem to have slipped half-way to the basement; indeed, some ancient dwellings convey the impression that they were originally built with unpierced walls, and that the owner hewed a hole through whatever he chanced to be on the instant a faun seized him to look upon the outer world.

On the top of these willfully planned dwellings is placed, astride the ridge-pole, a platform surrounded by a railing; the whole being technically known as a "walk," and serving in days when there was more to observe as a place of observation, whence the inhabitants could watch the in-coming or the out-going of the many craft that roamed from Nantucket over the waves of the world's farthest seas.

Sharking is one of the few pastimes of this disappointed world which come up to one's expectations. "No summer experience at Sconset," observes A. J. Northrup in his pleasant little volume acent cottage life at that breeziest corner of wind-swept old Nantucket, "is complete without at least one 'sharking' expedition;" and he might have made the observation general to the island. Even the man who cares nothing for ordinary fishing, and who regards Isaac Walton as an amiable but misguided enthusiast, finds in sharking a virile and barbaric delight which makes every fibre in him tingle, and which perhaps awakens, moreover, whatever of the savage generations of civilization have left still uneradicated in his nature.

To pull a sleek, dappled trout, dainty and decorated, from his retreat in the cool, translucent shadows of a dusky woodland pool is a very different matter from fighting with an enraged monster of a shark for his life. Once a sportsman has known the fierce excitement of the latter struggle, ordinary angling he must expect to find somewhat tame ever after.

One starts out in a whale-boat, the sides of which are protected by stout wire netting, a precaution which in itself suggests danger and stirring times ahead, giving the fisherman a certain wholesome respect for the game he is after, and inciting him to call up all his prowess. The tackle with which he has been provided looks amazingly large to his eyes, accustomed, in all probability, to the Liliputian hooks with which cunners are enticed from their home about the seaweed-fringed shore rocks. Hooks

a dozen inches long, fastened to a yard or so of substantial chain, followed by a like length of stout rope before the hand-line—in itself no slender thread—is attached, look to him like the sort of gear with which Gargantua might have provided himself were he minded to angle for fish of a size to match his own. But shark-fishing is no child's play, and ordinary tackle these vicious "hyenas of the ocean" would scorn as the Leviathan a hook. Their teeth are not only sharp, but are backed by powerful muscles, so that sometimes even chains are bitten off in their struggles to escape, and anything weaker would not hold them an instant.

For bait there has been provided an abundance of lobsters, or, in these degenerate days, when overfishing is making these scarce and valuable, preparatory to destroying them altogether, a supply of perch, freshly caught. The cap'n in charge of the expedition, to judge from the bunch in his cheek, is moved by the excitement to indulge in unwanted rations of tobacco; while the landsmen aboard have made such provision as depends upon their individual temperaments, and the antipathy they may feel toward the principles of the Prohibition Party.

The boat, a score and a half feet long, is sometimes brought to a pier, but such a departure from robust manners indicates an unusual and reprehensible willingness on the part of the cap'n to yield to the effeminacy of his passengers. The true way is to begin by running the whale-boat off through the surf; and the rollers at Sconset beach require dexterous seamanship for passing them safely. It is a very pretty sight to see the Nantucket fishermen go out or come in over the rollers, watching with keen eye for the wave which bends its neck to give them opportunity, and sturdily holding their own against the breaker's effort to swamp them which follows quickly. The sea seems hardly less alive to the situation than seem the men themselves, and the excitement of a start over the surf is the only proper beginning to a sharking expedition.

By request, and being moved thereto by questions of land-lubbers, for whose ignorance he can not wholly conceal his contempt, the cap'n generally adds to his entertaining historical sketches some practical information in regard to the proper method of fishing for sharks and of handling them after they have taken the bait. He directs that the hook be dropped pretty nearly to the bottom, and that when the fisher feels a bite he be not too precipitate in jerking at the line. There is a deal of caution in a shark, and he generally examines the bait thoroughly before he is fully ready to turn over upon his back, after the awkward fashion of his kind in dining, and swallow it fairly. Once the prey is fairly insnares, however, the cap'n sententiously remarks that "a fellar'd better pull for all he's worth;" adding, with a contemptuous glance at the amateur fishermen he is instructing, that even then the chances are fair that the shark will pull the man overboard before the latter gets him into the boat. Various other bits of wisdom he enunciates, delivering everything with the utmost deliberation and in a delightful nautical dialect impossible of attainment by any "off-islander" whatsoever.

When the fishing grounds are reached, those easiest of access lying about a mile from the shore, the big hooks are strung with half-a-dozen perch each and plumped overboard. Deep excitement reigns in every breast save that of the imperturbable cap'n, whose calmness has in it something of the awesomeness of fate. There are the usual number of false alarms. One man gets a bite and excitedly pulls too suddenly, securing nothing for his pains but a lofty sneer from the cap'n. Another, warned by this example, is far too deliberate, and allows some denizen of the vasty deep to partake of a free lunch at his expense, leaving the huge hook entirely bare of bait, to be drawn up and refurbished amid a silence on the part of the cap'n more desirably cutting than speech. The boat turned broadside to the current, rolls and tumbles in a manner humiliatingly distressful to the land-lubberly stomach, and more than one secret wish is formed that land instead of water were beneath, when, at length, some lucky fisher actually hooks a shark.

Then the fun begins in good earnest. The shark tugs viciously at one end of the line while the fisher pulls with desperation at the other; but as the man has the advantage of having something substantial to brace himself against, the struggle gradually turns in favor of the latter. With threshings and whirlings the big fish rises angrily through the water until his ugly snout is dragged to the upper air. The water is beaten to foam by his strong tail, while the jerks of his powerful head put the muscles

of the fisher to a pretty severe test. If the shark be a big one, often two or three men are required to haul him in. The concentrated brutal rage of the fish is something that can not be even approximately conveyed in words, and it is only the excitement of the struggle that prevents a panic on board the whale-boat. Should a shark come to the surface in this mad fashion unattacked the chances are that the inmates of the craft would huddle into the bottom of the boat in a fit of absolute craven fear.

With the exhilaration of conflict, however, comes courage. There is, moreover, something very definite to do. If the capture be a sand-shark, he is dispatched with stout blows of a boathook over the head. It is no easy thing to hit the creature just right, especially if one is at all flustered; and the cap'n has generally to lend a hand before the shark is properly made way with. Doubly difficult is the slaughter of the blue-dog (the man-eater). When a blue-dog shows his devilish snout with its rows of cruel teeth, white and glistening, and lashes the green sea-water like a paddle-wheel run mad, the cap'n, with a sudden look of alert determination on his weather-beaten phiz, makes a quick lunge for the lance. The shark does not waste all his energies in churning the water to a foam. He sturdily attacks the boat itself with a vigor and determination which amply justify the wisdom of the craft with wire netting. There is a certain splendid recklessness in the way the fish rushes in desperate assault upon the boat despite all disparity of size which fairly makes the blood tingle with excitement and admiration. He throws himself forward with gleaming teeth so fiercely that the fisher half expects the cruel head to come bodily through the planks, and already seems to feel the terrible fangs crunching into his own flesh. All the beast in the man awakes to match itself with the fierceness of this beast of the sea, and for the moment the gentle shark-fisher is as brutal and blood-thirsty as a Vandal chieftain mad with joy of carnage.

The cap'n's eye, although it glistens with unwanted fire, is still clear, and his hand still steady. He feels something the same professional pride about the manner in which he plunges the clumsy lance into the raging blue-dog, as an espada does in regard to the way his slender sword finds out the vital spot between the shoulders of a fierce Andalusian bull, maddened in the ring. The lance should slide swiftly and deftly through the gill and down to the heart; and to place it properly is by no means an easy feat when the shark is writhing and beating in the wild energy of his life-and-death struggle. The blood follows the weapon's quick withdrawal, and all the sea reeks with its sickening odor, and is dyed a horrible dull red as the crimson streams mixes with the dusky water. The struggles of the captive grow speedily fainter, and soon he is rolling to and fro in the waves like a log of driftwood.

The cap'n, though brave, is cautious; and he is particularly careful that the prey shall by no means be taken on board until he is well assured that the creature is really dead beyond all peradventure. He is ready enough to relate the experiences of luckless wights who have taken apparently defunct sharks in, to be painfully aware, by a vicious nip from the powerful jaws, that enough life for a last vengeful bite still remains in the fish; but he has no ambition to serve as a practical illustration of the plausibility of such tales. The man-eaters, in particular, he likes to "tie out" awhile, leaving the body to sway up and down with the waves until there is no possibility of an inconvenient resuscitation on shipboard.

By some subtle natural law that has always eluded my comprehension—albeit I make no pretensions to being wise in matters nautical—a man's first shark is always eight feet long. Afterward he catches them of any length, even down to two or three feet; but I have never yet met a man who had caught sharks at all who did not reply in substance to a question in regard to the dimensions of the first one which fell a prey to his prowess:

"Well, that one was eight feet long, that first one. He was a terrible-looking customer, I tell you!"

If he is a modest man, and one who carries his conscientious scruples to the absurd length of sometimes telling the truth about his fishing exploits, he will occasionally admit that his first capture was not a man-eater but only a sand-shark; but from the length he abates nothing. That the first shark was eight feet long is a statement in attestation of the truth of which he will, if need be, die at the stake, and if now

and then a sportsman be found who says "about eight feet," the qualifying word is not to be set down to modesty. It always means that the fish was really more rather than less the conventional measurement. When the sharks are caught there is nothing in particular to do with them. The livers are cut out for the oil they yield, and the bodies are sometimes applied to malodorous use as fertilizers; but the object of catching sharks is to catch them. Moralists sometimes attempt to justify their sport by declaring that they war upon sharks as enemies of mankind, and they talk with virtuous air of the danger to bathers from these formidable ocean rangers. But the truth is that they go a-sharking for the excitement, and they deceive nobody by hypocritical pretensions to philanthropic aims therein.

The truth is that sharking is a stirring, though somewhat brutal, pastime. There is a fierce zest to it that belongs to nothing else. It has all the thrill of danger added to the exhilaration of salt winds and heaving waves, and if the danger is pretty nearly all imaginary, there is very little sport in a civilized land of which this is not true. It is merely the pleasant tingle of the appearance of danger that the sportsman seeks; an aesthetic peril, so to speak; and perhaps nowhere else in all our Eastern venturing can he so thoroughly experience this as in a lively day of sharking off Nantucket.

JANUARY 28, 1888.



"WINTER SPORTS," the article by J. Clinton Andrews on Page 28 of this issue, prompts us to publish this old photograph of Bill Simpson, who is shown eeling through the ice. Mr. Simpson was once a pilot on the Nantucket steamers.

Jan. 9, 1959

Tragic Loss of Life in Sinking of Two Fishing Vessels.

Easter Sunday on Nantucket was one of deep significance. During the preceding twenty-four hours the fate of three island men on board the missing deep-sea scallop sloop *William J. Landry* had been unknown, and hopes gradually sank as the wide search failed to reveal any trace of the *Landry* or of the *Four Sisters*, another scalloper caught in the storm.

It was just before midnight on Friday, April 7, that the *Landry* was last sighted. She was then wallowing in heavy seas, within a few hundred yards of the Pollock Rip Lightship at the eastern entrance to Nantucket Sound. Radio contact had broken off, and with the buoy-tender *Hornbeam* maneuvering in the heavy seas to reach the disabled craft, the scalloper was blotted from sight by the driving snow and never seen again.

The 63-foot *Landry* had been out on the scallop grounds, 100 miles offshore, when the northeast gale which swept the coast set in, and she was running for her home port in New Bedford when she was caught in the shoal water of the dread Pollock Rip.

Capt. Arne Hansen, of Nantucket, skipper of the craft, radioed that his badly battered craft was taking water. The first messages from the skipper came in around 6:20 o'clock on Friday night, and the Coast Guard were contacted.

Capt. Hansen placed his craft's position about 8 miles east of Pollock Rip Lightship, and he expressed no alarm for the ultimate safety of his boat. The gale was driving into the shoals at a 50-mile-an-hour clip at the time, but his engines were still turning over and he was slowly bringing her up to the lightship.

As the wind increased, the plight of the *Landry* was quickly made known to many residents here, and further news was anxiously awaited. With Capt. Hansen were Earl Blount and Theodore Poloski, of Nantucket, and five New Bedford men. Four of the men were fathers.

As the *Landry* worked her way toward Pollock Rip she was in contact with the Chatham Marine Radio Station, and Capt. Hansen asked to be connected with the phone at his home in Nantucket.

A few minutes later he was talking to his wife, Mrs. Olga Hansen.

"We are having an awful storm out here," Mrs. Hansen reported her husband as saying. "The men are bailing away and I think we're going to make it all right. I don't want you to be worried. Kiss Norma and Eric for me and tell them I'll be home in the morning."

Capt. Hansen, who at 37 years of age was an experienced skipper, was fully aware of the dangerous position of his craft. Veteran fishermen reported the storm the worst they had ever seen. Sixty to seventy mile an hour gusts whipped the seas to great heights. Caught as he was in one of the most hazardous places on the coast—Pollock Rip channel—it is probable that he hoped to take advantage of the west tide and drive his craft through the sluic into the sound.

The *Four Sisters*, which was also lost in the same storm and in about the vicinity of the *Landry*, had ten men on board, most of them New Bedford residents. The *Anna C. Perry* and the *Glady's and Mary* were reported missing but were afterward contacted by radio.

The *Landry* was in ship-to-shore telephone communication with the scallop dragger *Molly and Jane*, and at 11:00 p. m. reported the crew was bailing but that the engines were going and the pumps working. She was in radio contact with the lightship and Coast Guard during the next twenty minutes. At all times Capt. Hansen clung to the belief that he was going to bring his craft safely into port.

"Landry's" Skipper Did Not Refuse Lines from Pollock Rip Lightship.

At a hearing held at Woods Hole and Chatham on Wednesday, testimony of rescue operations was recorded by the Coast Guard officials. The metropolitan newspapers carried big head-lines to the effect that the "Landry refused lines" from Pollock Rip Lightship. These stories are not founded on the facts of the case.

Many Nantucket people, as well as the families of the men involved, had their sets tuned in on the night the *Landry* founded. It was late in the afternoon that Capt. Hansen's wife, alarmed by the steadily increasing gale, went to Capt. Rolf Sjolund, of the *Carl Henry*, and asked him to contact her husband's ship with his radio.

Capt. Sjolund was able to pick up the *Landry*, and Capt. Hansen then told him that he was proceeding toward Nantucket Sound, then placing his position as 17 miles east of Pollock Rip Lightship. The time was approximately 4:45 p. m. on Friday.

About an hour later, Capt. Hansen radioed in for help, reporting the *Landry* taking in water and placing his position as 8 miles east of the Lightship.

The island radio-listeners then followed the drama without realizing that the *Landry* was doomed. The *Hornbeam*, ordered out of Woods Hole, was delayed nearly four hours by the fact that the tender *Spar* had broken adrift from her moorings. It was necessary to clear the *Spar* as she temporarily blocked the channel. With a late start, the *Hornbeam* was severely handicapped for time as she steamed into the heavy seas, heading for the lightship on Pollock Rip. She left Woods Hole at 9:55 and her commander, Lt. Com. Donald MacLellan, described the storm the worst he had seen. The 180-ft. cutter had to heave to southwest of Handkerchief shoal, because the blinding snow had cut his visibility to zero, and his radar was inoperative because of the high winds which he described as high as 55 miles an hour. This was just before midnight.

At daybreak, the *Hornbeam* headed for Pollock Rip, via Stone Horse Lightship, and she reached the last given position of the *Landry* at 7:30 o'clock.

Pollock Rip Lightship's skipper, Chief Guy Emro, testified at Chatham that he sighted the *Landry* first at 7:30 p. m., Friday, although radio

contact was established before that time. He stated that he had offered to put lines aboard the fishing craft, but the offer was refused.

Listeners in Nantucket knew differently. There was no refusal on Capt. Hansen's part. He knew his vessel and he knew that the gale precluded any possibility of mooring to the lightship. Waves of 40-ft height, breaking intermittently in the shoal water, were too dangerous to maneuver his craft in, and a taut hawser could have pulled his forward cleat from the deck with ease.

With his engines running, and keeping the *Landry*'s nose into the teeth of the gale, he still had a chance to ride it out and save his crew—and perhaps his vessel.

The Lightship pumped oil into the sea, easing the waves from breaking over the *Landry*. During the night, the *Landry* edged up nearer the stern of the Lightship. Chief Emro stated that when she was perhaps a mile astern, a succession of heavy seas struck the Lightship, knocking him and two of his men off their feet. When he looked for the *Landry*, her riding lights had disappeared. After radio calls failed to pick her up, he reported to headquarters. This was at 12:05 a. m., Saturday.

At the Chatham Coast Guard station, Boatswain's Mate Frank Massachi (formerly attached to Brant Point) attempted to launch a dory and take out the 36-foot lifeboat, but he and his three-man crew had to abandon the attempt around 10:00 p. m., Friday, with the men exhausted from the attempts.

The blinding snow made surface and air search practically impossible but all through the night hopes of renewed radio contact with the *Landry* was the only thing to base her ultimate fate upon. As morning dawned, the increased Coast Guard air-sea search failed to reveal any trace of the missing craft.

At mid-day, Saturday, the cutter *Legare* reported that wreckage had been spotted by one of the PBYs flying over the area east of Great Point. This wreckage was reported as a hatch-cover, a mattress and two pillows. A quantity of splintered wood was also sighted about this time.

The big cutter *Cook Inlet* joined in the search on Saturday, and was relieved by the *Humbolt*.

At 4:00 p. m., Saturday, some of the wreckage came ashore near Wauwinet. This consisted of a section of a pilot house and dory cradles. LeRoy Anderson, brother-in-law of Capt. Hansen, went out to the scene and inspected the flotsam. He stated at this time that this was part of the missing craft's top-deck gear—portions of the dory platform aft.

F. Standish Kelly, of Fairhaven, co-owner with Capt. Hansen of the ill-fated craft, also believed this wreckage was from the *Landry*.

Later, part of a door, a ladder, and other pieces of wood were sighted.

The local Coast Guard maintained a beach-patrol during the day and night, and were joined by a number of islanders. Little hope that the men could have gotten a dory over the side was held out, due to the fact that the heavy seas would have no doubt swamped the dory.

Capt. Arne Hansen was 37 years of age. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Olga Hansen, and two small children, Norman and Eric Hansen. His late residence is on Easton street.

Lost with Capt. Hansen, were Earl Blount, 42-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blount, who was the father of two children. He is also survived by a brother, Merwin Blount, and a sister, Mrs. Dorothy Sylvia. Blount was a veteran of the recent war, serving with the 645th Tank Destroyer Battalion attached to the 45th Armored Division in Africa.

The third Nantucket man on board the *Landry*, was Theodore Poloski, of 85 Orange street. He was stationed at Nantucket during the war and married the former Miss Margaret Hull. The couple had two children.

The five other crew-members of the *Landry* were Arthur J. Sylvia, 32, of Fall River; Donald C. Correia, 23, Thomas Donahue, 20, and Mitchell Kuliga, 33, of New Bedford; and Harold Lodden, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Kuliga leaves three children, the youngest 18 months old.

Veteran fishermen and masters of ocean-going freighters in the North Atlantic reported the northeast gale as one of the worst storms in over 50 years in this vicinity.

The fact that the capable cutter *Legare* had such a rough time while out on the search that she had to return to her home port, reveals how heavy a sea was running.

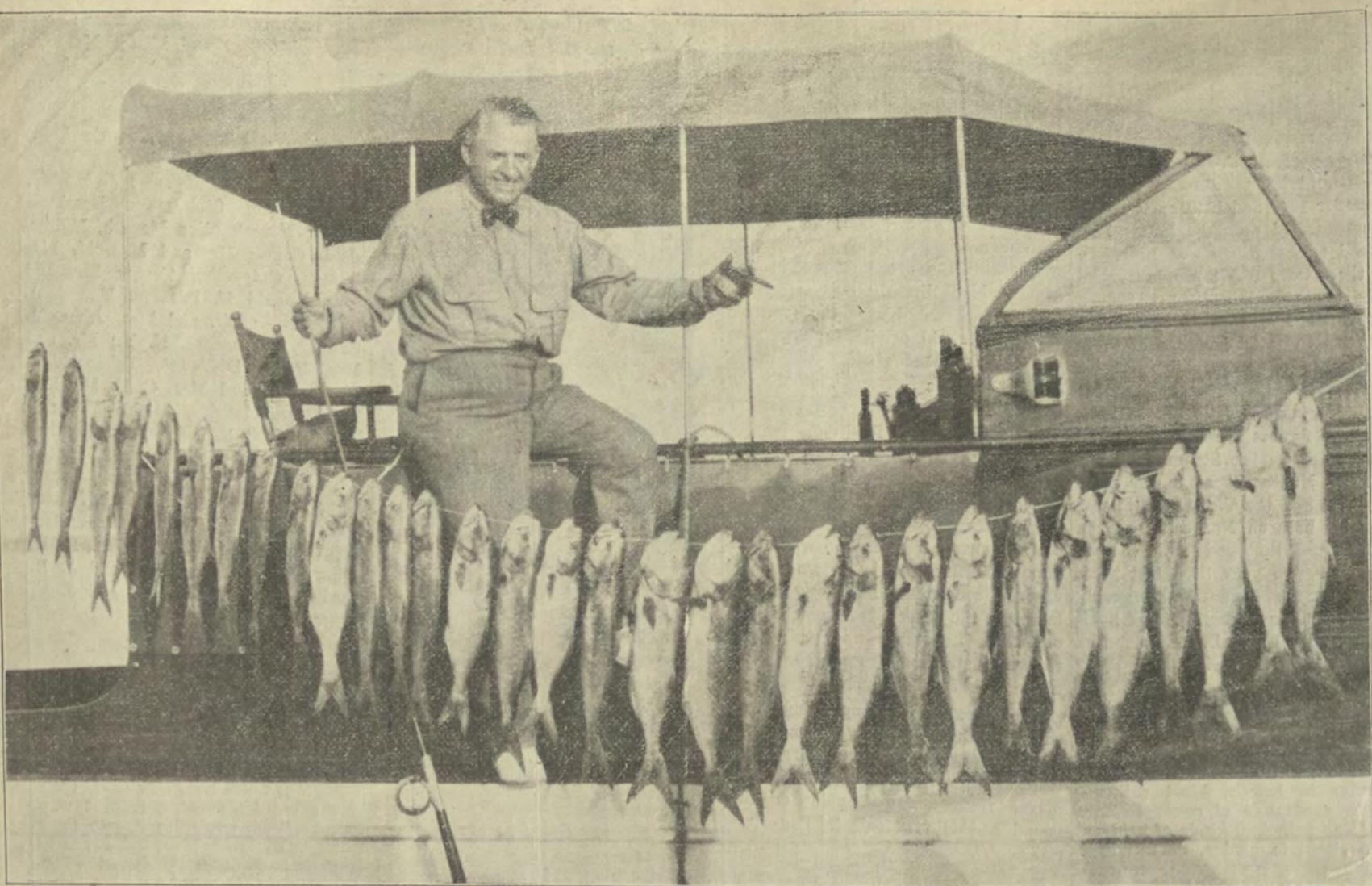
APRIL 15, 1950.

FISHING VESSELS.—The citizens of Nantucket and Edgartown are making vigorous preparations for engaging in the fishing business the coming season, and a number of gentlemen from the above mentioned places have been in this town within the last few days, in quest of vessels suitable for that purpose. Several belonging to this port have been sold. New schr. —, belonging to T. McIntyre and others, was sold yesterday for \$3500; also a few days since, schr. Concordia, for \$2700, and schr. Majesty, for \$1600. More are wanted, but they are not for sale. Two fine schooners are now building in this town for the fishing business and are sold at Cape Cod. This is rather a novel thing, the building of vessels at Gloucester for our south shore friends. At Essex, great activity is seen at the ship yards. About eighteen vessels are now building of different sizes, nine of which are contracted for at this port. Our Annisquam friends are also building three schooners, of about 60 tons each, to be owned in this place. No class of vessels at the present time are in such demand as good fishing schooners, and they have been sold in many cases at great prices.—Gloucester Tel.

Feb. 25, 1848

QUITE EXCITING.—One afternoon last week, over two hundred men were engaged in eeling upon the ice in Polpis harbor. The "mudsills" must have been pretty thoroughly disturbed, although doubtless many hundreds gave the spears directed towards them the slip, for eels are, like dollars, "slippery" things.

1861



When the Bluefish Were Running

This picture shows George W. Fraker and one afternoon's catch of bluefish in Nantucket waters several years ago, when the bluefish were really running. Mr. Fraker's smallest fish at that time was about the average weight of the largest fish being caught this season.



NANTUCKET IS TODAY A THRIVING FISHING COMMUNITY.

POLLOCK HAVE "STRUCK ON" IN LARGE SCHOOLS THIS WEEK



Steamer Petrel at her wharf with a large fare of pollock. This picture was taken some years ago, but it is almost identical with one snapped on Monday—the only difference being in the position of the by-standers on the wharf. The illustration so clearly depicts the scene enacted at the wharf several days this week that we are printing it instead of having another cut made from the picture taken Monday, a comparison of the two making it impossible to denote any difference other than in the positions of the men on the wharf.

May 9, 1914

Fishermen Honor Ellison Pease For 28 Years' Service To Association With Watch

Ellison H. Pease of Lowell Place retiring secretary and treasurer of the Nantucket Fishermen's Association, was honored by members of the Association at a banquet and dance attended by 90 persons at Grange Hall Saturday.

Mr. Pease who had served in the combined posts for 28 years was presented a gold pocket watch by Philip Grant, Association president. Engraved on the case of the watch was: "Ellison H. Pease, 'ole fox' presented for services rendered the Fishermen's Association." The "ole fox" reference is a term of endearment of members for sagacious handling of Association treasury funds and fishing technique and knowledge of their longtime officer.

Guests at the banquet included Selectmen James K. Glidden and John F. Meilby and their wives and Shellfish Constable Elwyn R. Francis Sr. and his wife.

Several other gifts were also presented at the affair. Manuel Machado was the recipient of a pair of buoy bookends, Charles Oliver a thermometer and Edward Backus a framed copy of Ruth Sutton's historical map of Nantucket.

Dance music was furnished by W. H. Byron Snow and Chester

Faunce. Committee that prepared and served the roast beef supper and planned the event was comprised of Mr. Snow, chairman; Nestor Richard, Mr. Meilby, Charles Cahoon, Peter Gomes and Mr. Grant.

Principal speaker at the banquet was Frederick C. Wilbour Jr., director of Marine Fisheries for the State, who discussed recent legislation to benefit both the marine fisheries and shellfish, emphasizing that the enforcement of these laws actually means better fish and consequently better prices.

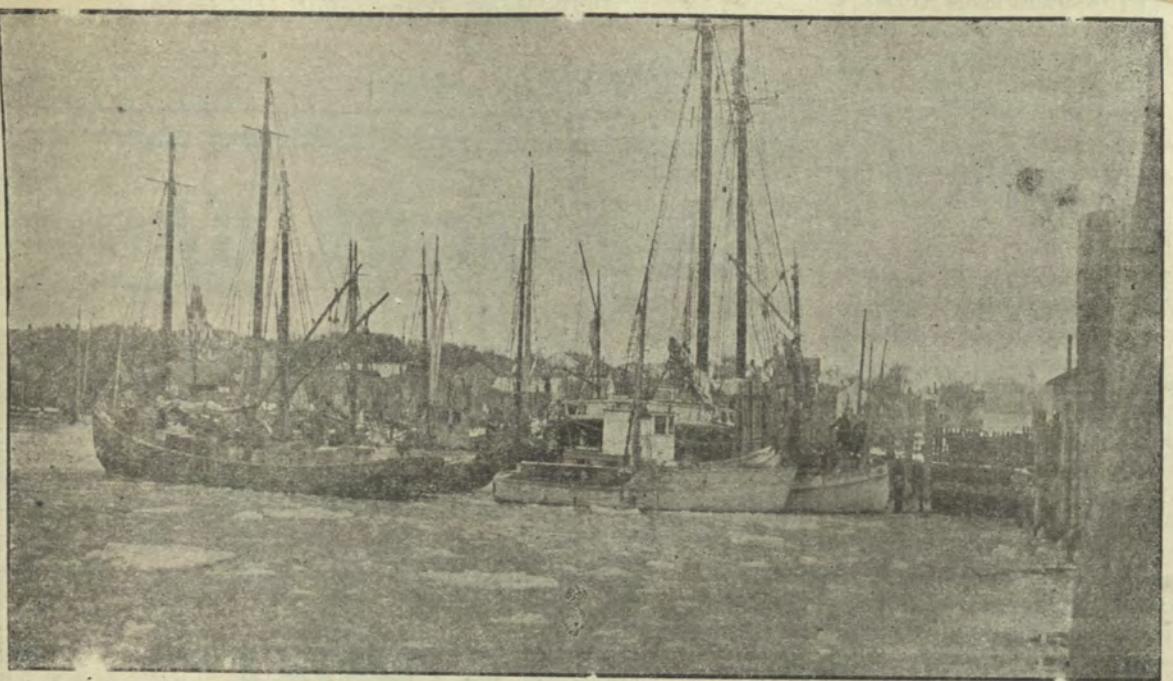
By way of example, he pointed to recently tightened restrictions regarding pen boards and refrigeration aboard fishing vessels and pointed out that more rigid and more frequent inspection had resulted in the improvement of both of those factors. "This," he said, "meant better fish and higher prices."

July 5, 1960



Photos by S. Day
Veteran island fishermen were astonished Monday morning when Captain Charles Ryder guided his fishing boat "Sandra Ann" to the Island Service Wharf with a sailfish aboard which he found in his nets when he hauled them in. Captain Ryder said he netted the fish in the cord of the bay near Great Point. He estimated it was 7-foot long and weighed about 60 pounds. As he pulled the net from the water the first part of the fish to show was the bill and then the sail. The local fishermen had never heard of a sailfish being caught in Nantucket waters. They are common in Florida and Gulf of Mexico waters but not this far north. Captain Arthur McCleave, the oldest fisherman on the island, is reported to have declared that in all the years he has been fishing he has never heard of anyone landing a sailfish here. It is believed the fish was following the Gulf Stream north and got this far before being caught.

Aug. 25, 1961



Scenes like these were common along the Nantucket waterfront not too many years ago. (See "Waterfront News").

March 25, 1960



Photo by Studio 13

Eeling through the ice at Madaket Harbor this week was very popular. Note the eels at the lower right.

Feb 3, 1961



A scene on the South Shore during the "fall fishing season" a half century ago, when the Nantucket fishermen depended upon dories and their own labors in bringing in daily fares of cod. Power-boats were not even thought of at that period and "codfishing" was carried on extensively from shore, both at Surf-side and 'Sconset.

OCTOBER 24, 1931

Article by Late Rep. Swain
On Nantucket's Fisheries.

The following letter was composed and written by our late Representative William T. Swain who was a staunch advocate of rights and benefits for the fishermen and tried with every means within his power for the promotion and furtherment of the same. This was his last piece of work and, had he lived, he would have known within a short time the result of his efforts from this letter, which he personally would have placed before the people through publication for their consideration and approval.

It is to be deeply regretted that he was unable to live to see the fulfillment of what he had strived so hard to attain.

Herbert P. Smith, Pres.,
Nantucket Fishermen's Assn.

Industry vs. Idleness.

Loss of recreational and commercial fishery revenue and the tremendous increase in the cost of public welfare is the problem facing the merchants and tax payers of Nantucket island.

To protect and increase our summer or recreational industry we must keep the taxes down to the minimum, consistent with progress.

To accomplish this objective we must give the working man a fair opportunity to earn decent wages for the support of himself and family.

As a producer of wealth he shares his earnings with the entire community and reduces the cost of public welfare levied against the tax payers.

In an effort to solve or relieve our financial problem, the Nantucket Fishermen's Association presents the facts of the Haulover Beach controversy and the reasons why the town should take or acquire this beach by authority of chapter sixty-five, acts of 1937, and open it to the sea.

The old channel, 1898 to 1909, was cut through Haulover Beach by the terrible gale which destroyed the steamer Portland off Cape Cod.

This channel was a gold mine to the town for many years. The clear ocean currents quickly re-seeded the harbor waters with shell-fish and provided a short cut to small boat fishermen, commercial and recreational.

Revenue from quahogs, clams, scallops and cod fish, exceeded an average of four thousand dollars each calendar week.

Nature co-operated in producing wealth that thousands of dollars of tax-payers' money could never accomplish.

Most of this income went to the large fleet of small boat fishermen.

More than three hundred shellfish licenses were issued at two dollars each.

Fishermen are now willing to pay a license fee of five dollars each if Haulover Beach is opened.

In five years their license fee contribution would amount to seven thousand five hundred dollars, in addition to the newly created wealth of thousands of dollars income to the town to be shared by citizens in all walks of life, particularly the tax-payers.

Small boat fishermen built up a fresh and salt fish business that brought many dollars to the island.

Salt for curing fish, and scallop kegs, were shipped to the island by the car load and sold to fishermen on Old South wharf.

Haulover Beach channel was a boon to all private enterprise on the island, and an economic factor in reducing taxes to encourage recreational business.

The harbor was so well stocked with shellfish, the beneficial results continued many years after the channel closed in 1909.

This wealth can be produced again. As the run-down farm requires the application of the plow, harrow and fertilizer, so the shellfish areas require fresh ocean currents to stimulate propagation to maximum capacity.

The state authorities say this Haulover Beach should be again opened to the sea. It is of vital commercial importance to every business interests on the island.

The few persons who fear damage to property if this channel is cut through the beach may not be wholly

familiar with the facts of thirty-nine years ago.

The break in Haulover Beach occurred during the heavy gale in November, 1898. Damage on the island was estimated to have exceeded five thousand dollars. Trees were uprooted, barn roofs blown off, and fishing vessels dragged anchors and capsized between the wharves. The steamer Portland was lost during this gale. The Nantucket Weather Bureau recorded the velocity of the gale as ninety miles an hour.

It was this gale that caused damage, if any, at Wauwinet, and not the Haulover Beach opening which did not close until 1909, or about ten years afterward.

From the original break the channel worked its way toward Coskata Head, three-quarters of a mile, building up the beach on the Wauwinet side. It gradually shifted to the Head before closing. During those ten years, 1898 to 1909, Haulover Channel caused damage to no one.

Experienced state engineers familiar with the Haulover situation do not recommend any stone breakwater. Prevailing winds and tide differentials are the same now as they were in 1898 to 1909.

All that is necessary is a cut in the beach. Nature will properly regulate and produce the desired results, as before.

Katama Bay in Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard island, has been successively opened to the sea for a period of many years. During the present season a new artificial cut was made and is now adding wealth to the community.

Katama Bay and Haulover Beach conditions are the same. Facts prove these claims beyond doubt.

The Nantucket Fishermen's Association, co-operating with Representative William T. Swain, secured the passage of a special act to improve the local fishery. Governor Hurley signed House Bill No. 657 which became Chapter 65 of the current year. The act is as follows:

over

(Chapter 65)

An Act providing for the taking or other acquisition by the Town of Nantucket of Certain Lands Therein for the Improvement of the Fisheries of Said Town. Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

Section 1. The town of Nantucket, acting by its board of Selectmen, is hereby authorized and directed to take by eminent domain under Chapter 79 of the General Laws, or acquire by purchase or otherwise, for the purpose of improving the fisheries of said town, a certain parcel of land situated in said town and bounded and described as follows: Northeasterly by the Atlantic ocean; southeasterly by Lot A-1 on land court plan No. 10990-B filed with certificate of title No. 2129, being land now or formerly of James A. Backus, held under said certificate of title; southwesterly by Nantucket harbor; and northwesterly by land now or formerly of James A. Backus et al., the boundary line beginning at a point on . Nantucket harbor now marked by a land court bound situated at the northwest corner of Lot C on land court plan No. 10990-A filed with said certificate of title and thence running northeasterly, true meridian, to the waters of the Atlantic ocean.

Section 2. For the purpose of providing funds for the taking or other acquisition of land under the provisions of section one, the treasurer of said town, with the approval of the Selectmen, may make a temporary loan for a period not exceeding one year; and the assessors of said town shall, in the year following the issuing of such loan, include the amount represented thereby in the tax levy of the town for that year unless payment thereof is otherwise provided for.

Section 3. This act shall take full effect upon its acceptance by a majority of the registered voters of the town of Nantucket voting thereon at any annual town meeting held within three years after its passage, or at any special town meeting called for the purpose within said period. If submitted at any such annual town meeting it shall be in the form of the following question, which shall be placed upon the official ballot to be used for the election of town officers:

"Shall an act passed by the general court in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-seven, entitled 'An Act providing for the taking or other acquisition by the town of Nantucket of certain land therein for the improvement of the fisheries of said town' be accepted?"

(Approved Feb. 26, 1937.)

The question of acceptance will be submitted to the voters at the annual town meeting in February, 1938, on the official ballot.

If the town votes to acquire or take Haulover Beach, the Selectmen are directed by the authority of this law to acquire the property at a reasonable price. If the owner decides to submit the question of price to a jury, chapter 79 provides that a Nantucket jury shall determine the amount and may take into consideration the assessed valuation for the three preceding years.

Section 15, of Chapter 79, providing removal of a land taking case to Bristol County was repealed in 1936 to take effect September 1st of that year.

We hope the owners of this beach will co-operate with the Selectmen as the Marthas Vineyard land-owners have done on various occasions, for the public weal.

The cost to cut the channel is estimated by the state engineers to be fifteen thousand dollars. A liberal amount of this money would, no doubt, be appropriated by the state.

There have been at least six channels cut in the beaches on Marthas Vineyard Island to develop the marine fisheries.

Reliable reports indicate that the Katama Bay Channel, over a period of years, has increased the value of the fisheries over half a million dollars.

Cape Pogue Channel also increased the value of that fisheries in twelve months to over fifty thousand dollars.

Other fisheries such as Tashmo Lake in Tisbury County, and shellfish areas in Oak Bluffs are being improved at considerable expense but taxpayers long since realized that the enormous revenues from improved natural resources of the fisheries are the anchor to all other business activities. It keeps the taxes down, and encourages summer business. Real estate owners have been paying ninety per cent. of the public debt, caused by unemployment

The cost of the public welfare since 1931 has dealt a severe blow to many cities and towns. Taxes in some coastal towns with undeveloped fisheries have reached the unprecedented figure of \$36.0 on a thousand or \$6 beyond the confiscation point. Summer residents have offered their properties for sale in an effort to escape high taxes and have moved to less expensive places.

This should be an object lesson to Nantucket citizens and while the tax rate at present is not over \$27, let us see to it that a little common sense figure by bringing to the town a substantial business application will reduce this net increase in revenue from the proper development of its fisheries.

Support the fishing industry by opening Haulover Beach and the fishing industry will support the summer business by reducing the taxes.

This is the question that will appear on the official ballot at town meeting February, 1938. Shall an act passed by the general court in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-seven, entitled 'An Act providing for the taking or other acquisition by the town of Nantucket of certain land therein for the improvement of the fisheries of said town be accepted?"

Vote YES.

Nantucket Fishermen's Assoc.
William T. Swain, Pres.

Feb. 19, 1938

A Good Catch.—On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Charles Ellwell, at the Farms, caught in his dory, alone, off Salt Island, 1,200 pounds of codfish. Has any one beaten this?—*Gloucester Advertiser*.

Nothing very remarkable about that, friends. Mr. Charles Taber took 302 fish a few days since, which would average at least seven pounds each, or a total of 2114 pounds; and about a month since Mr. James H. Wood, assisted by a boy, took 404 fish, which, at the same average weight, made a total of 2828 pounds. What think ye of this?

Dec. 8, 1877

Some Men I Have Met While In The Service on Nantucket.

Down through the ages, in every community, there have been those stalwarts who by lineage and ancestry have been looked upon as a basic necessity. For generations they have stood as firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar, strong and faithful, and unspoiled by the excellent heritage that was a family tradition through the years. Such men have always contributed greatly to any particular field of enterprise and to their country as well. Always the great oak, the great column and the great benefactor, their accomplishments have never been publicized or kept predominantly on the surface. But the true understanding of their value has always been implanted in the minds and hearts of those about them.

It is in such a category that our subject for this week belongs. He is Arthur McCleave, Chief Petty Officer, and a part of the Coast Guard patrol which works out of this island base. The story of Arthur McCleave is so well known to Nantucket that it hardly needs to be told. He is as much a part of the island as Great Point or Siasconset, for he is the fifth generation of McCleaves who for the past two centuries have wrested a living from the waters of the Seven Seas, sailing from the home port of Nantucket. He had five great-uncles who were whaling captains from this grand old island. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and direct ancestors far beyond these were all born and lived here. And Arthur McCleave has been no exception to that glorious family tradition.

Born in Nantucket 66 years ago, his has been a simple rule to keep Nantucket his home. This he has done. Spending most of his days as a fisherman, he has been another of those solid men of the island who have passed unobtrusively from day to day making friends and by his manner of living digging down into the bedrock of those principles that make for good government, decency in living, and the Democratic way of life, always doing his share of everything.

Shortly after the war broke out, Arthur McCleave realized that his unlimited knowledge of this vital area would be helpful, so despite his sixty-six years, which is a man's prime on Nantucket, for they are hardy men here, he offered his services to his country. They were accepted and so today he is in there doing his bit to beat down those elements which have sought to disrupt and destroy our Democratic way of living. And it was forty years ago this year that Arthur McCleave first became associated with the Coast Guard, for at that time he enlisted and served five years on the surf stations. And so at sixty-six, forty years later, he again rejoined his old outfit for the one simple reason that his country needed him.

And incidentally, it was exactly forty years ago that he was united in marriage to Mrs. Ada (Snow) McCleave and although no children have blessed this union they have still remained the same old sweethearts. While the last two or three years have not been kind to Mrs. McCleave from the standpoint of health, she has, nevertheless, maintained her own tradition so far as the McCleave household is concerned and today, as always, carries on with all those multiple duties which are hers. Like her husband she is a splendid example of the real old-fashioned American way of living, a way that kept the American home a sacred temple, the first thing for youth to remember and the last thing for age to forget.

Like Captain Ted Morgan, and others, Arthur McCleave has passed on much of his knowledge of these waters to the younger skippers in the fleet. He has been ever willing to cooperate, to pass on to others those things which he knew might be helpful to them, and no man has been more greatly appreciated or more highly respected.

As far as writing subjects are concerned, Arthur McCleave is a natural. Reams could be written about him, his

ancestral background, and the things he has done. Space precludes such discussion. But let it be known that he represents that something which is widely prevalent on Nantucket; that type of citizen of the old school, all too many of whom are passing from us. He is of that calibre that made America what it was in the good old days before the war upset the tenure of our ways and that transition to fast and modern living swung the pendulum to what we now know as our times. Truly they have been suitably termed: "The salt of the earth."

And it has been a pleasure to write a few lines about Arthur McCleave. It has been more of a pleasure to know and associate with him. For his has truly been a career of character.

—Leland C. Bickford.

Nantucket, October 15.

* * * * *

McCleave Pilot For Cable Steamer.

Mr. Bickford could well have recounted one of Arthur McCleave's exploits which have gone down in the island's history. When the telephone cable was to be laid in 1916, the cable steamer *Robert C. Clowry* was sent down to do the work, but it meant winding around through the dangerous shoals south and southwest of Nantucket—out around Muskeget and Tuckernuck. The cable steamer touched at Woods Hole, took the cable on board, but to find anyone able and willing to act as pilot was a problem. The cable must be laid and someone must be found with sufficient knowledge of the shoals and skilled as a pilot, who would be able to take the steamer out on her mission in safety. When Captain McCleave was told that the cable steamer needed a pilot, he at once volunteered his services. "I'll take her out," he said, "and I'll keep her away from the shoals, too. I'll bring her back to port after the job is done without touching bottom anywhere."

That was the man the cable steamer was looking for—and the next morning Captain McCleave boarded the boat with his oilers tucked under one arm and his rubber boots under the other.

Reaching Woods Hole, he went over to the cable steamer, without a moment's delay. "Here I am," he said. "When do we get under way?"

That was twenty-six years ago this last summer. The cable steamer went out, Captain McCleave piloted her out around the shoals safely, brought her in through the channel, paid no attention to the fog which shut in, and finally announced: "Well, here we are, right off the landing at the west end of Nantucket island."

He was right—the steamer was not a yard out of the way. Arthur McCleave volunteered to pilot the cable steamer safely and he did it. The long distance telephone cable was laid successfully. A few days later, McCleave returned to his home in Nantucket, rubber boots and oilers intact. No one else knew how much he was paid for the job, but whatever it was, he earned every cent of it.—Ed.

Oct. 17, 1942

**"Tacking Ship Off-Shore," By
Walter Mitchell.**

The poem, re-printed below, "Tacking Ship Off Shore", is considered one of the best examples of sea poetry to be found in American literature. It was written by Walter Mitchell, who was born in Nantucket in 1826.

Mr. Mitchell graduated from Harvard University in 1846 and became rector of Christ Church in Rye, N. Y. He was editorially connected with "The Churchman" and contributed to other periodicals. He was the author of the well-known polemic "Bryan Maurice".

The weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island Head.
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by!"
Is suddenly changed for "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
And the captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer "Ay, Sir! Ha-a-nd a-lee!"
With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps;
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment, for "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay, there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

Written by Walter Mitchell.
Born in Nantucket, 1826.

Mar. 12, 1949

The Rev. Walter Mitchell Dead.

The Rev. Walter Mitchell died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last week, aged 82 years. Mr. Mitchell was born in Nantucket in 1826. He graduated at Harvard in the class of '46. Senator Hoar and Captain Thomas R. Rodman were classmates. He studied law, was admitted to the Bristol county bar and practiced for some time in New Bedford, first alone and then as the junior partner in the firm of Eliot, Pitman & Mitchell.

This was about 1850 and he soon after left the bar and studied for the ministry. After completing his studies he entered the Episcopal ministry and presided over several churches in the east. He was connected editorially with the Churchman, and during middle life was a prolific contributor to magazines and papers, writing both in verse and prose. One of his best known poems was "Tacking the Ship Off Shore," while he published a well known novel, "Bryan Maurice."

After the death of Mrs. Mitchell a few years ago, Mr. Mitchell moved from New York city to Poughkeepsie. He had retired from the ministry and led a quiet studious life during the past few years.

APR. 25, 1908.

Our seafaring readers cannot fail to be interested in the spirited nautical poem on our outside taken from *Scribner's Monthly*. It is from the pen of Rev. Walter Mitchell, formerly a Nantucket boy, and author of another little gem of a nautical character, entitled "Tacking Ship off Shore," which originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the authorship of which has since been attributed to various other writers. "Reefing Topsails" has the true ring to it, and will call up stirring memories in the minds of our veteran mariners.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
WHEN THE SEA GREW WHITE.

In the Great Gale, Oct. 12th, 1878.

BY ARTHUR E. JENKS.

Sweetly it rose o'er our Island town,
The October moon; while never a frown
Crossed the brow of the evening sky,
Or shadowed the dreadful storm so nigh!
Bright and tender the white moonlight.
Who would have read one token of fright,
In all the peace of that harvest scene?
No prophecy, save of rest, I ween.

I heard not the whispers that shook the trees,
Nor headed the dirge of the walling breeze!

On gray old Sankaty's rugged height,
The starry hosts seemed to smile that night,
The sea below, in an undertone,
Lay chanting its melody, all alone.

I did not read in the sea, or air,
Or in quivering leaflet, anywhere,
The mystic sign of the awful gale,

At thought of which my cheek turns pale!

The harbor lights, and Great Point's eye,

With friendly glance, gleamed steadily.

And ever the bell-buoy rose and fell,

With the lazy dip of the ocean's swell.

From the blazing vines, and scarlet heath.

Where mild October twines her wreath,
Came the breath of pine-boughs, Autumn's tide

Of trailing glories—Nantucket's pride.

But something I saw, that crossed the moon,
Seemed an omen of storm which would startle me

soon;

For afar in his Northern lair, there lay

A monster cloud, like a fiend at bay!

But why did I dread, as never before,

The sound of the waves in the sullen shore?

I cannot tell. But I heard, alone,

The voice of a wrath I dared not own!

And at morning's dawn I saw the sky

Look out with a wild and threatening eye.

Over the harbor-bar the spray

Blinded the mariner all that day!

And the rain came on, like the flood of old,

With the desolate moan of a wintry wold.

The roofs and towers of the ancient town,

Grew black with the dark mist swooping down.

All day it surged, like a tidal wave;

And the hearts of the people, so true and brave,

Beat quick with fear. Down came the night,

With never a star, and the sea was white!

Oh, wives and mothers, so far away,

God tempe the grief of this fatal day;

When the twain were drowned 'neath the frowning

bluff

Of Sankaty's headland—it was sad enough!

Where Muskeget's channel cleaves its way,

Just out of our Island's peaceful bay,

A captain's wife, himself, and crew.

All lost, with the friendly land in view,

Save one; he survived, the tale to tell;

(Thanksgiving for those who loved him well!)

But Sconset saw a cruel sight,

The mocking rage of the "Old Man's" might;

Stood, and beheld within their reach—

Beyond the surf of the long Low Beach—

A sinking vessel—"God pity the men!"

The terrible shoal devouring them then!

And many a craft with a tattered sail,

Went down in the merciless wave and gale;

And many a man was lost that night,

With never a star, when the sea grew white!

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The Gale.

FULL DETAILS OF THE RESULT

Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

Of the many severe gales which have visited us during the past winter, none have proved more disastrous (if we except that of October 12, 1878) than that which broke upon us on Monday morning last, and none, especially, have been so protracted. It came with scarcely an hour's warning, and has left in its train many a desolate hearth in the loss of a sea-faring father or son, and many a depleted purse in loss of vessel property and cargoes. We present brief facts relative to the numerous wrecks about our island, occasioned by the storm.

About 9 o'clock Monday morning a strong breeze sprang up from the north-east, accompanied by rain. The blast increased in fury rapidly, and within an hour from its commencement it was terrific, while the rain fell in torrents, accompanied at intervals with hail. "The sea grew white" as if by magic, and as the elements raged more violently the thoughts of all reverted to the numerous vessels seen in the sound in the morning, it being evident to each one that shipwreck must inevitably follow such fury of the elements. During the entire day and night the storm raged, the mercury falling in the tube to the freezing point, while snow and sleet added nothing to the comfort of any who were obliged to be out, and especially to the unfortunate mariners on the coast. The fears of all were fully realized Tuesday morning, when the rain had ceased, allowing a glance to be cast about over the water. There were wrecks, or disabled vessels to be seen on all sides, of which we have obtained the following particulars:

Of twelve vessels seen to pass by Sconset Monday, nine were discovered about 5 o'clock, P. M., to be riding out the gale under Nobadeer. Tuesday morning three of these had gone, and another had come to an anchor. Of the three missing, two were to be seen outside of Old Man shoal, where they had dragged during the night. Those remaining held to their anchorage until about 9 o'clock, when the wind veered to the west of north, and four got under way and headed around toward Sconset. One of these was a brig, which at about 10:30, A. M., was run ashore upon Low Beach. Sconset people were at hand, and by means of a bluefish drail got a line to the fated craft, upon which the crew were landed in a boatswain's chair, and taken to Siasconset village, the captain leaving his vessel in charge of Mr. Robert B. Coffin. Under the tremendous pounding of the surf the vessel rapidly broke up, and in two hours only her bow and stern were to be seen, her masts, cargo of lumber, &c., having been carried away, and cast upon the beach for a number of miles to the eastward. An interview with the captain elicited the following facts:

The vessel is named the *Manzanilla*, hailing from Ellsworth, Me., in command of Capt. John M. Rich. She was bound from Calais, Me., for New York, with 175,000 feet of lumber, consigned to —— Merchy, 83 Wall street. Left Salem Sunday, and took the storm off Cape Cod light, about 6 o'clock Monday morning. There were about thirty vessels in sight at the time. Run down the Cape shore, but failed to make Pollock Rip lightship; we fell off to leeward, and thought it best to seek lee at the south side of Nantucket, and anchored off Nobadeer about 3:30 Monday. Saved most of our sails. Tuesday forenoon vessel made bad weather of it, and perceived she was leaking, so slipped cables and started round for a better lee, the wind having veered. As the water continued to gain rapidly, decided it best to run her ashore, which I did where she now lies. The following is her crew list: Mate, William M. Tinker; steward, Thomas Kelley; seamen, James Kelley, Sylvanus Rich, Gardner Lawson and William E. Dow. The latter is a son of the captain of schooner *Caroline C.*, wrecked off Siasconset about two years ago, and was on that vessel at the time. The vessel was owned by C. M. Holden, of Tremont, Me.

Another of the vessels was reported by Capt. Rich to be the schooner *William D. Cargill*, of Providence, R. I., Capt. Rich (a cousin of the above-named gentleman). She had lost main-boom and all her sails. About 10:40 Tuesday forenoon her masts were cut away to keep her afloat at her anchorage, where she still remained Tuesday night, it being impossible for the station crew to launch their boat through such a tremendous sea as was breaking on the beach, though they had hauled her over five miles from the station to be in readiness for any emergency. No signal of distress had been set up to 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The remaining schooner was riding well at her anchors, and appeared to be laying by her disabled companion. She also was lumber-laden, but her name was not ascertained.

The three-masted schooner *Emma G. Edwards*, Capt. Robert Bryant, from Philadelphia for Boston with coal, took the storm off Chatham, and after beating about in the sound for several hours, came to an anchor off Tuckernuck shoal. She parted early in the evening, and after striking several times went ashore on the shoal, where she soon rolled upon her beam ends. The crew sought refuge in the rigging, where they lashed themselves. The seas swept over her continually, and one by one the crew were washed away until only four were left, the steward, Millard J. Williams, a son of Capt. Bryant, the mate and Thomas Brown, of Germany. When morning dawned Brown and Bryant alone were alive, the steward having died from exposure, and the mate been swept away. Bryant soon passed away, but his body was rescued and lashed by his companion, who was soon after taken off by Thomas F. Sandsbury and a boat's crew from Tuckernuck, (consisting of James C. Sandsbury, Henry C. Coffin, George E. Coffin, Marcus W. Dunham, John B. Dunham, Andrew Brooks and Edwin Smith) together with the bodies of the steward and boy, and brought to town. The remains were taken in charge by Medical Examiner, Dr. J. B. King, and placed in the humane house on Water street. They will be entombed, until notice is received from their friends as to their final disposition.

Brown narrated his terrible experience in rather broken English, and it proved to be similar to that of Mr. Charles Killeen, of schooner *Etta A. Stimpson*, wrecked in the same locality during the gale of October. He was very weak when taken off, but had revived considerably Tuesday night. The vessel hails from Camden, N. J., and is 200.64 tons burthen.

Schooner *J. W. Hall*, Clouting, from New York for Lynn, Mass., with coal, sunk off Tuckernuck during Monday night. She is a total loss. When about twelve miles from the Handkerchief Shoal lightship, lost her foresail. She was soon anchored, but parted and brought up as above mentioned.

Schooner *Daniel Brittain*, Capt. R. G. Somers, 248.95 tons burthen, of Great Egg Harbor, N. J., and bound from Boston for Philadelphia, light, went ashore in the Chord of the Bay Tuesday morning. She slipped her anchors from under the Cape shore Monday night, but lost no sails as before reported. It is thought by some that she will be floated. The crew consists of —— Youngsell, mate; Charles H. Wentworth, steward; Lewis E. Cordery, Frank Thomas, Joseph Auffrey and Charles Hening, seamen. The crew were kindly cared for by Messrs. Oliver C. Backus and Israel Morey. They were assisted to land by Asa W. N. Small, David H. Eldridge and Israel Morey.

Schooner *Allie Oakes* 99.27 tons, Capt. G. W. Beal, of Rockland, Me., from South Amboy for Boston with coal, went ashore in the Chord of the Bay Tuesday morning, having lost anchors and chains. Her crew were taken off and cared for at the Wauwinet House by Mr. Small. The vessel will prove a total loss.

Schooner *Emma*, of St. John, N. B., Capt. J. K. Howard, with gas coal, from New York for St. John, went ashore between Nantucket and Tuckernuck between 11 and 12 o'clock Tuesday morning. She was boarded by the Tuckernuck crew, but they, finding the crew comfortable, turned their attention to the more unfortunate. The men went ashore on Tuckernuck about sunset of the same day in their boat, and were towed to town by the Tuckernuck boat Wednesday afternoon, they bringing the crew of the *J. W. Hall* at the same time. The vessel is 120 tons burthen, and leaks but little. The crew list is as follows: Frederick Dunham, mate; Cyrus Graham, Wesley Ring, Wallace Barr and Joseph Griffin, seamen.

The three masted schooner, *Jefferson Borden*, of mutiny fame, of Boston, Capt. F. L. Jones, from Cuba for Boston with seven hundred and fifty-one casks of sugar, took storm off Chatham, Monday, and anchored near the Cross Rip lightship. Was obliged to slip her anchors and went ashore near Muskeget, leaking slightly. Capt. Jones was brought to town Wednesday by Capt. John M. Winslow, in yacht *Mable*, which left here at 12:30 o'clock that morning on a prospecting cruise, westward. His crew was all right. Being out of this district the captain will be obliged to make his report to the collector at the Vineyard.

Schooner *American Chief*, of Rockland, Me., Capt. Ambrose Snow, is ashore in Muskeget Opening, where she struck Monday night. She was from Rockland, Me., for New York, with 1150 barrels of lime. She was boarded by Mr. Daniel W. Folger in yacht *Favorite*, about 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and the captain came to town Wednesday forenoon to secure apparatus for hauling her craft off, which he obtained of Mr. Joseph B. Macy. He had lost anchors and main-boom. Vessel registers 78.42 tons.

LATEST.

On Thursday morning, about half-past eight, the crew of Station 15 hauled their boat down and pushed off to go to the assistance of schooner *William D. Cargill*, above reported, upon which vessel a signal had been set during the day Wednesday. They boarded her about 10 o'clock, and took off the crew, which consisted of the following-named persons: Elias Rich, captain; John A. Walls, mate; Daniel W. Walls, steward; Shubael C. Rich, (the captain's son); and John S. Rowe, a lad of fourteen years. The unfortunate men were brought around, and landed at Sconset about noon. Capt. Rich immediately taking passage for town to arrange for the Island Home to go to her at the first opportunity. From him and the mate were gained the accompanying facts relative to their experience. Like the other wrecked vessels they were overtaken by the storm on the Cape shore, and made the attempt to run into Vineyard Sound, but could not do so, and sought shelter under Tom Never's Head, where he anchored, after having lost all his sails. With but thirty fathoms of big chain and thirty of small on his anchors, he rode out the gale. Tuesday morning, about 10:30 o'clock, they cut away their masts, as the vessel was leaking, after which she labored less, although at times she would roll her deck load of lumber well under. During the day Tuesday they threw over about 15,000 feet of lumber. They were well provided with food and fuel during their stay, but had just run short of water. When they left the vessel, she was leaking about three hundred strokes per hour. They were warmly welcomed by the people at Sconset.

The mate, when asked if, in his opinion, a boat could have reached them earlier, replied that he thought not, for the seas were tremendous, and it would have been foolhardy to attempt it. The cargo consists of 160,000 feet of dry pine lumber and hemlock and spruce boards, consigned to W. G. R. Mowry. It was the intention to have made the attempt to reach a schooner near by her, but their boat leaked badly. When the latter vessel got under way Tuesday, it was thought she would go to her dismantled companion, but she had lost her boat and could do nothing. Her name was unknown.

The station crew experienced great difficulty in getting their boat through the surf, but succeeded after they had shipped three seas. Once clear of the breakers the boat behaved admirably, and the men expressed themselves as agreeably disappointed regarding her qualities as a surf-boat. The crew of the *W. D. Cargill* reported schooners *Morelight*, *Turpin*, and *James S. Pike*, besides an English wood boat (the latter with a heavy deck load of lumber) as passing her Monday. The two latter were seen outside the Old Man shoal Tuesday, but Wednesday the Englishman was not to be seen, and it is thought had foundered. The *James S. Pike* showed a signal for help Wednesday, but when the weather moderated Thursday, came in by Sconset, and was recognized by the wrecked men. She had lost her fly-jib, spring stay and main-gaff, but otherwise appeared all right. She rode out the gale of Thursday night off Coskay.

Waterspout Sighted Off The Island's South Shore.

A "small" waterspout was sighted by several persons off the south shore of Nantucket, Friday afternoon, the first one to be seen from the island for several years. One of the first to sight the unusual occurrence was Thom Kivlan, who had taken the afternoon off from his duties at the Straight Wharf Theatre, and was taking pictures of the island from a vantage point in the Old Mill. Thom estimated that the spout was located several miles offshore, east of Hummock Pond. He was the only spectator who was in a position to photograph the spout.

Thom mentioned seeing a small plane flying around in the area at the time the waterspout took place. It was found that the plane was owned by King's Air Service, of East Taunton, Mass., with Everett King the pilot and Kent F. Matteson of 86 Main street and Providence, Rhode Island, as passenger.

Messrs. King and Matteson stated that they were flying over Smith's Point when they first noticed the spout. King stated that the spout was extremely tall—at least 2500 feet, and rather thin. At first they thought that what they saw was smoke and that possibly there was a fishing boat offshore in trouble.

Heading towards the wispy column, they discovered that it was a waterspout, located 3 or 4 miles from Nantucket. Mr. Matteson estimated that the cloud layer from which the waterspout began was 500 feet above the airplane, and as they were flying at 2000 feet judged the spout to be 2500 feet tall.

As they watched, the spout grew larger and blacker, but fearing extreme turbulence in the area, King turned the plane, a Navion, toward Nantucket Airport, and they landed. The spout was of short duration and did not last more than 5 minutes, for when they had landed, about 3:45 o'clock, the spout had disappeared.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1949.

WAGES OF SEAMEN.—The barque *Houqua*, Captain Cartwright, which sailed hence on the 27th ult., for Hong Kong, we believe, is the first vessel that has gone out from this port without paying the customary advance wages. She took out all told 18 men, every one of whom returning in the ship will receive a bonus of 10 per cent. upon the wages due him at the end of the voyage. Comfortable clothing, equal to a suit for each man was put on board. The men were of a respectable character, and all went sober and well provided.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

The master and officers of the *Houqua*, belong to Nantucket.

Apr. 8, 1879

Jan. 22, 1857

How to Rig a Drail For Bluefish.

By Isaac Hills, 3rd, in "Fisherman's Own Book".

I read the last issue of the Fisherman's Own Book with a great deal of interest. And why not? Wasn't there a lot of news in regard to "Bluefish", and haven't I been combing the press for ten years trying to discover where they were, if at all?

My log reads: July 4th to July 20th, inclusive, 334 bluefish, average weight, 8 3-4 pounds dressed, and average selling price 9 1-4 cents a pound.

I was only a kid, and never will I forget the morning of the Fourth, a couple of hours before daylight, when Harold Folger (still a doryman of the first water) rapped on my bedroom window and told me that if I wanted to go bluefishing, it was time to get up, and get into my boots. Bacon and eggs, coffee and all that sort of thing were waiting in the shanty.

As a kid, that was the sweetest music I had heard since the promise that the Skipper would take me "when the signs were right", and after growing fourteen years older, the same music would be just as sweet tomorrow morning. And what a day! Light northeast air, and a rather heavy swell on the beach.

Breakfast, into a dory, and down to the nine-foot ash, through the surf, and out to Little Rip. Seasick? Yes. But what of it? Seasickness was entirely forgotten. I didn't have time for it after the first time the Skipper yelled "fast", and told me to get my line out of the way. But that has nothing to do with the "methods".

For a start: During the winter the bluefishermen used to go eeling. Every time they caught an eel that would go sixteen or eighteen inches there was a good drail skin, and it went into the pickle barrel to lie in wait for the run of fish. Next, along in June, the running of "leads". Most of the boys had soap stone moulds and those that didn't, borrowed.

The mould produced a round, hollow lead, about three and a half inches long, an inch across one end and five-eighths across the other with a round half-inch hole through the length of it. Now take a "drail hook", the old-fashioned kind with a big eye, and eight inches over all, and run a ten-inch strip of leather through the eye, carefully cut for uniform strength, and run both ends of the leather through the lead.

Don't use raw hide, because it stretches all out of proportion. Then get a strip of cotton cloth, about an inch wide, and half a mile long, and start winding a body on the hook and wind till the body is two-thirds the length of the hook, and nearly as big as the lead, being sure to reave the starting end through the eye, and wind over it.

Then take some light twine, and wrap the body so that the sharp teeth can't tear it loose. Cut a slit in the ends of the leather, and tie on twenty fathoms of forty-two thread or so, with a couple of hitches that will jam up the leather. Get one of those net eel skins, and cut a six-

inch piece right out of the middle, clear of the belly, turn it inside out, reave it on the body of the hook, and wrap the end by the eye of the hook with twine leaving the south end flapping. Put two or three little strips of skin on the hook, that will trail out a couple of inches, and after you have caught a couple of fish, run the hook through their lips, and cut the lips off for trailers, and you have the most perfect bait that I have ever seen used where fish are feeding on "squid".

After rigging and getting everything ready as directed, throw the outfit into a pickle barrel, and it will be ready to grab when you want to show off.

The actual method of fishing causes one to own a thirteen or fourteen-foot dory, two pairs of oars, a bucket, a bailer, and an anchor and road. The dory is rigged with a kid board under the midships thwart, another under the after thwart, and one rail high nailed to the after rib of the dory, with a "saddle" from rail to rail, for the after man to fish from, so that he can "heave and haul" standing up in a sea-way.

At Little Rip, in the full strength of the North tide, fish are caught "fishing to bottom". That is, the drail is lowered over the side while the dory is at anchor just above the rip, and allowed to pay out till it reaches bottom, and then it is hauled as fast as the fisherman is able to haul it, and if it stops once, that cast is a wasted motion. When the tide slacks, it is a case of "up anchor" and down to the black lands and inshore off Sankaty, where the fish are sometimes found "finning" in schools and by being quiet, and fishing on top water, and accurately, one fish may be caught out of each school. As soon as the fish is hooked in this method, the balance of the direct school sounds.

On the July 20th that I mentioned early in the article, the skipper and I were fishing off the Black Lands, and a school of porpoises came in from the north, about two hundred yards wide and two miles long, and in fifteen minutes the blues were all inside the porpoises, and that was practically the end of the blues.

If they are back with us again, and I mean the big ones, more power to them!

For The Inquirer and Mirror. How Far Can a Bluefish Drail be Thrown?

Mr. Editor:

A querist asks through the Boston Transcript how far a bluefish drail can be thrown. My impression is that, in my boyhood days at Nantucket in the long ago, the local tradition was that some of our fishermen, expert in the business, could stretch the whole of a forty-fathom line.

Will not someone who knows give us through the columns of your paper, not "a fish story," but reliable information as to what the ablest drail throwers can actually do in that line.

Yours truly,
Aug. 19, 1901.

BOSTON.



SWORDFISHING—POISED FOR THE STRIKE.

This unusual picture was taken aboard Firmin Desloge's new cruiser "Nimriff." It shows Capt. Elson Jackson out on the "pulpit" with iron poised to be thrust into the swordfish swimming on top of the water with the two fins showing. The man in the bow of the boat is ready to throw the barrel to which the rope is attached, as soon as the "strike is made.

Value of Nantucket Fisheries \$923,220 in 1930.

The report on the "Marine Fisheries" of Massachusetts for the year ending November 30, 1930, has been distributed this week. The report is issued by William C. Adams, director of Fisheries and Game; Zenas A. Howes, state supervisor of marine fisheries; and Arthur L. Millett, state inspector of fish.

The report covers in detail the activities of the marine fisheries of Massachusetts. Among other interesting features is the table showing the changes that have occurred in the method of fishing operations during the last five years. Whereas in 1926 there were 89 "draggers" engaged in the business in 1930 the number increased to 202—more than double. Steamers had increased in number from 28 in 1926 to 89 in 1930. Vessels engaged in the mackerel fishery had increased from 108 to 112 in the same period. These figures were given in relation to vessels making their headquarters at Boston and it is presumed a similar rate of increase applies elsewhere along the coast.

The report of the "marine fisheries" in relation to Nantucket follows:

Nantucket

The fishing season at Nantucket was, generally speaking, fairly successful.

The catch of flounders was less than usual. The inshore fishing for them was carried on mainly at Hawes Shoal and was considered quite poor. Exceptionally strong tides were held to be mainly responsible for this, as experience seems to indicate that few flounders are caught whenever high course tides occur. Many of the flounder fleet were fishing on Georges Bank, from which place they carried their catches directly to the New York markets.

Very few swordfish are shipped from the island, practically all of the boats preferring to take their fares to the markets in their own boats. A fairly good catch of swordfish was reported by such local boats as are equipped for this sort of fishing. During the summer a 300-pound swordfish was caught in the harbor of Nantucket where it had come apparently in pursuit of other fish.

Good catches were made of *squid*, or weakfish, in the summer and early fall, and they were considerably larger than those caught last year.

In 1929 there were many *squid* about the island, but most of them weighed around two pounds, while this past year many of the fish weighed from six to eight pounds. Every sign points to an increased catch of these fish next year.

Mackerel were reported more plentiful around Nantucket than usual, especially in September and even later. Unusually warm weather is probably responsible for their late stay in these waters. Prices, however, were quite low, and the fishermen were not very zealous in going after them. Most of the mackerel are taken direct to market.

Codfish, usually fished for at the Rips, were not nearly as plentiful as usual.

Yellowtails were quite abundant, but the season at Nantucket is very short, lasting only about six weeks, and then the fish migrate to the vicinity of Edgartown. These fish appeared at the island a little later than usual.

Bluefish were very plentiful and were much larger than those taken in the previous year. Where the average, in 1929, was from five to six pounds, this year the average was about seven and a half pounds. Practically all of these fish are caught by drailing and they were abundant along the entire south shore of the island.

Striped Bass were also unusually plentiful and were reported "lying black" at Smith Point and the islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget.

Alevines were caught in great quantities while running up from Maddaket Harbor into Long Pond. Hundreds of barrels were taken, most of which were salted for bait.

It is very difficult to correctly estimate the amount of fish and shellfish taken at or near Nantucket. The captains of the boats and shippers believe that fully three times the amount shipped by the New England Transportation Company are carried by the fishermen to the various markets in their own boats. We furnish, however, the following figures as a very conservative estimate of the amount of fish and shellfish taken at Nantucket in 1930:

Fish, by steamer	3,770,100 lbs.
Fish, direct	11,310,300 lbs.
Quahogs	11,353 bbls.
Scallops	25,256 gals.
Scallops in shell	500 bbls.
Conchs	100 bbls.

Estimated Value: fish, \$754,020; quahogs, \$68,700; scallops, \$100,000; conchs, \$500; total value, \$923,220. The above list does not include the shipments of eels, the amount of which is considerable but upon which an estimate could not be obtained.

The fish traps at Great Point had a very good season. The catch included among the principal fish, in order of abundance, butterfish, bonito, mackerel, squid, dogfish, scup and bluefish. No sturgeon or shad were taken in the traps this year. The amount of these fish is included in the account of the Net and Pound Fisheries.

Coffin Established a Record For Opening Scallops.

In one of the Cape papers the other day we noticed an item about a man who claimed to hold the record for opening scallops. Years ago there was considerable rivalry here on Nantucket among the "openers" and at one time Sam P. Winslow held the record—or at least claimed it.

But Orin Coffin was a wiry sort of young chap in those days and he wrested the title away from Sam P. A state inspector named Belden came down that season (1907) and he became interested in the keen rivalry which existed, so he decided to "time" the contest.

Coffin was then on the scallop boat "Crimson" and he was one of the most active young fishermen. When the day's catch was brought in and dumped on the bench, Mr. Belden took out his watch and told Coffin to go ahead and see what he could do. The record established at that time was two gallons of eyes opened in 58 minutes—and it stood.

Timed for a quarter of an hour, Coffin averaged 22 scallops per minute, which meant that he was handling over 1300 scallops an hour.

Dec. 2, 1939

Opened Two Gallons of Scallops in Fifty-eight Minutes.

Orin K. Coffin holds the record for opening scallops on Nantucket—made away back in 1907. Scallops were plentiful that season and there was a lot of rivalry among the openers as to who was the fastest. Young Coffin had for some years been accredited with being about as skillful as anyone at wielding the scallop knife and had often beaten his brother Fred, Sam P. Winslow and others who thought they could match him.

The test of Orin's skill was made by Inspector Belden of the State Fish and Game Commission, who had been hearing a lot about "fast openers" all along the coast and had timed men at Chatham and other Cape towns, as well as some on the Vineyard. Mr. Belden determined to put Coffin to a test and used a stop watch on him, while the shanty on the Old North wharf where the stunt was pulled off was packed to the doors with an interested crowd who gathered to watch the performance.

It was the 12th day of December, 1907, that the test was made—twenty-six years ago—and, as far as we can ascertain, the record still stands. With his stop-watch in hand, Inspector Belden checked up on Coffin and found that his average was 22 scallops a minute and he opened two gallons of eyes in 58 minutes. Belden said he was far ahead of any openers he had timed elsewhere.

Nov. 11, 1893

Coffin Established a Record For Opening Scallops.

* * * * *
A daughter of Nantucket was the next speaker—Miss Anna Gardner Fish, who for many years has held a responsible position at the Perkins Institute in Watertown and who has recently published a valuable pamphlet concerning that world famous institution.

Those Nantucketers both at home and abroad, who have been in the habit of attending the meetings of the "Sons and Daughters of Nantucket" in Boston, also know Miss Fish as the originator of the "Scrap Basket"—an interesting collection of island tales and stories, which grew from year to year with each meeting, and which were finally compiled into a volume by Roland Bunker Hussey and William F. Macy, the latter now president of the Nantucket Historical Association. Miss Fish described an art of old and present-day Nantucket fishermen—the art of throwing a bluefish drail—and not only described the operation fully and concisely but gave an interesting anecdote in relation to the "art."

In telling of the bluefishermen's feats with the line and drail, Miss Fish said she had once had a rather grumpy old fellow as a listener. The man in question was commodore of some boat club around Boston and disproved Miss Fish's assertion that the island fisherman often threw the line "sixty fathoms."

Upon journeying to the island for her summer vacation, Miss Fish began to make inquiries concerning the length of line a man might put out during a throw. Some gave fifty fathoms and others fifty-five, but at first she could find no one who admitted to a throw of 60 fathoms.

A bit dispairing, Miss Fish tried again and ultimately discovered that the throw had been accomplished. As a coincidence, she noted in an issue of The Inquirer and Mirror that the old fellow from Boston had written in to find out if the 60-fathom throw was possible. Editor Turner not only replied that it was, but cited numerous instances. It was one of these instances that Miss Fish re-told.

An island fisherman by the name of William Ellis—a tall, strong man—had the reputation of throwing a line and drail 65 fathoms. One day, during a violent gale, a ship was wrecked on the South Shore, coming onto the shelving beach at some distance in back of the breakers. It was found impossible to launch a life-boat, repeated attempts failing, while the wind deflected the life-line shot from the gun, blowing it back into the faces of the watchers on the beach or carrying it well down the beach.

Finally, William Ellis took up his bluefish line and, twirling the drail in an ever-widening circle about his sent it out toward the wreck. The line carried low into the wind but it reached its mark. Then the watchers saw it strike the side of the vessel and fall into the sea.

Ellis hauled the line back and discovered that the drail had broken off. There was not another drail to be had on the beach. It looked as though the ship-wrecked men had lost their last chance, the craft already showing signs of going to pieces.

Only Ellis was undaunted. In his search for another drail, he came across a wagon with a broken wheel-tire. Breaking off a piece of the iron rim, Ellis fastened it to his line and prepared for another throw.

This time it was an even more tremendous throw than the first, the line uncoiling swiftly and the iron describing a graceful arc and falling over the bulwarks of the wreck.

The rest was comparatively easy. A strong line was attached to Ellis' bluefish line, and soon the breeches-buoy was bringing the seamen safely ashore.

Ellis' bluefish line was measured and it was found that he had made an unparalleled throw of 68 fathoms.

Miss Fish took her seat amid loud applause. Everyone wished that she had continued with others of her interesting store of Nantucket anecdotes.

* * * * *

July 29, 1934



Commonwealth of Massachusetts. COMMITTEE ON FISHERIES.

STATE HOUSE, Boston, Jan. 25th, 1882.
The Committee on Fisheries will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition of Edward W. Perry and others, for the exemption of the inhabitants of Nantucket from the restrictions of the law for the preservation of lobsters, at Room No. 3, State House, Thursday, February 9th, 1882, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
JOHN P. COOMBS,
Clerk of the Committee.

J-2t

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

A Correction.

Mr. Editor:

Will you kindly allow me to correct what I deem an historical error in the last issue of your widely-read paper. In the report of the meeting of the committee to hear arguments on either side of the seining question, one gentleman (not a native of Nantucket, however) testified that in 1842 he was at Nantucket and the first bluefish were caught then. There were two brought in, and the inhabitants did not know what kind of fish they were. Now in my opinion that is a manifest error. I remember of catching them myself in 1840, and saw many large schools of them. Mr. Stephen Hussey informs me that he caught them as early as that date. But the proof is in black and white. The author of "Miriam Coffin," in his introduction, written over his own signature in April, 1834, states that a few years previous to that date, an old fisherman dwelt at Sconset and during a visit the author made to the island, he called upon this fisherman and partook of a meal prepared from what the fisherman called the noble bluefish, and told him also that they were here previous to 1764, but left that year and were gone over three-score years. The date was fixed by the fact of the pestilence visiting the island and carrying off most of the Indians that year. So we have proof that for at least a decade before 1842 bluefish had returned to the waters around Nantucket.

I write this simply because I am interested in all historical data connected with our island history, and to show how erroneous and unreliable evidence may be, when it depends upon memory alone, unless supported by documentary evidence also.

B. F. PITMAN.

The Sacred Cod as State Symbol of Massachusetts.

It was away back in 1895 that the emblem of the codfish was transferred with due ceremony from its accustomed chamber in the Bullfinch front to the new hall of the Representatives in the wings. Before a duly appointed committee the emblem was lowered from its place in the old chamber by the assistant doorkeeper of the House, "wrapped in the American flag, deposited upon a bier, and borne to the new House of Representatives. As the procession entered the House the members arose, the historic emblem was received with a vigorous round of applause, and was deposited upon a table in front of the Speaker's desk."

The unique ceremony, more suggestive of Old England than of New, reminds us of the real antiquity of "our ancient codfish, quaintly wrought in wood and painted in the life," which "bears on its finny front a majesty greater than the dignity that art can lend to graven gold or chisled marble". The emblem was transferred in 1798 from the old State House at the head of State street to the new one on Beacon Hill, but whether with so much ceremony is not recorded.

John Rowe, a "man of peculiar public spirit and patriotism", proposed in 1784 that the representation of the codfish be hung in the room where the House sits as a memorial of the importance of the codfish industry to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and doubtless he paid the artist out of his own pocket.

The woodcarver was probably one John Welch, who lived on Green Lane in West Boston. A solid block of wood was used and the fish measures 4 feet 11 inches.

Although today we sometimes smile at our State emblem, especially when it appears in miniature on the number plates of automobiles, it has real significance, for the very first product ever exported from Massachusetts was a cargo of fish, and as early as 1634, a merchant of the country had a fleet of eight boats off Marblehead. An English visitor in 1750 says that Marblehead is known for children and "nourishes the most of any place for its Bigness in North America. It is said that the chief cause is their feeding on Cods' Heads which is their Principal Diet."

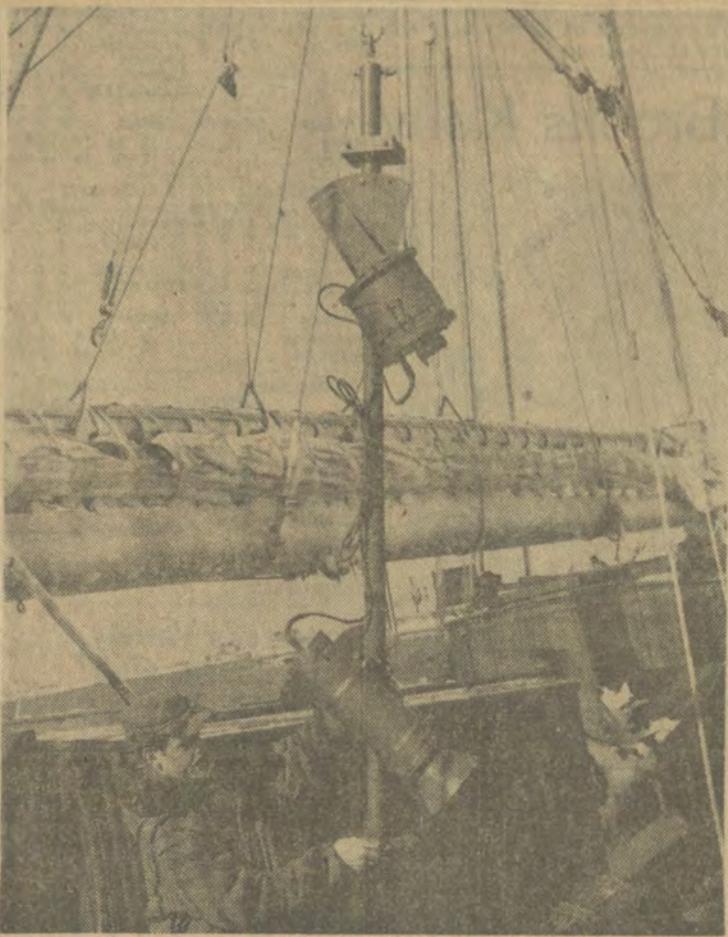
By this date the fleet at Gloucester alone had grown to 80 large vessels, and cargoes of fish went to Europe and the West Indies, and the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland had become "a mine of infinitely greater value than those of Mexico and Peru", rights in which Massachusetts was often called on to defend in negotiations between England and France, and again after the war of 1812.

Even before its use in the State House the emblem had been adopted as a seal for many purposes, and had been depicted on an internal revenue stamp and in some issues of currency. By its place in the seat of legislation the codfish, in the words of Mr. Adams, "tells of commerce, war, diplomacy; of victories won by Massachusetts in all three fields."—Stone and Webster Journal.

May 10, 1930

March 31, 1900

Scientists Photograph Scallops Beneath Winter Storm-Tossed Seas Off Nantucket



—Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution Photos
David M. Owen, underwater photographer, holds the newly-developed repeating underwater camera on the ice-covered deck of the research vessel Caryn. The camera is near the top and the electronic flash unit near the bottom of the pole.

Special to The Standard-Times

WOODS HOLE, March 1—The first extensive look at the ocean bottom—sea scallop beds at a depth of 150 feet—was obtained near Nantucket this week with a newly-developed underwater camera, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution reports.

A repeating underwater camera, which takes a picture every 45 seconds with the aid of a brilliant flashlight, was lowered over the side of the research vessel Caryn. The ship was allowed to drift over Nantucket Shoals, a favorite fishing ground for the \$6,000,000 sea scallop fishery of Massachusetts.

While the 97-foot sailing ship rolled heavily downwind in the trough of the winter storm waves, underwater photographer David M. Owen and shellfish biologists Harry S. Turner and Arthur J. Posgay kept a constant vigil on the wire from which the camera was lowered.

"Is the camera working?" was their main worry. Two weeks ago they had spent a fruitless 24 hours doing the same experiment. This time they wished to show some results in return for their cold voyage.

About 150 feet below them the camera was indeed taking pictures, its self-contained batteries recharging the current necessary for the next bright electronic flash lasting only 1/20,000th of a second.

At the end of a 2-mile drift,



One of many underwater photographs made on a 2-mile strip of the ocean bottom off Nantucket shows a sea scallop. A 2-mile strip was photographed to obtain information on the density of sea scallops, one of Massachusetts' important sea resources.

Undersea Camera Photographs Scallop Beds

The first extensive look at the ocean bottom—sea scallop beds at a depth of 150 feet—was obtained near Nantucket Island with a newly developed under-water camera, the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution reports.

A repeating underwater camera, which takes one picture every 45 seconds with the aid of a brilliant flashlight, was lowered over the side of the research vessel Caryn last week. The ship was allowed to drift over Nantucket Shoals, a favorite fishing ground for the six million dollar sea scallop fishery of Massachusetts.

While the 97-foot sailing ship rolled heavily downwind in the trough of the winter storm waves, underwater photographer David M. Owen and shellfish biologists Harry S. Turner and Arthur J. Posgay kept a constant vigil on the wire from which the camera was lowered. "Is the camera working?" was their main worry. Two weeks ago they had spent a fruitless 24 hours doing the same experiment. This time they wished to show some results in return for their cold voyage. One hundred and fifty feet below them the camera was indeed taking pictures, its self-contained batteries recharging the current necessary for the next bright electronic flash lasting only 1/20,000th of a second.

At the end of a two-mile drift, the camera was brought back to the surface and Owen quickly developed the film in the darkroom of the laboratory on board the Caryn. He had succeeded in obtaining the first extensive view of the ocean bottom, giving him another first in underwater photography since, in 1948, he also took the deepest picture on record at a depth of 3 1/2 miles in the Atlantic Ocean.

Although many of the photographs were out of focus, due to the rolling of the ship which kept changing the distance from the camera to the bottom, they gave valuable information to the biologists. A preliminary check indicated that the scallops were thinly distributed in the photographed area; only one scallop per 26 square feet was counted.

The sea scallop investigation at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution is part of a shellfish resources program supported by funds from the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries, directed by Francis W. Sargent. Although the sea scallop industry, which brings annually about six million dollars to ports on Cape Cod and to New Bedford, in general seems to be in a healthy state, the present investigation was undertaken to learn more about the biology of the sea scallop and its relation to the environment. Facts are being collected so that, if the need for fishery restrictions ever arises, they will be available to provide sensible regulations.

Generally, fishery investigations are financially supported only after the decline of a fishery has set in so that scientists were never able to study a normal population, and, usually, a declining fishery returns to a more normal state after a number of years, just when the scientists begin to learn something about it. Their funds are then cut off and they are asked to investigate another fishery which seems to be in trouble. The present program of deep sea scallop investigation is a departure from such methods, not only because a non-endangered population is studied but also because new methods, including the inspection by underwater cameras, are being developed.



Captain Nicholas Norton, formerly of Nantucket and now a resident of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., is shown relaxing on a Main Street bench where he has enjoyed many a game this week with old friends and townspeople. Capt. Norton, long a familiar figure on the Nantucket waterfront, is making a 10-day visit with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge B. Norton, of North Liberty Street.

Oct. 14, 1960

Captain Samuel E. Jackson

Captain Samuel E. Jackson, aged 84, died in Arlington, Mass., on Wednesday, October 28, following an emergency operation. Capt. Jackson, with his wife and family, were residents of Nantucket for many years until about twenty-five years ago.

Captain Jackson was a native of Fall River, Mass., the son of Hiram and Jane Jackson. He was at one time a member of the crew at the Life Saving Station in Cuttyhunk, but spent most of his life in the commercial deep sea fishing business and formerly owned the fishing vessel "Phyllis J." He lived in New Bedford before coming to Nantucket, and also lived in Edgartown. Since retiring from the sea, he has made his home with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lois Abbott, in Arlington, Mass. He was a member of Oriental Lodge, A.F. & A.M., in Edgartown.

In addition to Mrs. Abbott, Capt. Jackson is survived by three other daughters: Mrs. Phyllis Fitzgibbon, of Boston, Mrs. Gladys Lawrence, of Valley Stream, L.I., and Mrs. Sally Riley, of Westport, Mass., and by a son, Elson Jackson, of Westport. He also leaves two brothers, Capt. Robert L. Jackson, and Capt. Levi Jackson, both of Edgartown, several grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held in the Rural Cemetery Chapel in New Bedford at one o'clock tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon.

Oct. 30, 1959

N.B. Standard Times
1952

A 560-POUND SWORDFISH CAPTURED BY THE "NIMRIF"



B75

The big fellow was taken after a five hours' battle about twenty-five miles southwest of Muskeget. It was some job to load him onto the truck after the "Nimrif" was docked. Note the interested expression on the face of the girl who is looking at the strange creature. This swordfish had a perfect sword, but several body scars, indicating that he had been in battles before he met his Waterloo.

1935

3 Men Land 400-Pound Swordfish In 5 Hours

Three men aboard the cabin cruiser Blue Waters captured a giant swordfish Friday after a furious five-hour battle approximately 20 miles Southwest of Nantucket. Nantucket sports fishermen believe it is the first swordfish to be landed with rod and reel off Nantucket—at least in recent years.

The big fish was hooked at about 2:30 p.m. by Jules Thebaud on an 80-pound test line. Observers said the swordfish easily exceeded 400 pounds, although inaccurate scales registered 385.

The giant sword bill reached out of the water to take some 3 pounds of squid bait and the hook.

After fighting the 11-foot, eight-inch fish for more than two hours, Mr. Thebaud turned the line over to Serge Pontatian. The fish struggled gamely for another few hours and shortly after James Hutton

Jr., owner of the Blue Waters took over, was brought to the side of the boat.

When the Blue Waters, skippered by Billy Knowles, arrived back in Nantucket the fish was dressed and cut up by Philip Grant, of Nantucket Sea Foods and then apportioned to the Cottage Hospital and the Island Home. Observers said the sword measured 42 inches.

1954

Swordfish Caught in Harbor

One of those rare happenings, which one generally reads about but seldom sees, occurred Thursday afternoon in Nantucket harbor, when Henry Main, one of the oldest among the island's fishermen, caught a 350-pound swordfish on Coatue flats.

It seems that the huge fish came into the harbor in pursuit of the small blues. After swimming about for a time, the swordfish ventured up near Second point. Here it became ultimately stranded on the flats.

At this juncture, it appears, Main arrived at the scene in his catboat, and, seeing the creature's predicament, the old fellow immediately attempted to capture him.

By driving the fish further into the shallows, Main was able to gaff the big fish, making doubly sure that the creature was dead by ripping its "in'ards" open with a jack-knife. Then, with the fish in tow, Main proceeded to the Island Service wharf, where he sold his prize to Studley's Fish Market.

When dressed, the swordfish was found to weigh 270 pounds—a fine specimen of a swordfish. A good many people journeyed down to the Island Service wharf to view the big fellow, and everyone was unanimous in declaring that "Captain" Main did a fine job in his capture of the fish.

1930

Isaac Hills Tells How to Rig Nantucket Bluefish Drail.

In the September number of "Fishing", Isaac Hills, 3rd, writes a very interesting descriptive article which tells about the bluefish drail, how to rig it, and how to throw it. The only thing that Mr. Hills does not tell is how to catch the wily blue. Even the most experienced fishermen do not know just how it is done—for it all depends upon the bluefish. Lots of men can throw a drail and throw it well, but simply throwing it does not mean bringing a bluefish in through the surf.

We are confident that Mr. Hills' article will be read with interest by hundreds of the good people of Nantucket who have become interested in blue-fishing during the last two months. The blues are still here and the sport continues, but they seem to be lingering around Smith's Point, which is rather distant from town, so that unless one goes out to the point himself and indulges in the exercise there is small chance of seeing a bluefish come splashing through the surf with a drail fastened in its mouth.

Rigging a Nantucket Beach Drail.
By Isaac Hills, 3rd.

Everything in the way of commercial fishing seems to have gone on the bum this month, Fluking hardly pays and the fish seem wide apart. Lobstering doesn't seem to be a thriving business. Swordfish have moved off-shore or something, anyway we don't see any coming in to the docks. The flounder dragger don't seem to be retiring. Quahauging, outside, has practically stopped. But—bluefish are being caught from the beach at Smith's Point, and the whole beach, all day, shows just a circle of drails, some being thrown fifty fathoms, some going out just over the first line of breakers, and every once in a while, someone is "fast".

And that reminds me that there seems to be some discussion as to the proper drail for beach use.

Of course there is no question as to the material to be used. Solder will run the drail that will keep shiny under all conditions. When there is a head wind to throw against use a heavy drail; keeping a light one, unless you don't care anything about your arm and fingers, for a fair wind.

Most all the drails are run on a single hook, and they have been run that way since the beginning of shore fishing on Nantucket, but the small fish, five to seven pounds, that are running now, don't seem to go at it and grab it from behind as the big fish used to. They take a crack at the drail as it goes by, and if they miss it, or rather miss the hook, as they most often do, they forget all about it, and the hook comes in empty.

Now the question arises: How about a drail with a treble hook or even several hooks projecting from different parts of the drail? I tried one the other day with a couple of trawl hooks wired through and the drail caught a fish, but the wired hooks were not dependable in a standing out, and were more often hooked into something that lacked fins.

I am going to mould a drail with a treble hook and will let you know about it later.

Of course we haven't seen any shore fishing for twelve or thirteen years, so we are a bit rusty.

Now after asking a bunch of questions, I want to say a bit about rigging as it is. That is the usual run. Line, run about fifty fathoms, and should be hauser laid, about the size of a two-pound tarred line or a little larger. On one end, tie about eight feet of "snooding" with a water knot. Tie the end of the snood to a drail with an anchor hitch, and seize the whip end, and you have a shore line. Watch the snooding to see that it doesn't chafe. See that the drail hook is sharp and that the drail shines. Use a bit of eel skin to keep the drail straight in the water, and after you get a fish, hook on the lip and take the eel skin off.

Be careful to wear finger stalls, at least two on the right hand, first and second finger, and one on the first finger of the left, and then go out and learn to throw the line. The most successful fishermen use about eight feet of snood to six feet of man. Between the drail and the finger, twirl the drail around the head, taking a turn on one or two fingers on the first twirl, and then use the whip when you let go, after getting all the speed you can control. The rest comes from practice. Get it out as far off shore as you can and pull it in again as quickly as you can, and yet keep it fairly steady.

Sept. 25, 1929



Snap Shop Photo

The Sea Scouts Rounding Brant Point Escorted by Coast Guard.



Snap Shop Photo

Entering the Slip at the Island Service Wharf, Tired but Triumphant.

Sea Scout Ship 72 from Orleans Invades Nantucket Island
In Two 20-foot Pulling Boats — A Modern Saga of the Sea.

AUG. 24, 1954

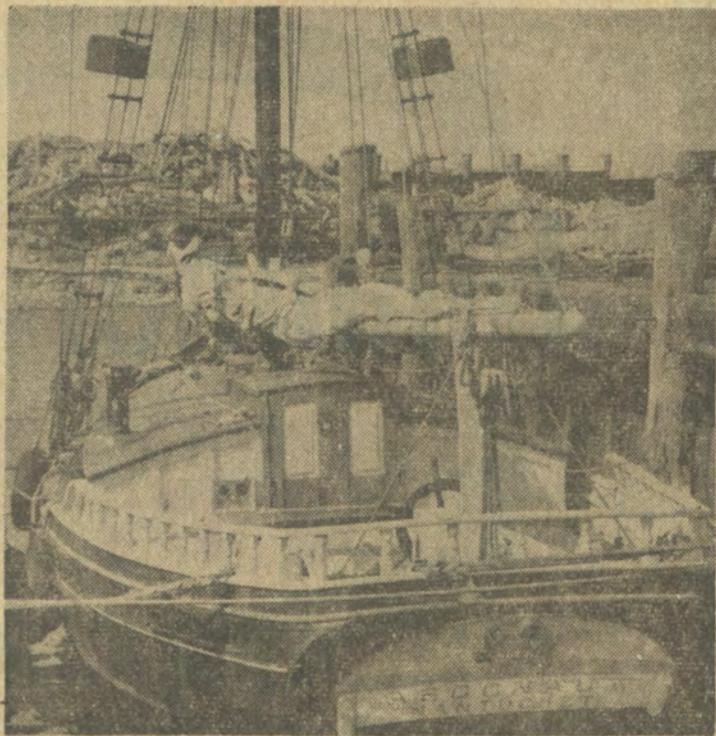
Took Top Honors in Fishing Derby



Snap Shop Photo

Maxie Ryder, top fisherman in both the Schaefer and local salt water fishing contest, shown holding the large bass which won him first place in the local bass contest in addition to his other honors.

Nantucket Harbor Scene



Standard-Times Staff Photo

Nantucket waterfront is enhanced at this time of year by craft of all descriptions in for the season. This auxiliary craft, however, is home-owned. Tied up at Island Service Wharf is the Argonaut belonging to Charles Sayle of Union Street, Nantucket, noted ship model builder.



Men spearing for eels through the ice on the harbor during the "freeze-up." At the left—
Marcus Dunnham shaking a squirming fish from his spear.

Jan. 8, 1955

!

Sherwood Smith and His 19-pound Bluefish



Photo by Bill Haddon

Sherwood W. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., and Nantucket, is shown in the photograph above with the large 19-pound bluefish which he caught from the shore of Great Point recently.

Since Mr. Smith's catch was originally reported in last week's issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, we have learned that it is far from being the largest ever caught from these shores. Archibald Cartwright, curator of the Whaling Museum, has informed us that among the exhibits at the museum is the hand line and drail which was used by Nelson P. Ewer to catch a 27-pound bluefish in 1903. Mr. Ewer's fish is recognized by the International Game Fish Association as the largest bluefish ever caught, by any method.

In the October 3, 1903, edition of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, the following item appeared:

A Monster Bluefish

Within the last two weeks bluefish have struck in off the south and west shores of Nantucket in large quantities and a number of excellent catches have been made from the beach. The crew of Great Neck life-saving station have been taking a hand in the fun and on Saturday one of their number, Nelson P. Ewer, hooked a fish which put up such a gamey fight that it was only landed on the beach by very clever work with the line.

The specimen proved a record-breaker for size, measuring three feet, nine and one half inches from head to tail and tipping the scales at a trifle over 27 pounds. Eighteen other bluefish were landed on the beach that day, several of which were big fellows, but the one caught by Mr. Ewer is doubtless the largest landed on Nantucket for a number of years.

Oct. 10, 1958



Ray De Costa caught some really big bass this week at Great Point. The larger one weighs 46 pounds, and the other two were 37 and 32 pounds.

July 1, 1960

Nantucket had the Best Fishing Ever, This Year!

With the November 30 closing date of the Schaefer Salt Water Fishing Contest near at hand, the local sports fishermen can look back upon one of their most successful seasons. Last year saw larger striped bass landed, but this year's 12-pound bluefish is not likely to be equalled for some time.

At this writing there are still blues and bass around, although fewer in number than when the fishing was at its peak a few weeks ago. The beaches leading to Great Point and Smith's Point are no longer the well-traveled highways they were, and the literally hundreds of sportsmen lining the shore at Surfside have also put away their tackle for the season although a few hardy souls are still trying their luck.

Complete figures on just how many bass and blues were caught will probably never be available, as many catches were not reported or entered in the fishing contest, but the totals available indicate that the Nantucket Sportsmen's Club may lead the Schaefer Fishing Contest by a wide margin for the second straight year.

Reproduced on this page are a few of the many photographs taken of Nantucket's sports fishermen and their catches, printed in the public interest by The Inquirer and Mirror. Since it was impossible to include pictures of all the many fishermen, the sixteen photographs were selected with the idea of showing a representative group.

We wish to express our appreciation to the following for their cooperation in making it possible for us to publish this page for our readers: The Snap Shop, Hardy's Tackle Shop, The Nantucket Gas and Electric Company, Al's Auto Sales and Service, The Albert G. Brock Co., Gordon Motor Co., Island Service Co., Marine Appliance Company, Island Marine Service, Marine Lumber Co., Reed's Hardware, Congdon and Coleman, William Waine and Sons, and the Island Fish Market.

These photographs should go far to prove the claim that Nantucket has the best fishing on the Atlantic Coast, and will give those who did not try their luck this year an idea of what they missed!



Joseph Bauser, with 12 lb. bluefish, the largest bluefish caught from the shore this season.



Charlie Davis with 32 lb. bass caught from the shore.



Snap Shop Photo

Maxie and Robert Ryder, with 41 lb., 26½ lb., and 13 lb. bass caught from the shore at Great Point.



Turner Photo

Art Orléans, showing 30 lb. bass caught at Smith's Point.



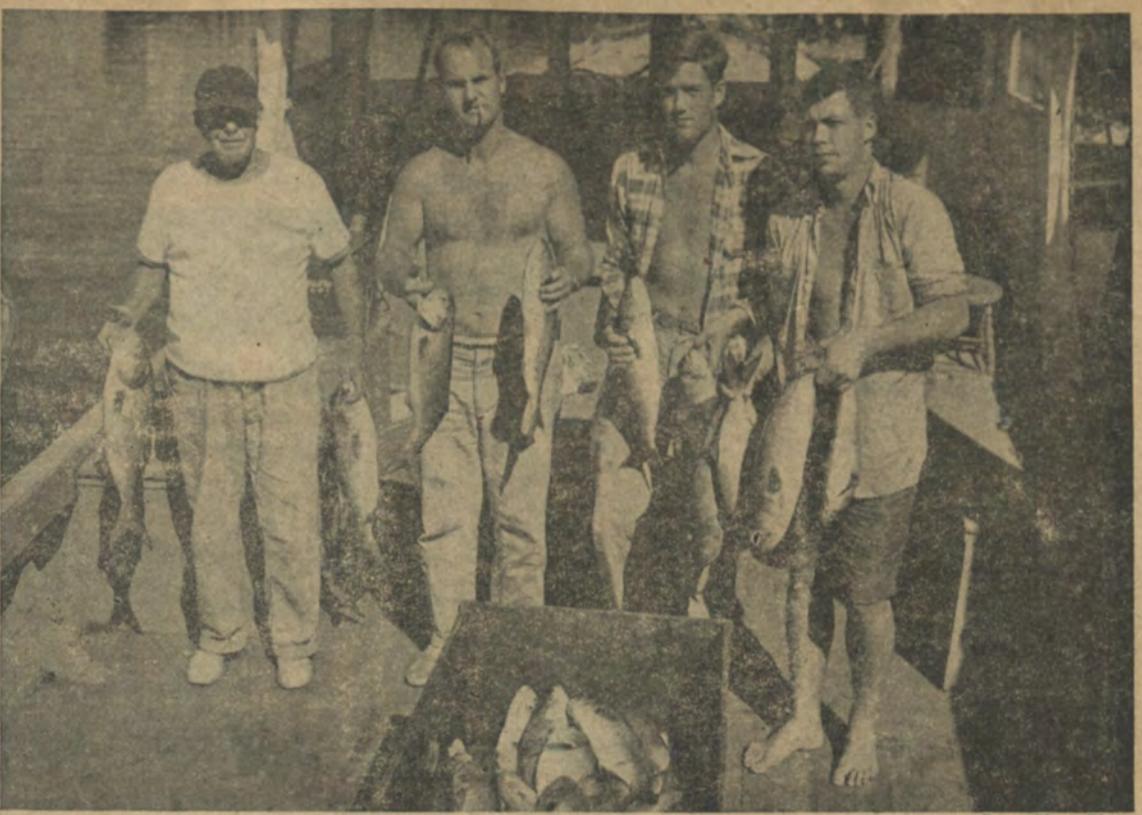
Snap Shop Photo

Gwynne Evans, with one of the largest bass caught from his boat, the "Half Moon".



Snap Shop Photo

Hugh Sanford, Jr., with 49 lb. bass caught from a boat.



Snap Shop Photo

Gwynne Evans, Bill Spencer, David Gray, and Gwynne Thorsen, with 129 bluefish caught from the "Half Moon"



Snap Shop Photo

Bill Briard, Rollin Kirtley, and Bill Spencer, with bass caught from the "Half Moon".



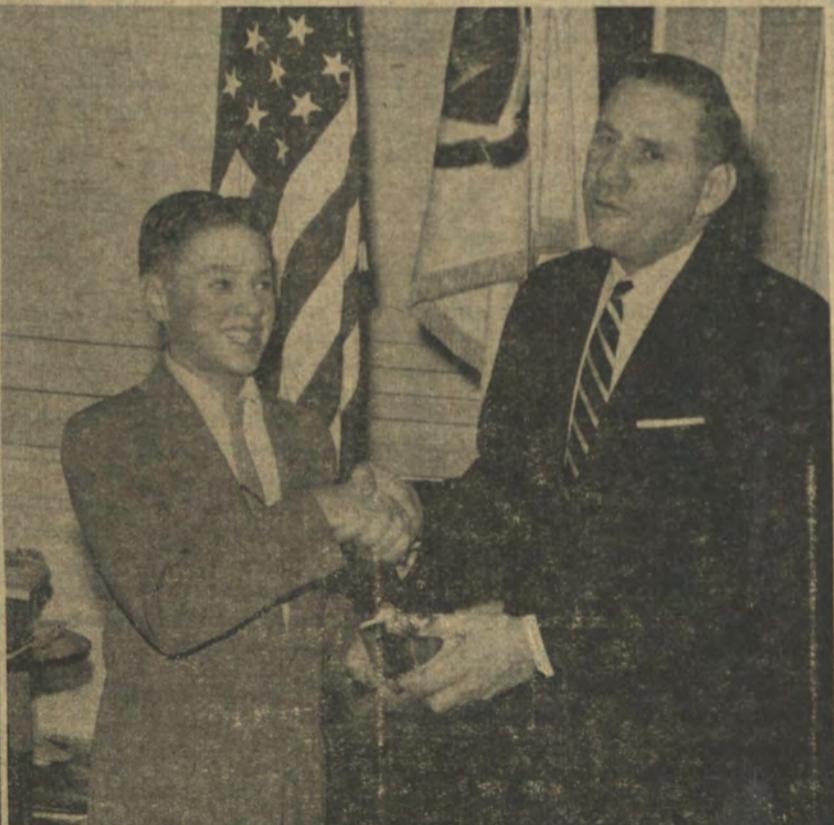
Captain Bill Spencer of the Teal-Eye, second right, will receive one of the Boat Captain Awards in the Schaefer Fishing

Derby. It was on his boat that William "Bud" Blair snared a 60 1/2-pound bass, a record Island catch. The fish made Captain

Spencer eligible for the award. Also in the photo is Mrs. Blair and Dave Fine, left. All four brought in a total of 700 pounds

of bass and blues in the fruitful sports fishing expedition last October.

Received Fishing Award from Governor.



The above photograph was taken on Thursday, March 14, when Parker Gray, Jr., received from Governor Foster Furcolo a silver trophy in honor of his catching a 12 lb., 1 oz. bluefish on 20-lb. test line last October 6.

Parker, who has been an avid surfcaster for the past two years, is a freshman at Nantucket High School. He received some time ago a certificate from the International Game Fish Association which stated that he holds the world's record for a bluefish on the lightweight 20-lb. test line, and two weeks ago he received an invitation to go to the State House in Boston to receive the trophy commemorating his achievement.



Snap Shop Photo
Arnie Duce, showing his 26 lb. bass, the first caught from the shore this season.



Snap Shop Photo
Victor Bartlett, showing his 39 lb., 33 lb., and 13 lb. bass caught from the South Shore.



Snap Shop Photo
Allan Royal, with 29 lb. and 27 lb. bass caught from Great Point.



Snap Shop Photo
John Dooley, with 108 pound tuna caught from the "Half Moon".



Snap Shop Photo
Maxie Ryder, with 44 lb. bass, caught at Great Point, the largest bass caught from the shore.



Snap Shop Photo
Bill Carroll, Gwynne Evans, Ralph Lindsay, Hamilton Heard, and John Dooley, with catch of 191 bluefish aboard the "Half Moon".



Snap Shop Photo
Mike Spencer posing with bass caught from the "Half Moon".



Snap Shop Photo
Mrs. Rayne McC. Herzog, with 31 lb. bass caught from the South Shore.

Victor Reed Proudly Displays The First Bass of the Season.



Snap Shop Photo

Proof that at long last the Striped Bass have finally arrived in Nantucket waters is given in the above photograph, which shows Victor Reed with the 38½ pound bass he landed from the beach last week. Although the local anglers have been in friendly competition for weeks in an attempt to catch the first of the evidently elusive stripers, "Vic" was at his favorite secret spot at the right time, last Wednesday, and won the honor of landing the No. 1 fish. He was awarded the outboard motor put up for a prize by the Nantucket Beach Buggy Association, which this year is conducting the local fishing derby and handling the Nantucket entry in the R. J. Schaefer Salt Water Fishing Contest.

Largest Bass Caught in Nantucket



Photo by Bill Haddon

Capt. William Spencer and William V. "Buddy" Blair with the 60 lb. 8 oz. Bass caught by Mr. Blair from the "Teal Eye" last Sunday morning.

Oct. 27, 1956

June 15, 1956

RAISES OYSTERS FOR ROCKEFELLER.

Capt James S. Andrews of Nantucket, Has the Only Oyster Beds on the Island, and Sells None of Their Yield to the General Public—How John D. Came to Know of a Rare Delicacy—He Takes a Barrel a Week, in Season.

Boston Globe, August 7, 1910



CAPT JAMES S. ANDREWS OF NANTUCKET.

Ask anyone on Nantucket "What's the name of that man who raises oysters for Rockefeller?" and they will answer "Jim" Andrews."

It is five years now since Capt James S. Andrews began to ship oysters from Nantucket to the richest man in the world. Before that Capt Andrews had sent oysters to other standard oil magnates, who told how good they were. The original discoverer of Capt Andrews and the oysters, however, was Henry O. Underwood of Boston, who has been a summer visitor at Nantucket for years.

The question naturally arises why are Mr Andrews' oysters so much better than any others that John D. Rockefeller insists upon having them.

It is a well-known fact that the oil king's stomach is not all that it should be. "Jim" Andrews' oysters come from untailed waters. Such oysters are just the thing for weak stomachs.

On the strength of his fame for shipping a barrel of selected oysters a week to Rockefeller in the season, "Jim" Andrews might do a big business. But he has no oysters to sell to

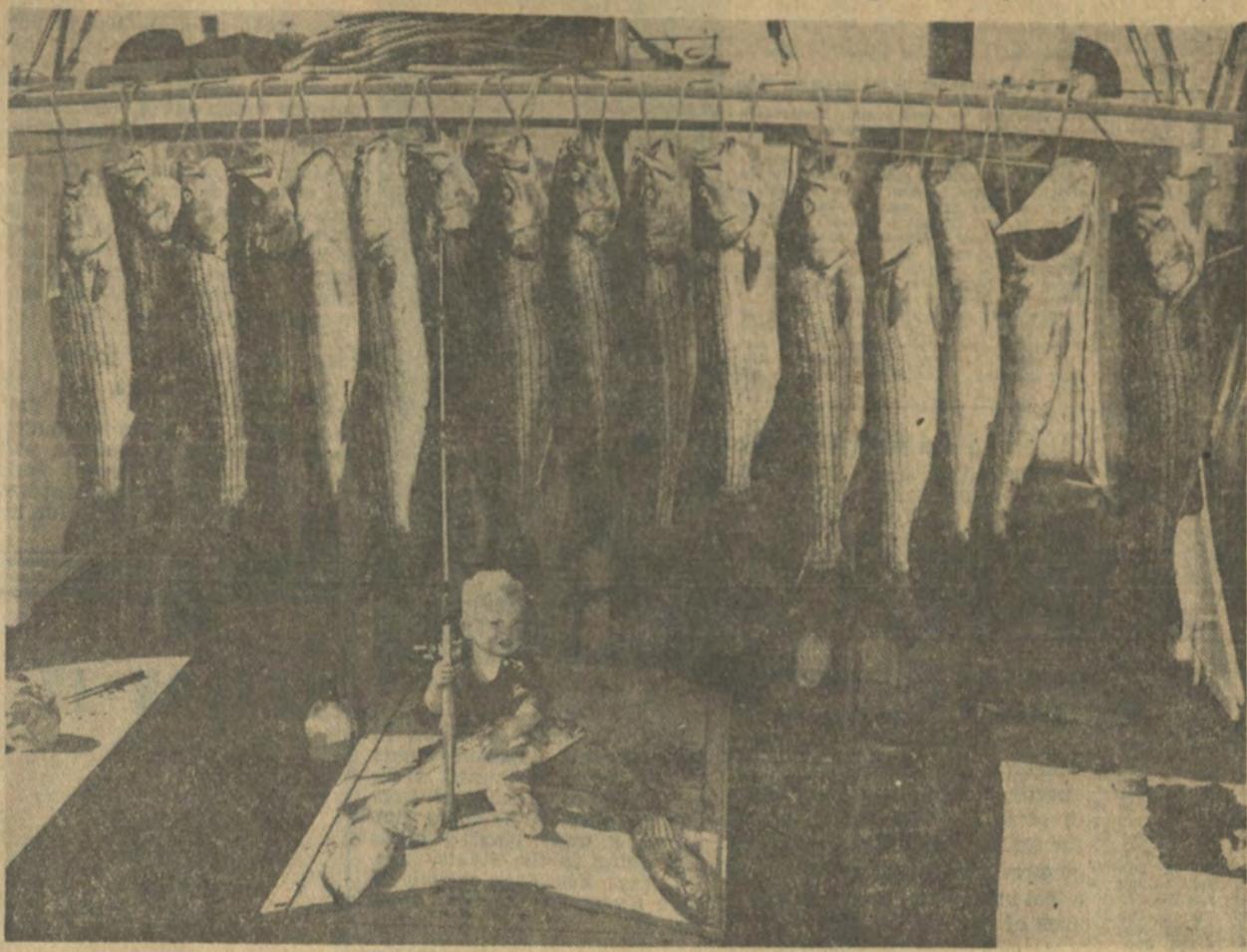
the general public. His oyster beds are not extensive, and are the only ones on Nantucket. Permits for their extension, or for other beds, cannot be obtained.

The Nantucket oysters have a flavor much like the best cape oysters, and like cape oysters at their best, are a rare delicacy.

The beds are in what is known as Polpis harbor, about seven miles from the town of Nantucket up the long inner harbor, towards Wauwinet, which is at its head. Polpis harbor is really a pond into which the sea has broken. There are no dwelling houses within a mile of the pond. A small stream of fresh water flows into this so-called harbor, not far from the oyster beds. The stream rises a short distance away in a spring which is absolutely pure.

Mr Andrews has the only available place on Nantucket for raising oysters. Scallops, quahogs and clams are locally much more popular, and where they are oysters may not be raised. In winter Nantucket goes a long way towards supplying the Boston market with scallops.

Little Angler Guards His Dad's Big Striper Catch



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

Little Mike Spencer, son of Captain William Spencer, Nantucket, is determined not to let this load of striped bass get away. His father boated 565 pounds of stripers off Nantucket one day last week and then two days later, he went out again with James Todd, Andrew Brady, Donnie Linquist and "Nicky" Miller, coming in with 375 pounds, the largest tipping the scales, after being dressed, at 36 pounds.

N. B. Standard June 19, 1953



AN ISLAND FISHERMAN'S ART—LANDING THROUGH THE SURF

300 lb. Shark Caught at Madaket.

Cap



Snap Shop Photo

Miss Mildred Jewett and Fred M. Jorgensen are shown with the large shark, estimated at 300 pounds, which they caught in Hither Creek, Madaket, Saturday afternoon following a 1½ hour battle.

300 Pound Shark Landed In Madaket Creek.

Saturday afternoon, what will no doubt stand as the largest fish of the season was landed in Hither Creek, Madaket, without the benefit of hooks, lures, lines, or rods, by a small group of intrepid anglers headed by Mildred Jewett.

"People go all over for fish—Great Point, Smith's Point, Surfside, Quidnet, Polpis—all over. They use fancy rods and things and get sea robins, monkfish, codfish, catfish, and sometimes a bluefish—all kinds of fish. We don't even use any line. Just pitchforks," Millie grinned.

"I was cutting wood in back of the house," she related, when she saw the water in the creek break like a bluefish jumping. It happened again, more violently, and a large flash of blue could be seen. "Thought we had a sea serpent or something in the creek."

Millie said she went to the edge of the creek, and could see something thrashing around in the deep water. Mrs. Jorgensen, who lives next door to Miss Jewett, came out, and was sent after her husband.

"I got a rake and launched a skiff," Millie continued, "and chased that thing around. I don't know what I was going to do with the rake, but it was handy, so I took it along.

"Finally I drove him up under the bridge, just about the time Mr. Jorgensen was getting into his boat, but then I got fouled up in the bridge. Got the oars all snarled up. When I

pulled the skiff under, Mr. Jorgensen and I both chased him around. We still didn't know what he was. All we could see was his fin sticking up about six inches out of the water."

The chase continued for some time, she relates, during which time they got a good look at the "critter". "He was long and thin . . . very ugly, but he had very handsome glary eyes."

Just then a Jeep station wagon came across the creek, and she and Mr. Jorgensen called for help. "They musta thought we were crazy—two little rowboats in the creek on an afternoon with just a little breeze, and hollerin' like mad for help!"

At any rate, Hamilton Heard and his wife, who were in the Jeep, came up to the scene. "When Mr. Heard saw what we were doing, he sent his wife off to somewhere and she came back with a pitchfork. We had a muck-fork, too. When it swam by we made stabs at it from the skiffs.

"That shark sure swam fast. We'd make a stab at him with the pitchfork, and head him to shore. Mr. Heard would bat him on the nose with one of his rod-holder gadgets and head him back again."

The battle lasted a good hour and a half, Millie stated. The two little boats kept herding the shark around into the shallow water.

"Every time he went by we'd make a pass at him with our pitchforks and farm implements. Have you ever tried dodging a shark which is trying to go under your skiff with a pitchfork in his back?" she asked. "You should try it sometime. We'd try to pull it out

and give it to him again as he went by—why none of us got overboard is more than I know."

After rowing for an hour, Mr. Jorgensen got tired, Millie remarked, and he went to get his outboard. This stirred up the water more and made it harder to see, but worked all right.

"It was the most comical setup you'd ever hope to see. Wish we'd had movies—made a fortune."

The shark was finally beached after 1½ hours of chasing him up and down the creek. "Someone had a gaff and tugged at him and someone else cut him open. I took the rope off the skiff, which didn't belong to me anyway, and got it around his tail.

"We pulled him up on the shore and then wondered what we were going to do with him. Someone suggested we take him down to our landing so we shoved him back in the creek and Mr. Jorgensen towed him behind the outboard.

"We hoisted him up there and about that time a couple plumbers came around. They had steel tapes and we measured him—10 feet, 10 inches." She estimated the weight of the fish at about 300 pounds.

Several Madaket residents have given theories as to the presence of the shark in the creek, one of the most popular being that it came in from the ocean side during hurricane Edna. Afterwards he probably tried to get out, but became frightened when he got into the shallower water at the Madaket Harbor entrance.

"We've been kidding everyone about going fishing with their high-class equipment. . . . They tell about the big ones that get away, but we catch the big ones and let the little ones go. You tell them that anytime anyone wants to go fishing, to bring their farming implements and let's go!"

Speaking seriously, Millie remarked that "after we got him hung up we stood there and wondered how we did it. That's some fish!"

Oct. 9, 1954

Boundary Line of Nantucket And Vineyard Sounds.

From the Vineyard Gazette.

Mrs. Emma Mayhew Whiting, in a recent communication to the Gazette, alludes to the stealing of a large part of Vineyard Sound which seems to have been accomplished by makers of maps. The true place of division between Vineyard Sound and Nantucket Sound, she points out, is the tide rip near Chappaquiddick, citing as an authority Henry Mitchell, an eminent authority on tides. Modern maps cause Nantucket Sound to encroach, and to reach almost to Oak Bluffs. What a piece of nonsense!

The map issued in connection with the recent soil survey of Dukes and Nantucket counties shows the names of the two sounds in their correct relationship. Nantucket Sound is limited to the body of water reaching from the Crescent of Nantucket Island to the neighborhood of Cape Pogue. Vineyard Sound reaches from the gateway at Gay Head all the way through to Chappaquiddick, although the lettering on the map does not stretch quite that far. This map is based upon the sheets of the coast and geodetic survey map of 1887 which, unfortunately, designates the water from Oak Bluffs to Cape Pogue as Nantucket Sound.

There is no reason whatever for making an arbitrary division between these two sounds, since the natural division is so plain and so authoritatively recorded. Mrs. Whiting quotes these words from an official report by Mr. Mitchell: "There are four high waters each day at the meeting point of the tides near the junction of the Nantucket and Vineyard Sounds. . . ." Mr. Mitchell says, further, as cited by Mrs. Whiting, that the tidal currents at this point near Chappaquiddick are caused by "the meeting of two branches of the tide wave, which, approaching by different paths, after undergoing different experiences, present to each other a contrast of elevations." The natural conjunction of Nantucket and Vineyard sounds is thus described in terms which admit of no doubt that here lies the true point of division.

Present usages which are contrary to the facts ought to be corrected, and it is hoped that maps in the future will bear the proper designations.

Now, you ought to finish the job, neighbor. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey gives the boundary line between Nantucket and Vineyard sounds as extending from Succonnet Point to East Chop. This is what the department said about it when this question was asked before:

"Different lines have been given in different connections, but with little or no authority for any. One states that the line extends from Cape Pogue to Succonnet Point; another implies that it extends from Nobska Point to West Chop; a third states that 'Vineyard sound separates Marthas Vineyard from the Elizabeth Islands. Length about 20 miles'. In some cases the two sounds are regarded as a single feature, apparently on account of the uncertainty attaching to their limits.

"This Bureau has inclined to the opinion that the line from Succonnet Point to East Chop, or, for a more precise definition, a straight line through East Chop light and tangent to Succonnet point, is the natural line of division between the two limits.

"This line seems to be consistent with the geographical relation of the features in question and is confirmed by the characteristic differences in the hydrography of the two areas."

"Outside Nantucket Shoals."

The following poem was written by T. B. Evans shortly after the thrilling rescue of the crew of Nantucket South Shoals lightship by Captain Gibbs, with lighthouse steamer Azalea, in the early winter of 1905, and was presented to the venerable skipper shortly after he received suitable reward from the government for his heroic work:

Who has not heard of Newport, of Newport by the sea.
The home of men of millions and summer gaiety?
But when the Storm King rides the gale, outside Nantucket shoals,
Life savers guard the Newport coast where the mad Atlantic rolls.

They sent Newport a message from the Lightship out at sea, Flashed to the Naval Station—"Send assistance out to me." My ship is leaking fore and aft, the water's gaining fast, And the waves are breaking on the deck with every wintry blast."

They sent away two gunboats--the little Wasp and Hiss Went bounding down the harbor, out through the ocean mist; And men who saw them steam away had many doubts and fears, If the little boats would ride the storm, the worst in many years.

Then they sent another message—"Send help from anywhere!" So Newport called New Bedford, and Captain Gibbs was there. He went out and found the Lightship, and his little boat stood by To save the crew of the sinking ship while waves rolled mountain high.

There was something so heroic in that battle with the waves And the rescue of those sailors from deep and watery graves, That our government at Washington sent reward without delay To Captain Gibbs, as brave a man as sails the sea today.

At last the angry ocean has claimed the gallant ship That warned the ocean liners on many a stormy trip, When going out or coming in with freight of precious souls, Her beacon light burned brightly outside Nantucket Shoals.

Another Lightship rides the waves, out where the breakers roar, Her gallant crew is brave and true and fearless as before; And at Newport's Naval Station they are always watching there To catch the wireless message that comes waving through the air.

Now, in honor of those heroes, I offer up this toast— Here's to our hardy sailors on the Atlantic coast; And here's to Gibbs, the captain, and his brave and loyal crew, Who showed the wide world over what New Bedford men can do.

—T. B. EVANS.

June 6, 1908

Capt. Alexander Macy is probably the only man now living in town who ever stepped aboard the steamer "North River"—Fulton's first steamboat. The gentleman took a look over the boat in 1807, when he was a lad of about fifteen years. Capt. George Pollard (of ship Essex fame) was a deck hand aboard of the boat at the time of Capt. Macy's visit.

1875

Wreck of the Eveline Treat.

Ashore on th' infuriate reef!
A victim of the mad sea-gale—
Dismantled, with shattered helm,
Torn shrouds, and tattered sail:
Even now her phantom form I see,
Clutched in the merciless embrace
Of waves that haunt Miacomet Reef;
The terror in each face,—

That beckoned to the men on shore,
As bound Prometheus implored
His captor's mercy! But, as yet,
No life-boat, manned, was lowered.

Th' October sun moved towards the night,
With pomp that seemed all pitiless;
As Nero looked on burning Rome—
A city's wilderness!

The fading light seemed mockery;
The golden beams, death-shafts for these,
Who lashed themselves to broken masts,
Above the dismal seas!

And five true sailors waited long,
In sight of men and friendly land;
No boat could live in such a drift:
Was there no helping hand?

Hark! In the lull of rising wind,
The wrathful gale, but just begun;
A still small voice of sacrifice
Answered the storm-fiend: "One!"

Ah, ever in extremity,
Some one, in the great mass,
Leaps to the front; the world admires,
Makes way to let him pass.

At risk of his own life, he caught
The rope that spanned the hungry sea;
Hung, breathless, o'er the hissing spray,
Baffling its treachery.

Brave hero! On a brilliant page—
Our record of Nantucket's fame,
The deed of saving that wrecked crew,
Shall glorify thy name:

Each decade twine its laurel, and
Humanity retain for thee,
The richest of her costly gifts—
A deathless memory.

The name of Ramsdell! Write in gold
Each letter. For no martyr's crown
Outshines such act as his to-day—
Pride of our seaport town!

ARTHUR E. JENKS.

The hundreds of our people who gathered on the bleak shore, near Miacomet, ten years ago,—the 21st of October, 1865—will recollect now the heroic act of Mr. Frederick W. Ramsdell, formerly of this town, in rescuing the captain and a number of the crew of the Eveline Treat, a coal vessel bound from Philadelphia to Gloucester.

[From Zion's Herald, May 31st.]

"Rose and Crown."

By WILLIAM HALF.

On the night of April 17, 1899, the fishing schooner "Eliza," of Beverly, was lost, with eleven of her crew, on the dread "Rose and Crown Shoal," ten miles due east of Nantucket.

Beverly's bells rang sweet and clear,
Far blown across the bay.
The morn her stanchest fishing boat
Set sail at break of day.

And up and down the brown old wharves,
And from the echoing main,
Swelled loud the shouts of them that sailed
To come not back again.

Before the freshening western winds
She sped with swelling sail;
And, though her brave crew knew it not,
Death was the helmsman pale.

That very night, though stars shone bright
And lulled the storm-king's breath,
Clad in her snowy robes she went,
A bride unto her death.

O "Rose and Crown," accused shoal,
Nantucket's demon fell,
How hard a bed thy sea-swept flints!
How sad the tales they tell!

Strong is thy name, thou seething shoal,
Now passed from lip to lip,
Thou burial-place of fearless men
And many a gallant ship.

Thy Rose doth pierce with sharpest thorn
Those whom thy waves draw down;
But, since through thee brave souls find peace,
Endless shall be thy Crown!

—Gloucester, Mass.

June 24, 1899

The following poem, by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, a native of Nantucket, and the author of that justly celebrated poem "Tacking Ship Off Shore," which appeared many years ago in the Atlantic Monthly, and which has ever been held as faultless in nautical phrase and expression, will be read with delight by all who love the sea, when it is swept by the "storm cloud's pall," or who relish the delicious salty flavor of rhythmic verse as stirred by the order of "Hard-a-lee" amid the wild ocean cadences on ship.

IN VINEYARD SOUND.

Like a phantom pale the Gay Head light
'Gainst the blackening cloud of the squall
stands out.

The roar of the surf on Menimsha Bight

Murmurs its warning of "Ready! About!"

Over the woods of far Naushawn
Gathers the veil of the driving rain,
And frightened coasters, with topmasts
gone,

Are steering Tarpaulin Cove to gain.

Out-footed, out-pointed, the rest of the fleet
Of yachts, close-hauled on the starboard
tack,
In a long-drawn line make their weary
beat,

And the forty-footers are turning back.

Through the rifted cloud-rack broad abeam
The sunrays lighten the beach-grass
brown,
And the dipping buoy, with its red wet
gleam,
Still marks the reef where the wreck went
down.

Then across the wave sweeps the storm-
cloud's pall.
Headland and light are hid in its gloom;

The hiss and the rain and the roar of the
squall
Blend with the thunder's muttering
boom.

In the eye of the wind shakes fast each sail
As the sharp command comes "Hard-a-
lee!"

The foam leaps up o'er the weather rail,
The downhauls are manned, and the
halyards free.

Then, with all made snug aloft and alow,
Save a stay-sail's head for an instant
shown,
The mainsails we furl and the jibs we stow
As into the mist we drive alone.



The Late Captain John Ray, of Sloop Tawtemeo.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Tawtemeo.

BY MINOR M. DAVIS.

John Ray, of old Nantucket,

When a youngster had been taught
That discipline is good for men

And that every sailor ought

When ordered from abaft the wheel

Upon a sailor's work,

To do at once as he was bid,

And ne'er his duty shirk;

And when he took the skipper's berth

Of Tawtemeo, well found,

And sailed bold forth beyond the bar

Straight for New Bedford bound,

His calculations all were clear

That Berry, his trusty mate,

When told to let the anchor go

Would never hesitate.

So when the staunch Tawtemeo

Hit seas that nearly sank her

The captain ordered, sharp and loud,

"Let go the big kedge anchor!"

But Berry, though able seaman,

Just didn't do a thing

But yell back to the skipper

"The big ank got no string!"

The Captain gasped in anger,

As the vessel swallowed low,

Then he shouted, "String or no string,

You let that anchor go!"

'Twas thus the sloop Tawtemeo

Was saved to sail again,

And Captain Ray for many a day

Did discipline maintain.

Faithful to every trust, he sailed

Ten thousand miles or more,

Then found safe moorings placed for him

Close to the further shore.

May 24, 1902

Won Poetry Prize With Poem on "Trolling For Blues."

Richard Coote, a summer resident of Smith's Point, was awarded the Gleason Medal, the first prize in the annual poetry contest at the Kingswood Country Day School, West Hartford, Conn., for this sonnet which was inspired by trolling for bluefish in Madaket Harbor.

Trolling For Blues.

Out toward the treacherous and narrow race
Through which the wide Atlantic
pours its flood
The sailing dory speeds with easy
grace,
Mistress of wind and wave and flying
scud.
Ahead a thousand larger sea birds
gather,
Diving and starting at the frenzied
bait
That leap and fall and churn the sea
to lather
Fleeing one foe—to meet another
fate.
Into the cloud of tern we burst full-
sail;
Our taut lines slice across the feed-
ing blues
And now a ravening snapper takes
the drail.
Swiftly we draw him in—no time to
lose.
We come about, return, and come
about
Pursuing the pursuer to his rout.

Richard Coote.

June 3, 1911

NANTUCKET AGAIN AHEAD—We learn from the New York papers that the ship Zenas Coffin, Capt. Renj. F. Riddell, of this port, will take the U. S. Mail to Japan.—This is the first regular mail ever dispatched to Japan from this country, and is to be conveyed by a Nantucket ship, commanded and manned by Nantucket men. The contract for the conveyance of the Japan mails was secured for this ship by our enterprising townsman, Chas. B. Chadwick, who is interested in the permanent contract for the regular transportation of these mails. The Zenas Coffin will be towed to Clark's Point on Friday by steamer Eagle's Wing, and thence to New York by propeller.

Nov. 21, 1860

Sept. 24, 1949

MY OLD SKIPPERS.

By the late Charles Henry Webb.

Dear are Nantucket's sands to me,
Its wrinkled sands, and brown;
Dear are the open sea-sprayed moors
That skirt the dear old town.
But dearer far its skippers are,
The skippers whom I sing;
And to me more than moor or shore
The moorings where they cling.
When rounding Brant Point on the right,
You come upon the town,
My skippers, too, loom into view,
Sun-dried, and seamed, and brown.
You see them sitting on the wharf,
Where they last summer sat—
The good old wharf that berths alike
The sea-dog and his cat.
Oft in that cat, with sheet hauled flat,
'Adzooks! I've sailed the rips.
While Obed rolled his quid and told
What he had seen in ships:
Of flying fish that came at night
And roosted in the tops;
Of chariot wheels that foul the flukes
When down an anchor drops.
Though Red the sea where this should be,
The Black he oft would name;
And if you doubted but the wheel,
Up Pharaoh's chariot came!
He told us, too, how cannibals
Would waver and retreat,
If he but showed his pictured arm—
And their tattoo was beat!
The wind the while was dead ahead,
But right into its eye
Good Obed talked—I mean he steered—
As straight as he could lie.
All vain to praise the paths of truth
And point the happy goal
To him whose heaven 'Sconset was,
And Sheol but a shoal.
Becalmed, with reminiscent breath
They filled their threadbare sails,
And on the wharf of afternoons
Would speak of gales and whales—
How on some ground just off Japan
They grappled with typhoons,
Or in the life of great sperm-whales
Drove deep their red harpoons.
Ah, me! the loitering winters come,
The swift-winged summers go;
One season came with joy and guests—
But found not Captain Joe!
And now with apprehensive glance
I question wharf and wave;
A boat swings idly to its chain—
But where is Captain Dave?
Is it that in yon blue above
These missing seaman sail?
And manning Argo in the skies,
Strike they the starry Whale?
For me it were no sorry fate,
Free from all moil below,
To cruise in some celestial craft
With Captain Dave or Joe!
The harbor light burns clear and bright,
But past its ruddy glare
Do sails still glide to seas outside
And now wave tell us where?
Still as of yore stretch moor and shore,
And still I sail the rips;
But where are they, these skippers gray,
Who sailed not hence in ships?

For the Inquirer and Mirror. "Tacking Ship off Shore."

Mr. Editor:

I am reminded by the communication in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR of the 9th, signed "W. F. M." how, every now and then, some new aspirant appears as being the author of this poem. The publication was undoubtedly made in the Hartford papers without the knowledge of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who is too high-minded a songstress, and too well qualified to write charming verses of her own, to claim credit for any not belonging to her, and certainly would not attempt to palm off as her own any as familiar to all sailors as that of "Tacking Ship off Shore."

This beautiful little poem was written by one of our brightest Nantucket boys, who I believe is still living—the Rev. Walter Mitchell—and published first in the Atlantic Monthly for January, 1858, and readily found by turning to the first volume of that magazine, pages 334—335. The verses quoted in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR are substantially correct, but not absolutely so. Credit of these verses is given to Mr. Mitchell by Emerson, in his collection of poems entitled "Parnassus," published in 1874, and by Whittier in his "Songs of Three Centuries," published in 1875. Mr. Mitchell, I think, is still living. I know that his aged mother is, and resides in New Bedford, now in the 86th year of her age. Nantucket cannot lose the remembrance of any of her deserving children; nor allow their good works to be credited to others.

F.—CAMBRIDGEPORT, May 11, 1891.

"Tacking Ship Off Shore."

The poem with the above title, concerning the authorship of which "W. F. M." makes inquiry in our last issue, we are assured was written by Walter Mitchell, of New Bedford, attorney at law, who at one time was an editorial contributor to the New Bedford *Mercury*. It first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, like all the articles in the *Atlantic* in its early days, was anonymous. It very soon received the praise of being the only nautical poem written by a landsman that could stand the criticism of the "old salts," in its accuracy of expression and succession of detail. Mr. Mitchell was a grandson of Dr. John Brock, of Nantucket, and, about the time this poem appeared, he removed from New Bedford, dropped the green bag and ascended the sacred desk. He has since been known as the Reverend Walter Mitchell.

THE SEA SERPENT.

A NANTUCKET SLOOP CHARTERED TO CRUISE
IN SEARCH OF HIS SNAKESHIP FIFTY
YEARS AGO.

How aged the much-seen sea serpent may be is a question we have neither time nor inclination to attempt to solve; but we have in hand a document, drawn up on the 25th day of July, 1833, (just fifty years ago last Wednesday) which embraces articles of agreement between the owners of the sloop *Fame*, of this port, and several citizens, whereby the vessel was chartered to go to the waters in the vicinity of Nahant in pursuit of "the sea serpent." The voyage proved a fruitless venture, the only prize secured (as shown by the bills accompanying the document) being mackerel valued at \$2. This document is now in the possession of Mr. George B. Upton, (whose father was one of the interested parties) who has kindly permitted us to make a copy of it. Of those who were interested, but two are now living, viz: Samuel B. Tuck and Charles F. Joy. We append the articles in full as matters of historical interest and for the humorous points they will present to our readers just a half century since the occurrence:

This agreement made on the twenty-fifth day of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-three:

Witnesseth, That David Joy and Peter F. Ewer, owners of two-thirds of sloop *Fame*, are to allow their proportion of said vessel to leave Nantucket for Nahant, or thereabouts, and cruise for the sea serpent as long as may be concluded upon, they receiving therefor the two-thirds of one-third, or in other words, eight thirty-sixths of what may be obtained, for their use of said vessel.

John Perkins, Peter C. Myrick, George Higgins and Reuben L. Whippley, agree to proceed in said vessel, and in their endeavors to obtain said sea serpent, or other thing which may be of advantage to the cruise, and to receive therefor three thirty-sixths each of all that may be obtained.

William H. Gardner, George B. Upton, Franklin Macy, John W. Barrett, Gorham Coffin, Samuel B. Tuck, William C. Starbuck, Paul Mitchell, Jr., Aaron Mitchell, James Mitchell and E. W. Tallant, agree to furnish the said vessel with the necessary outfit, and are to receive the balance of any profit which might accrue after deducting the shares above specified.

It is further understood that Isaiah Folger is to receive for the charter of his third of the vessel four thirty-sixths of what may be obtained net, in full therefor.

Nantucket, July 25, 1833.

[Signed—Peter F. Ewer, Gorham Coffin, Isaiah Folger, William H. Gardner, Peter C. Myrick at one-twelfth part, E. W. Tallant, Franklin Macy, Geo. B. Upton, Wm. C. Starbuck, Paul Mitchell, Jr., John W. Barrett, Sam'l B. Tuck, Aaron Mitchell, John Perkins, George Higgins, R. Whippley. We agree to proceed in sloop *Fame* to Nahant and elsewhere and take our proportion of what may be obtained on said cruise in equal proportions with the fitters of said sloop.

Nantucket, July 26th, 1833.

[Signed—Edwin Ames (his mark), John S. Clasy, Henry Watson, James H. Hayes, George B. Worth, John W. Ellis, Joseph Phillips (his mark), James M. Chadwick, Mr. Gardner, mate, Chas. F. Joy.

The *Fame* sailed July 27, 1833, and returned August 7th. The *Inquirer* noted the result of her trip thus tauntingly:

NON EST INVENTUS.—The sloop *Fame*, from a serpentine voyage in Massachusetts bay, returned hither on Monday last, with the loss of four men—by desertion. The *Fame* found the celebrated marine monster—missing; so that, instead of taking him, the old serpent has taken some of his pursuers—the which remindeth us of one Peter Pindar's new-old ballades, addressed "to a fish of the brooke"—

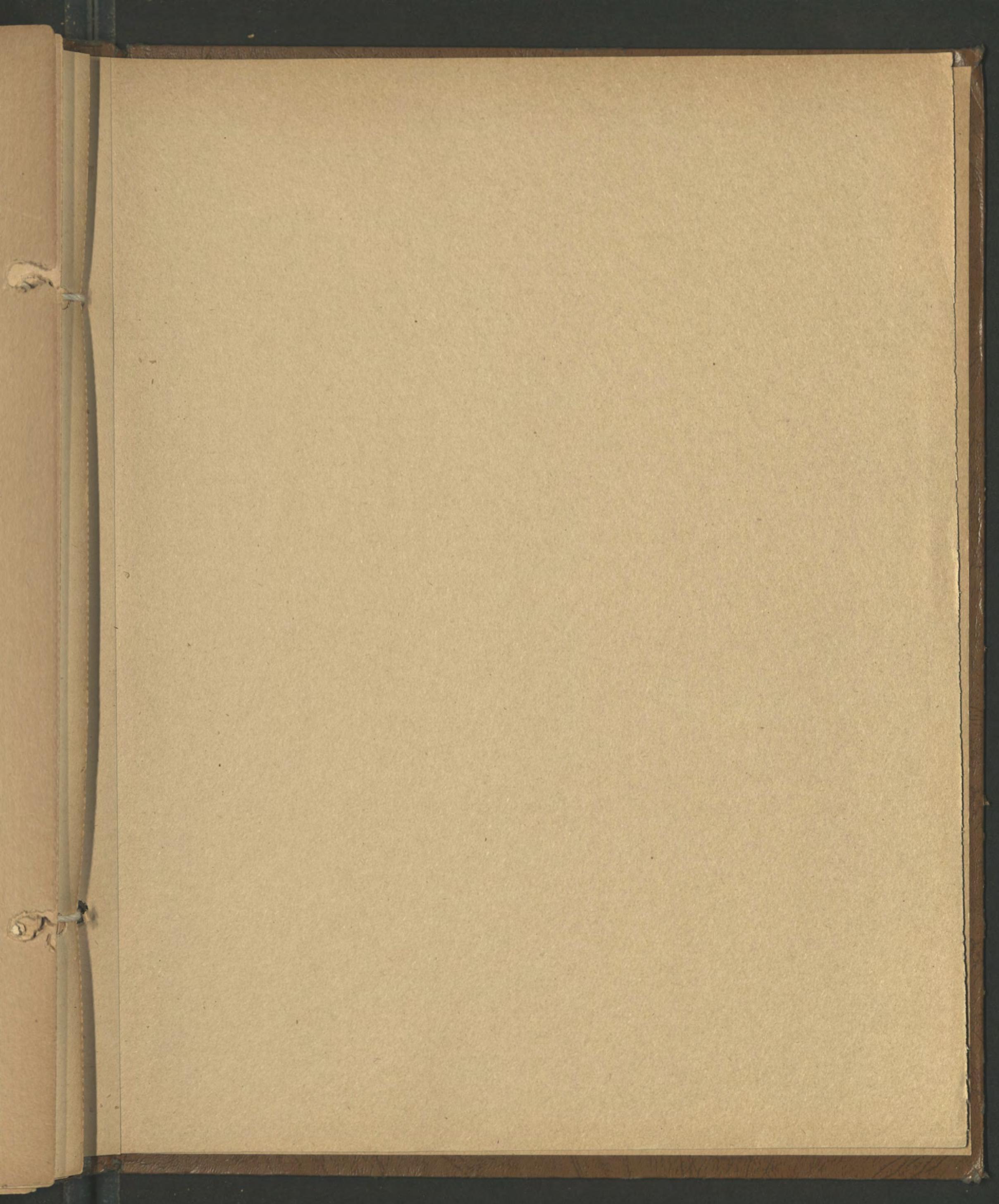
"Enjoy thy streme, O harmless fish,
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the rascal in!"

Through a Boston print we had learned that the *Fame* had captured some sort of a rare ocean animal called a Puffing Pig—a species of porpus; and on inquiring therefor the skipper told us they had eaten it all up!—the ravenous ichthophagianus! And so ends the expedition—and so ends all our faith—every particle—in the existence of any creature whatever, bearing the least similitude to the alleged "sea serpent," so often dreamed of and described by credulous visionaries and fabulists.

Aug. 7, 1833.

The outfitters of the sloop, we notice by the bills, put aboard among the stores a barrel of cider, but whether it was done out of kindly spirit to the crew, or with the knowledge that it was very essential to serpent-seeing, we dare not say.

July 28, 1883



MY OLD

By the late Cha

Dear are Nantucke
Its wrinkled sand
Dear are the open
That skirt the de
But dearer far its
The skippers wh
And to me more th
The moorings w

When rounding B
You come upon
My skippers, too,
Sun-dried, and
You see them sitt
Where they las
The good old wh
The sea-dog an
Oft in that cat, v
'Adzooks! I've
While Obed rolle
What he had
Of flying fish th
And roosted it
Of chariot whee
When down a

Though Red the
The Black he
And if you dou
Up Pharaoh's
He told us, too,
Would waver
If he but show
And their ta

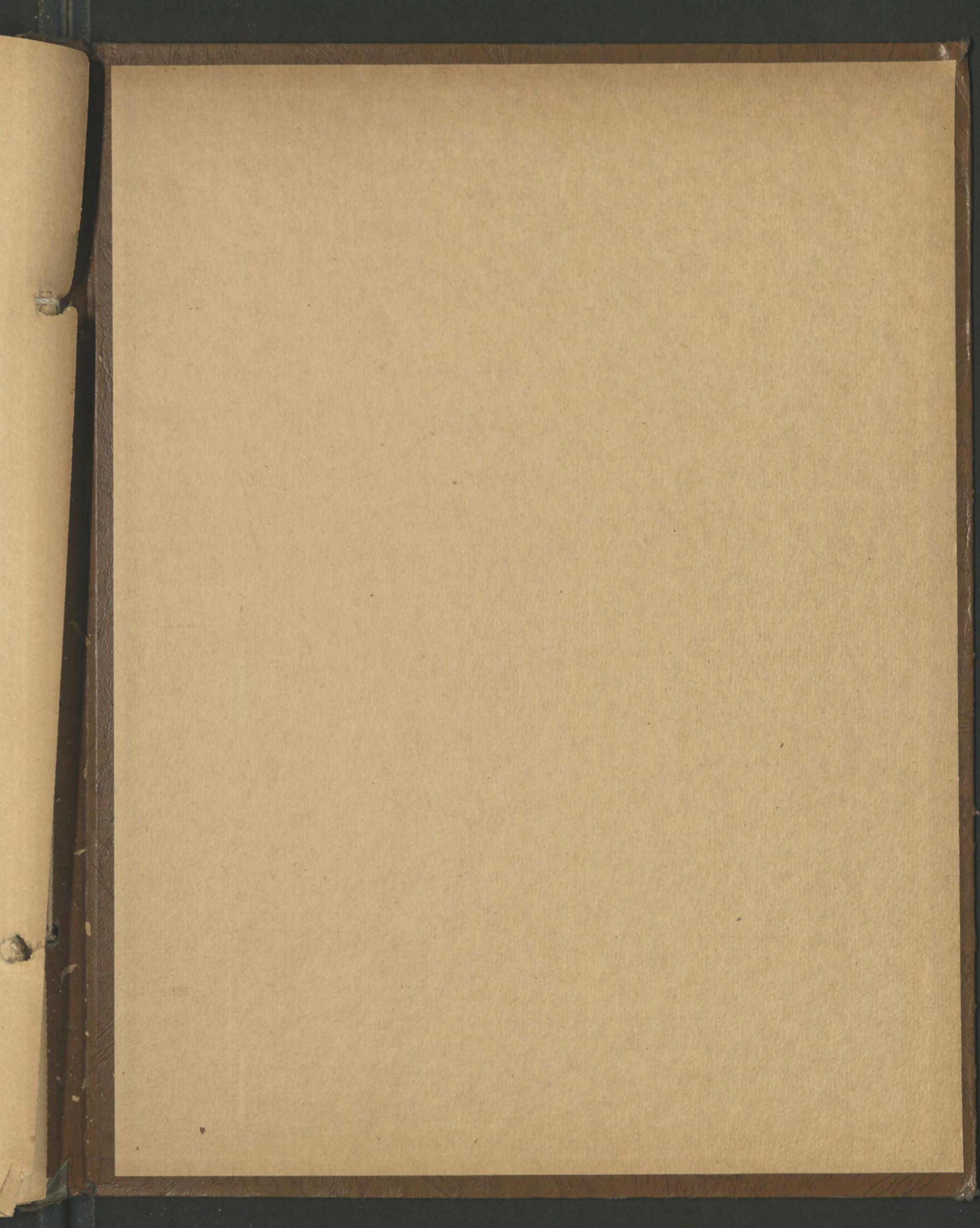
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